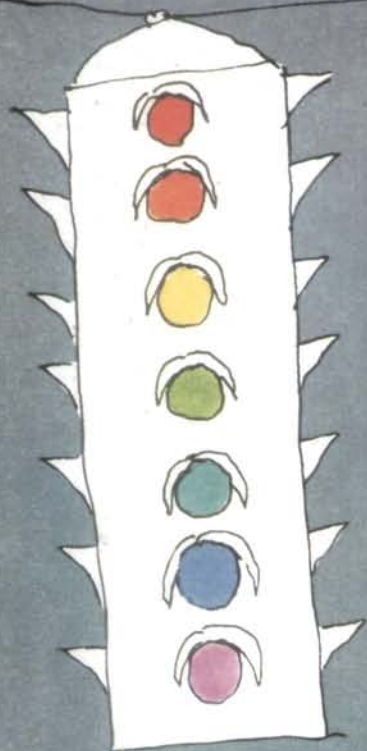


April 23, 1979

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BEDROOM FARCE—Four married couples collide in and out of bed like electric cars at an amusement park, with much bumpy violence and no harm done to anyone. The English cast gives full comic value to every line of Alan Ayckbourn's exceptionally clever play. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BIOGRAPHY: A GAME—Max Frisch's Swiss comedy, translated by Michael Bullock. (4/16/79) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 29.)

CARMELINA—A very old-fashioned musical about a small town in Italy in 1961. The plot has to do with an illegitimate child and three aging ex-G.I.s, each of whom believes himself to be the child's father. Music by Burton Lane, lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner. The stars are Georgia Brown and Cesare Siepi. (4/16/79) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD—A very skillful parody of Arthur Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. Sherlock Holmes is splendidly embodied by Paxton Whitehead, and John Wulp's settings are sensational. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 22.)

DISPATCHES—A rock musical by Elizabeth Swados based on Michael Herr's book about the Vietnam War. Opens Wednesday, April 18. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:45. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

DON JUAN COMES BACK FROM THE WAR—This play by the Hungarian dramatist Odön von Horváth, who died in 1938, is set in Bavaria right after the First World War, and his Don Juan is a soldier just returned from the Western Front. In spite of a generally deplorable production, some of the atmosphere of defeated Germany seeps through, and von Horváth's highly individual style is at least indicated. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 6.)

THE ELEPHANT MAN—This absorbing play (first seen earlier this year at the Theatre of St. Peter's Church) by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsis directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79) Previews Wednesday, April 18. Opens officially on Thursday, April 19. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy *THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST* is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 22. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EUBIE!—A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie

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Blake, who is ninety-six and merry as a grig. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FAITH HEALER—A play by Brian Friel about a mysterious Irishman with a gift for healing and how he meets his fearful end. Flawlessly acted by James Mason, Clarissa Kaye, and Donal Donnelly. (4/16/79) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

G. R. POINT—Michael Moriarty heads the cast of a play by David Berry, directed by William Devane. Presented as a Phoenix Theatre showcase two years ago. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE KINGFISHER—An amiable comedy about a pair of old folk who are thinking of getting married. The stars are Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose, and the author is William Douglas Home. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays

through Saturdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

KINGSLEY AMIS' NOSEGAY OF LIGHT VERSE—An entry in the Lunchtime Humorists Series at American Place. Most of these entertaining selections from Mr. Amis' "New Oxford Book of Light Verse" are familiar, and are therefore somewhat overexplained by the two actors, who otherwise read them very well indeed. The actors are Michael Gough and Derek Newark, who can be seen in the evenings in "Bedroom Farce." (Subplot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Final performance Thursday, April 19, from 1 to 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Through Sunday, April 22: **THE GONDOLIERS**. . . . Wednesday through Sunday, April 25-29: **UTOPIA, LIMITED**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

MANNY—Raymond Serra both wrote and stars in this play about the actor Edward G. Robinson (whose nickname was Manny). Opens Wednesday, April 18. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MY OLD FRIENDS—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PRICE—Arthur Miller's play, with Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, Fritz Weaver, and Scotty Bloch. Previews Wednesday, April 18. Opens officially on Thursday, April 19, and will run through Sunday, June 10. (Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

SARAVÁ—Tovah Feldshuh is the busy singing-and-dancing star of this overheated musical about a sexy Brazilian housewife and her two husbands—one dead, one alive, and both very active. The book and lyrics are by N. Richard Nash, and the music is by Mitch Leigh. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is very good. (4/2/79) (78th Street Theatre, 236 W. 78th St. 595-5240. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SONGS FROM THE CITY STREETS—A chipper little revue with a notably lively and gifted company. Jake Holmes wrote the agreeable, clever songs, which are sung and acted and danced to by Larry Riley, John Hammil, M'el Dowd, Charlie Stavola, and Emily Bindiger. Gui Andrisano directed. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday and Thursday at 8:15; Friday and Saturday at 8:15 and 10:30; and Sunday at 8:15. Closes Sunday, April 22.)

SPOKESONG—A play set in troubled Belfast, with much capering about by John Lithgow and Joseph Maher. The author is Stewart Parker, a Belfast native. (3/26/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SWEENEY TODD—A musical with book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatre-goers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG—A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WHOOPEE!—Eddie Cantor starred in this preposterous musical some fifty years ago. Charles Repole plays the Cantor role, feverishly, and some of the old songs are still worth listening to. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?—Tom Conti and Jean Marsh in a play by Brian Clark, imported from London. Directed by Michael Lindsay-



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Hogg. (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WINGS—Constance Cummings is brilliant in this accurate and often moving account of the disastrous consequences of a cerebral hemorrhage. (2/5/79) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ZOOT SUIT—A play about Mexican-Americans and their mistreatment in the Los Angeles barrio during the Second World War. The author and director is Luis Valdez, who has a gift for vehemence. (4/2/79) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

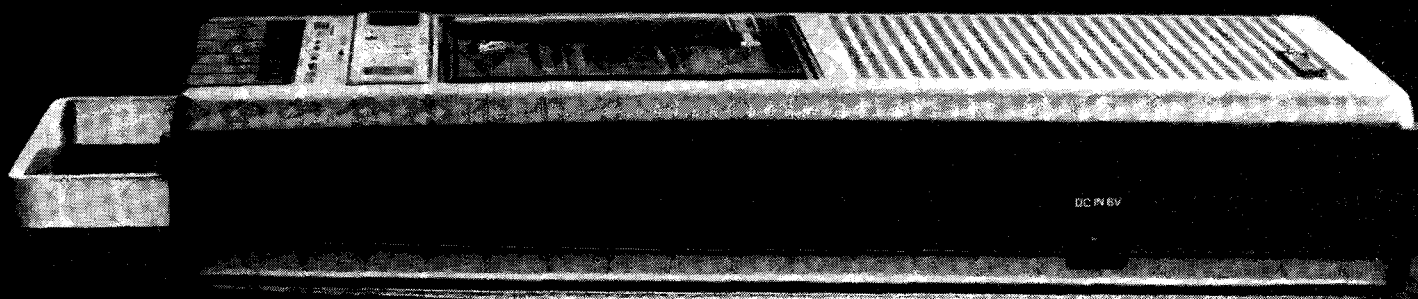
LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very wailike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CHAPTER TWO**: Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by Stacy Keach, in a thriller whose clever anfractuities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays

and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DRACULA**: The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Raúl Juliá heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **FAMILY BUSINESS**: A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICS**: 7,888 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE**: A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleeker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **MUMMENSCHAUZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinees Thursday and Friday, April 19-20, at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974). In this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, in their hundred-and-ninth year, tenting on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, April 18-20, at 10:30 and 2:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; Wednesday, April 25, at 1 and 7:30; Thursday, April 26, at 10:30 and 7:30; and Friday, April 27, at 1:30 and 7:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening performance on Friday, April 20, and the five-thirty performance on Sunday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 22, will be cancelled, and the evening performance on Thursday, April 26, may be cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Thursday, April 19, at 2.)

THE INCREDIBLE WORLD OF MAGIC & ILLUSION—A magic show starring Richardi. (Town Hall, 113 W. 43rd St. 921-8510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinee Wednesday, April 18, at 2.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Iolanthe." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, April 19-20, at 8; Saturday, April 21, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 22, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, April 18: "Contredances," "Miss Julie," and "Theme and Variations."... Thursday evening, April 19: "Shadowplay," "Miss Julie," and "Etudes."... Friday evening, April 20: Saturday matinee and evening, April 21; and Monday evening, April 23: "Giselle."... Tuesday evening, April 24: "Shadowplay," "Other Dances," "Pierrot Lunaire," and "Etudes."... Wednesday evening, April 25: "Shadowplay," "Pierrot Lunaire," "Three Preludes," and "Theme and Variations."... Thursday and Friday evenings, April 26-27, and Saturday matinee and evening, April 28: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2. Through Saturday, June 9.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, April 18; Saturday, April 21; Friday, April 27; and Sunday, April 29: "Diggity" (New York premiere), "Private Domain," and "Airs."... Thursday, April 19; Sunday, April 22; Wednesday, April 25; and Saturday, April 28: "Book of Beasts," "Nightshade" (premiere), and "Esplanade."... Friday, April 20; Tuesday, April 24; and Thursday, April 26: "Piece Period," "Dust," and "Cloven Kingdom." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8.)

LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE COMPANY—"Up Jump" (premiere), "Scriabin Dances," "Marimba," and "North Star." (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

BALLET HISPANICO OF NEW YORK—The first two of seven performances of a program of traditional dances of Spain, Latin America, and the Caribbean, as well as contemporary jazz-influenced works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 362-6710.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALU'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft. Drummer **RASHIED ALI** not only performs here Tuesdays through Saturdays with his Funky-freeboppers—a quartet that features saxophonist **FRANK WRIGHT** and guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER**—but he runs the place, too. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his eighteen-piece band, the Apollo Stompers, which makes up for any shortcomings in the sound system with sheer blow power. Music from ten.

BACK PORCH, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—A pleasant-enough restaurant that really doesn't seem to resemble a back porch at all. What's special about the place is its singer-pianist, **DARDANELLE**, who comes from Greenwood, Mississippi—you can just catch a trace of honeyed Southernisms in her speaking voice. She's a confident, swinging

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pianist, but it's really her singing—clear, effortless, cheerful, direct, diction-perfect singing—that is so striking. She performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Young, aspiring pop-singer headquarters on West Broadway. SoHo's main drag. Debbie Williams goes on at eight-thirty, and Marie Santell does the ten-thirty show through Saturday, April 21. In addition, there is a midnight show with Miss Williams on Friday, April 20, and with Miss Santell on Saturday, April 21. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—**ATILIA ZOLLER**, a wonderful but scarcely known guitarist who works at Gregory's (see below) on Mondays, is working here through Saturday, April 21, with three of the best sidemen one could wish for—pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, drummer **JOE CHAMBERS**, and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**. Sets begin Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: The New Riders of the Purple Sage, Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19; Joe Jackson, Friday and Saturday, April 20-21; the Red Clay Ramblers, Tuesday, April 24; **STEVE GOODMAN**, Wednesday, April 25; and on Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, drummer **TONY WILLIAMS** and his quartet. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's so crowded here that it's hard to get close enough to hear it. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEN** is ensconced here through Saturday, April 21. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by a trio and vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is back in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE**. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to twelve-forty-five.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and dignified, **ELLIS LARKINS**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and fanfarelessly commandeers the instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Nightly, except Sundays, until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the

initial momentum to the new, reenergized New York rock scene. The audiences get preppier and preppier every week. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER** isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. Miss Hunter and her trio go on Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are given over to stride pianist and occasional singer **BROOKS KERR** and his bassist, **AL HALL**, who perform from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place. Clarinetist **JOHNNY MINCE'S** trio plays during dinner through Friday, April 20, on Monday, April 23, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** will bring in his trio. Music Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, holds forth Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand most nights. On Sunday, April 22, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will lead a quintet, beginning at eight-thirty. The music starts week-nights after nine-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A new sleek, below-stairs jazz room. Super bassist **RON CARTER** and his super sidemen—**KENNY BARRON**, **BEN RILEY**, and **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—perform through Saturday, April 21; Tuesday through Saturday, April 24-28, guitarist **JIM HALL** and valve trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER** will be present. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays; sets begin at ten and midnight.

GREGORY'S, 1140 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays here have lately been allotted to **ATILIA ZOLLER**, a virtually unknown, neglected guitarist with a distinctive personal style—one that is simultaneously singing and full and never ceases to move. He performs with two fine players—an old Zoller collaborator **DON FRIEDMAN**, a pianist and composer, and **HARVIE SWARTZ**, a good bassist. Their hours are from ten to three. Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, **Alicia Sherman**. Their hours are ten to three; Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman show up early—at seven—on Sundays. On Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist **Loumell Morgan** and bassist **Morris Edwards**.

HORS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Guitarist **AL GAFI**, a fine soloist, leads a trio up here that plays for listening, dancing, and looking for tugboats from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist **DILL JONES** alternates with them after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—The Oscar-winning song from the 1978 motion-picture season, "Last Dance," was a disco number, but not everything is turning to disco. This second-floor loft space—next door to a jazz-dance studio—used to be a disco but is now one of the best places to hear new-wave bands like the Feelies and the Model Citizens. Music nightly after eleven. Dancing. (Sneakers welcome.)

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various jazz players turn up to jam in this jazz loft. The guest performer Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, will be saxophonist **NICK BRIGNOLA**, who has done wonderful work with Ted Curson. Trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** will visit on Friday and Saturday, April 27-28. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine; Sun-

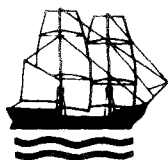


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days from eight-thirty. Snacks and soft drinks.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. Trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE** is usually on the stand supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen, Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist, **GENE TAYLOR**, are currently working in this corner Village bar and restaurant. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A loud, laid-back (only Texans can be loud and laid back at the same time) bar and restaurant that has done at least as much for blues music as it has for Texas chic. **CHUBBY CHECKER**, the sixties Top-Forty singer, is here on Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19; on Monday and Tuesday, April 23-24, blues singer and blues-harp maestro **JAMES COTTON** will lead his Chicago-blues band; and on Thursday, April 26, country songwriter and singer **TOM T. HALL** will perform. Sundays are in the possession of Kinky Friedman, a stand-up Jewish-Texas-cowboy folkie. Music weeknights, from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. Singer **HELEN MERRILL** is here through Thursday, April 19, and on Monday, April 23, pianist **Confrey Phillips** will begin a six-night visit. Sets begin after nine nightly, except Sundays. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. Rock bands perform nightly after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**SYLVIA SYMS** is singing from a Cy Coleman repertoire Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, **Woody Allen** comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place where, Tuesday through Thursday, April 24-26, one can run across the likes of **STUFF**—bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, guitarists **CORNELL DUPREE** and **ERIC GALE**, pianist **RICHARD TEE**, and drummers **STEVE GADD** and **CHRIS PARKER**—on the bandstand. **STUFF** is the rhythm-and-blues alternative to disco: **STUFF**'s music has all the danceable attributes of disco with none of the mechanized, synthetic, slick, overproduced disco effects. (When **STUFF** plays at this club, even standing room is hard to come by.) Music from ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the **Downtown Blue Blowers**, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End. Two veteran folkies—**BOB GIBSON** and **DAVE VAN RONK**—will swap sets Thursday through Saturday, April 19-21; Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28, **Jimmie Mack**, a rough-voiced local rock singer, whose latest record gets played a lot on the radio, will perform. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. **SY OLIVER** is in charge of the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-disco-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—

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it's still a nice place. An assortment of young singers and comedians are the entertainment right now. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven most nights. Dining. Closed Sunday, April 22.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—**Randy** and **Mike Brecker**, who are brothers, successful studio musicians, and jazz-rock recording stars, own this pleasant club (along with a third partner), and so far they've managed to round up a lot of worthwhile music. Tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON**, who lives in San Francisco, will make a rare New York appearance Thursday through Sunday, April 19-22, with his quartet. Thursday through Sunday, April 26-29, the **BRECKER BROTHERS** themselves will be onstage with their quintet. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A spacious, square-shaped downstairs room with refreshingly decent acoustics and comfortable chairs. The **DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA**, led by **MERCER ELLINGTON**, performs here on Wednesday, April 18; and Thursday through Saturday, April 19-21, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** will lead a group of beboppers. Music from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **BENNIE WALLACE**'s quintet is here through Saturday, April 21; on Sunday, April 22, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** will head up a quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A loose, relaxed room that is a hang-out for musicians (and listeners). Trumpeter **Danny Moore** leads a combo on Wednesday, April 18, and Friday through Sunday, April 20-22, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will head up a quartet. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The band that is known as the **SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE BAND**, a versatile ten-piece group that is the house band for the television program, will be playing downstairs on Fridays and Saturdays for a couple of weeks. Shows at ten and midnight. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON**, an alto saxophonist and a searing R. & B. singer, works with his quartet through Sunday, April 22; on Tuesday, April 24, vibraharpist **Bobby Hutcherson** will move his quartet down the stairs. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist **Sonelius Smith**, who can coast like a cocktail pianist, noodle like **Keith Jarrett**, or attack like **Cecil Taylor**. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; **Harris Simon** is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Some of the musicians: **Franc Williams** and his **Swing Four**, through Sunday, April 22; **EDDIE DURHAM**'s quartet, Tuesday, April 24; and **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, beginning Wednesday, April 25. Music every night from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

BARBARA CARROLL—Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19, at 6. Free.

HUBERT LAWS—With **Freddie Hubbard**, **Dave Valentine**, and **Art Webb**. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.)

CHUCK MANGIONE QUARTET AND ORCHESTRA—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday through Saturday, April 18-21, at 8.

A JAZZ PORTRAIT OF E. Y. HARBURG—Mr. Harburg will be there, along with **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral**, **Maxine Sullivan**, **Gene Bertoncini**, **John Bunch**, and **Don Elliott**. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

ABDULLAH—Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center. Friday, April 20, at 8:30.

ONE TRUTH BAND (WITH JOHN McLAUGHLIN) and **ROY BUCHANAN**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, April 21, at 8.

JUDAS PRIEST and **WIRELESS**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

CBA ENSEMBLE—Slide Hampton conducting, with **Mongo Santamaria**. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 21, at 8.)

THE CRUSADERS—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 22, at 9.

DAVID EYGES QUARTET—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Monday, April 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-5026.

GINO VANNELLI—With **Jeff de Hart**. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 24, at 8.)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG TRIBUTE—**Brooks Kerr**, piano, leading a group of instrumentalists (**Jimmie Maxwell**, **Sonny Greer**, and **Vic Dickenson** among them) in a program of songs from the Armstrong repertoire dedicated to Mrs. Armstrong. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

COUNT BASIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, April 26, at 8.

ANDY KAUFMAN—With **Tony Clifton**. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 26, at 8:03.)

ROY AYERS **UBIQUITY**—Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, April 27, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 280-2417, Mondays through Fridays from noon to 5.

CECIL TAYLOR—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, April 27, at 11; and Saturday, April 28, at 11, the **Cecil Taylor Unit**.

JAMES (SON) THOMAS—Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. 473-6072. Saturday, April 28, at 8.

THE TUBES—Palladium. Saturday, April 28, at 8 and midnight.

HAMLET BLUIETT AND THE TELEPATHIC ORCHESTRA—With poet **Quincy Troupe** and **Diane McIntyre**'s **Sounds in Motion Dancers**. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, April 28, at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

CAROL ANTHONY—A recent extended stay in New Mexico has resulted in an enrichment of the colors this artist uses. The new works include stark adobe interiors with the sun pouring in through a small window in a thick wall, and flat landscapes under the big sky. Three of the comic linen-maché figures she is best known for are also on hand. Through May 5. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

SHUSAKU ARAKAWA—Two exhibits: painted diagrams dated 1961-62, at the Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (open Mondays), and recent works (one of them a huge canvas, eight and a half feet high and thirty-four feet long), crowded with diagrams, projections, and reading material, at 420 West Broadway (fifth floor). Both shows through Saturday, April 21.

PATRICIA BRODERICK/GUY PÈNE DU BOIS (1884-1958)—An elfin quality pervades these works in oil and oil crayon by an artist who has spent a good deal of time in Ireland, and shows it. Through Saturday, April 28./Oil paintings, mostly of well-heeled, prominent-looking people taking their ease, plus a few landscapes and a scattering of drawings. The artist was a well-known critic. Through May 12. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GRETA CAMPBELL—Paintings of the Delaware

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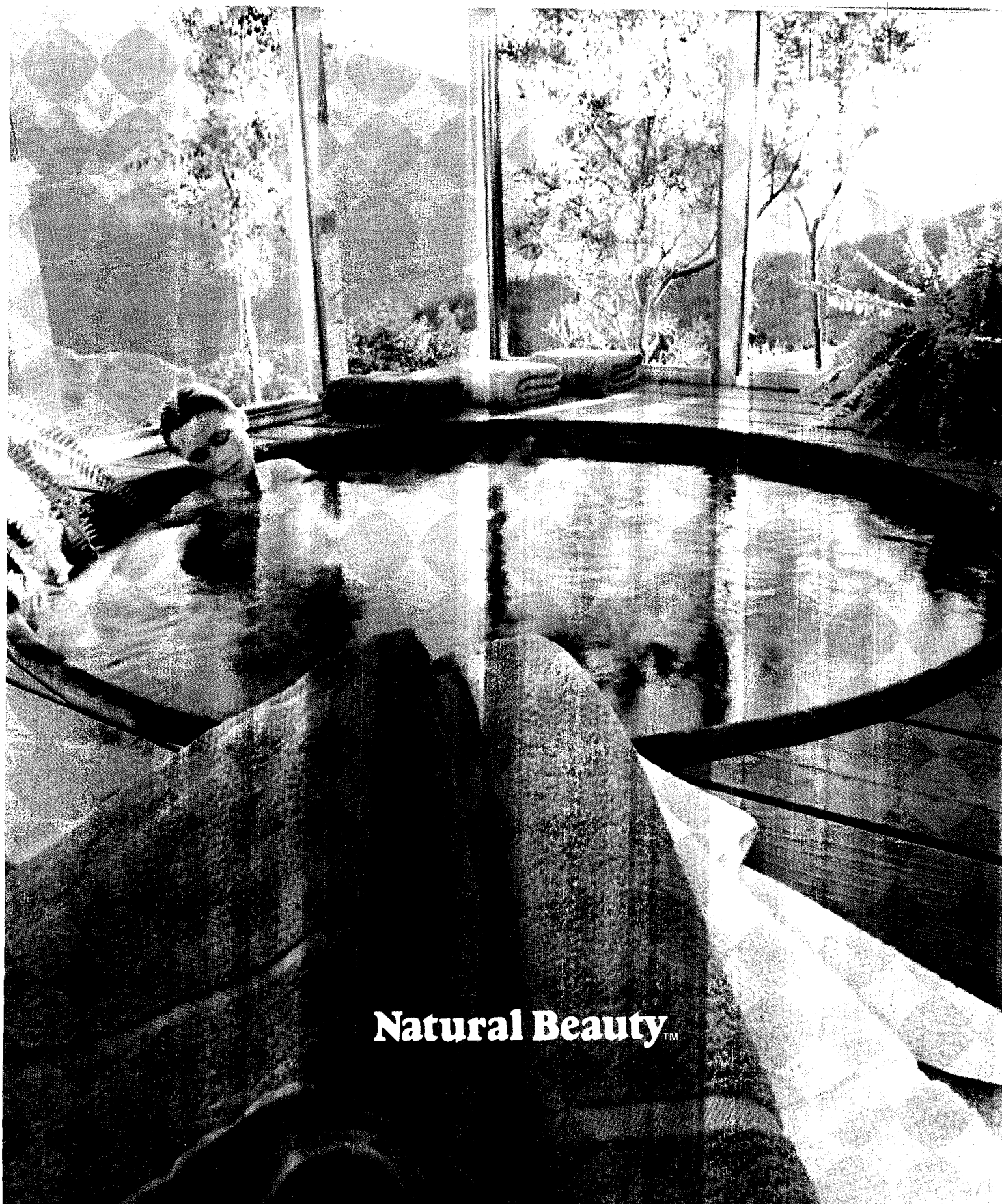
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Water Gap region. Through Wednesday, April 25. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

CARMEN CICERO—Painted-paper collages, and paintings. Through Saturday, April 28. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

RON DAVIS—Big oil paintings in which a single solid, geometric form is seen resting on a tilted checkerboard floor that recedes clear out of the picture plane. Through Thursday, April 26. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

NIKI DE SAINT PHALLE—A new crop of her gaudily painted sculptural fantasies, which she now casts in polyester. Many of the pieces are maquettes for enormous works, on the scale of her celebrated "Nanas," and include playground monsters whose protruding tongues are slides for children. Through May 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RENÉ GENIS—Paintings of the countryside and seashore in France, and still-lives. Through Saturday, April 28. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JOHN A. GIORDANO—Large abstract works on paper, and geometric sculptures. Through Saturday, April 28. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

ARSHILE GORKY (1904-48)—Major works, done between 1929 and the time of his death. They range from the dark, heavy abstracts to the light, airy ones, and include a version of what many consider his masterpiece, the haunting representational portrait of himself with his mother. Through Saturday, April 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

ANTHONY GREEN—This artist uses distorted perspective the way a photographer might use a wide-angle lens—to show an entire room. In this case, the rooms are settings for paintings of his mother and other members of his family. Through May 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

GERTRUDE GLASS GREENE (1904-56) and **BALCOMB GREENE**—Early, colorful geometric works by two artists, husband and wife, who were founding members of the American Abstract Artists, in 1936. His are sharp-edge paintings, hers are constructions in low relief, and there is a strong family resemblance. Through Saturday, April 21. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

NIGEL HALL—Wall sculptures composed of painted-aluminum rods. Through May 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HARMONY HAMMOND—Wall and floor pieces: wood bound with painted fabric. Through Thursday, April 26. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

OLIVIA KAHN/GRACE POLOGE—Oils, serigraphs, and ceramics. Sculptures and drawings. Through Saturday, April 28. (Caravan House, 132 E. 65th St. Opens at 11:30.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Fifty-four drawings, watercolors, and oils, which are about as disparate as can be, yet all bear the unmistakable stamp of the master who made them. The occasion is the centennial of Klee's birth. Through May 19. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

RODGER MACK—Abstract sculptures in which carved stones of varying colors are joined by metal spikes. Through Saturday, April 28. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

TODD MCKIE—Striking new watercolors, done with a surrealist flavor, sometimes tongue-in-cheek. Through Saturday, April 21. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS (1903-75)/**GEORGE BELL** (1882-1925)—Paintings and sculptures by a pioneer American abstractionist. Lithographs. Through Saturday, April 28. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

ELLIOT OFFNER—Sculptures in bronze and wood. Through Friday, April 20. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MAURICE PRENDERGAST (1859-1924)—A loan show of ninety-two monotypes by this artist, who was one of the first in this country to take up the craft and was certainly among the most prolific in its use. Through Saturday, April 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

ANTONIO SEGUI—A series of paintings in which this satirical Argentine artist plays pranks with Rembrandt's famous anatomy lesson. Through Saturday, April 28. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

KAREN SHAW—Sentences based on a code devised by the artist, collaged and hand-colored

on bank statements, ledgers, and receipts. Through May 5. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

JOSEPH STELLA (1877-1946)—Works on paper, some of them never shown before, including portrait heads, landscapes, single flowers and plants, and imaginary architecture. Through Saturday, April 21. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WAYNE THIEBAUD/DAVID BECK—Paintings and drawings of San Francisco. Box constructions, including a six-foot rhinoceros covered with a leather hide and fitted with doors that open to reveal tableaux of rhinoceros-related activities. Through May 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ (1878-1965)—Early works on paper. Through Saturday, April 21. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

THREE CONTEMPORARY RUSSIANS—Strangely bloated surrealist figures by Oleg Tselkov; bronzes of mythological creatures by Ernst Neizvestny; and grid compositions involving organic shapes by Mikhail Chemiakin. Through Friday, April 20. (Nakhhamkin, a new gallery at 1070 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

AFRICAN SCULPTURE—Wood carvings (standing figures, masks, fetishes, ancestors) from Nigeria, Mali, Madagascar, Zaire, and the Ivory Coast, the personal collection of Arne Ekstrom. Through Saturday, April 21. (Corrier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the REED, 120 E. 78th St.: A new-talent show includes wooden cutouts, painted with oils, of such items as a pair of glasses, a knife, a coat hanger, a cravat, a pistol, a bra, each hung separately on the wall in a composition called *Constellation 1* (by Winifred Gallagher); wall pieces that look like cookie dough rolled out and folded back on itself (by Sharon Gilbert); and portraits of chairs in oil on canvas (by Mary Wheeler). Through Saturday, April 21. (Opens at 1.) ... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show of paintings (forty-five) and drawings (twenty-two) by French artists. The works, by La Tour, Boucher, Renoir, and others, are in the collections of the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. Through Friday, April 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ROBERT BARNES—Nightmarish oils full of violent action, some of them continuing the Byron-Shelley narrative paintings that this artist showed two years ago and others taking up new themes involving a peacock as one of the characters. Also works on paper. Through May 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

NELL BLAINE—A boundless energy seems at work in these watercolors and oils of flowers, the Austrian alps, scenes of Gloucester, country-house interiors. Through May 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

BERT CARPENTER—Greatly enlarged flower still-lives. Through Thursday, April 26. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT COLESCOTT—A new set of rowdy paintings by this West Coast satirist includes takeoffs on famous works; for instance, a group of low-lives join in with Matisse's dancers, and de Kooning's best-known woman has acquired

the head of Aunt Jemima. Through Saturday, April 28. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

PIERO DORAZIO—Abstract paintings characterized by broken bands of color. Through May 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—New additions to his "Théâtres de Mémoire" series, these being oils on canvas and black-and-white drawings. Through Saturday, April 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) ... Another facet of this artist's work—a twenty-two-foot-high painted-steel sculpture—can be seen at the entrance to Central Park at Fifth Ave. and 60th St.

PATRICIA TOBACCO FORRESTER/BERTY SKUBER—Immense watercolors of flowers and trees painted in the arboretum of San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. This artist keeps a sort of double-entry diary, one written and decorated by herself, the other by her alter ego. Both are done on a very small scale, and so are the collages on exhibition which involve color snapshots and pen-and-ink musings and other ornamentation. The diary can be found in a display case, and the collages are on the wall. Through Saturday, April 28. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

EDWARD GIOBBI—New abstract oils. Through May 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

NANCY GOLDRING—This artist superimposes a photograph of a window seen from the outside over a drawing of the same window, and then photographs the ensemble. Through May 5. (Gladstone-Villani, 38 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD HAMWI—Abstract patterns made up of incredibly thin colored-pencil lines. Through Saturday, April 21. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD HUNT—Abstract metal sculptures. Through May 18. (Dorsky, 4 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

YVONNE JACQUETTE—This artist, who was among the first to do landscapes from an airplane, now has a series of "Night Paintings" done from a great height—the East River, Belfast harbor, and the Flatiron Building intersection among them. The technique is a kind of impressionism but the result, at a little distance, is almost photographically real. Through May 5. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

PATRICIA JOHANSON—Blueprint-like drawings of houses whose floor plans take the form of orchids, insects, and animals, the idea being that a structure built on natural lines, as opposed to straight, man-made lines, would become part of the surrounding landscape. Through May 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

R. B. KITAJ—This Ohio-born artist is one of the members of the School of London, which includes Hockney, Bacon, and Freud. Fifty of his pastels and drawings are on view here, expertly brought off but some of them rather gamy. Through Saturday, April 28. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD LYTLE—Primroses, monkshood, cineraria, impatiens, cardinal flowers, foxgloves, and so on, rendered in watercolors by an associate professor in the Yale School of Art. Through Thursday, April 26. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

ED MOSES—Panels of intense solid colors, including several that are done in automobile enamel. They are all recent works. Through Saturday, April 21. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

JUDITH MURRAY—Hard-edge geometrical shapes painted with a good deal of dash in red, black, white, and ochre. Through Saturday, April 21. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

DAVID REED—Recent paintings. Through May 5. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

RISA—Steel sculptures that are lacquered white and pleated in a way that suggests folding screens. Through May 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

MICHELLE STUART—Sites of archeological interest are represented here by large sheets of handmade paper into which earth and rocks from the site in question are ground. The sheets all have a rather uniformly dirty look, so it is difficult to distinguish the paper representing, say, Jocotan, Guatemala, from the one representing Mound City, Ohio. Through Saturday, April 28. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT WILSON—Paintings, drawings, and objects made in connection with a theatre piece, "Death, Destruction, and Detroit," that Wilson produced in Berlin this season. One item is an electric-light bulb, perfectly ordinary



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except for its size, which is three feet long. Through April 30. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WILFRED ZOGBAUM (1915-1965)—Cheerful-looking sculptures, some abstract and some fairly representational, made of metal pipe and steel plate, set off now and then by a large round stone. The metalwork is occasionally painted in bright primary colors. Through May 5. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings of still-lives by Americans, among them Burchfield, Knaths, and Kuhn. Through Saturday, April 28. ... **SEAGRAM BUILDING** (fourth floor), 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.: A small collection of drawings, prints, and photographs dealing with space-age landscapes includes a fanciful, colored map of Mars by Nancy Graves; prints by Hockney and Oldenburg; and an O'Keeffe charcoal drawing. Through Thursday, April 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.) ... **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Natvar Bhavsar, Jeffrey Wasserman, and Tony Bechara; flower still-lives by James Ruby; paintings of Mediterranean houses by Elena Borstein; and metal sculptures by Michael Malpass. Through Saturday, April 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

VITO ACCONCI/BRUCE BOICE—An installation stressing stress. In it are aluminum swings held in check by aluminum cables; an aluminum catapult loaded with an aluminum ball; and a tape that keeps repeating, in insinuating tones, "You're wonderful." Through Saturday, April 28. / Large geometric abstract paintings. Through May 5. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

ALAN COTE—Five large paintings. Through Saturday, April 28. (Cunningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

WALTER DE MARIA—"The Broken Kilometer" is the title of a work composed of five hundred solid cylindrical brass rods that would measure a kilometer if they were placed end to end. They are not. Through June 2. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JACQUELINE FREEDMAN—Paper, clay, and canvas works that have been treated to any number of alterations (acrylic paint, sanding, oxide washes) to achieve their varying textures. Through Saturday, April 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

MARCO GASTINI—An outsize work in which nacreous flakes of paper are pasted on an unstretched canvas; a cord made of lead and antimony is hung across the front of the canvas, and an L-shaped bar of iron rests against it. A similarly inscrutable effort in the next room completes the show. Through Tuesday, April 24. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

LOUISE KRAMER—Recent sculptures, including a series of walk-through archways formed by open rectangles of corrugated cardboard. Through May 2. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

JACK MENDENHALL/TONY KING—Flossy interiors—living room, bedroom, bathroom, mirrored dressing room, and so on—done with Photo-Realist exactitude on a large scale. / Big canvases given over to his customary designs based on the diamond shape. Through Saturday, April 21. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

MARIO MERZ—An exhibit of works by this Italian conceptual sculptor includes an igloo five feet high and ten feet in diameter encased in a glass dome ten feet high and twenty feet in diameter—a construction worked out in accordance with natural growth as reflected by the Fibonacci progression. Through Saturday, April 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

MILTON RESNICK—Thickly painted oils. Through May 5. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

JOEL SHAPIRO—Minimalist drawings and sculptures. Through May 12. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

LEON POLK SMITH/STUART SHEDLETSKY—Recent paintings, and a group of paintings from the sixties. / Abstract works on paper. Through Saturday, April 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

MARIO TORAL—Abstract works on paper in pastel and ink. Through Saturday, April 21. (Cayman, 381 West Broadway.)

ALAN TURNER—This artist zeroed in on a small bit

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of upstate landscape last summer and painted it over and over on large canvases in various moods and in different styles, and the results make a cheerful spring exhibition. Through Saturday, April 28. (Thorpe, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

LAWRENCE WEINER/MIA WESTERLUND—This Conceptualist stencils cryptic statements on the gallery walls, such as "Many Colored Objects Placed Side by Side to Form a Row of Many Colored Objects." The letters are black and about four inches high. / Four rough-finished shapes made of cement and lead, in three of which sluiceways have been cut. Through Saturday, April 21. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOW—An exhibit of three-dimensional works (of the sort that is becoming known as "installation sculpture") and of works that incorporate photographs and film. Six artists, among them James Carpenter, Janet Rifkin, and William Childress. Through May 2. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

JAPAN TODAY—An enormous operation that involves many weeks of panel discussions, film and video, art exhibitions, dance troupes, puppet shows, and demonstrations of fighting kites. These events take place all over town, from the Public Library to the Cooper-Hewitt Museum and the New York Botanical Garden. Kabuki? Certainly—at Japan House on May 12. Tea ceremony? Of course—lessons in the ritual at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Origami? You've got it—a workshop for children over twelve and adults on May 8 at the Staten Island Children's Museum. A haiku contest? Right—with results to be announced on June 16. John V. Lindsay? Absolutely—speaking (in English) at Japan House on May 31. And so on. Of more immediate interest: **JAPAN HOUSE**, 333 E. 47th St.: An exhibit of a hundred items used by tea masters of the past four hundred and fifty years, together with the tea ceremony, which customarily lasts forty minutes and can be observed, by reservation (inquire at the entrance), every day at 11:30 and 2:30. Starts Friday, April 27. (Hours: Daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.) ... **COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.: Prints, sword guards, and stencils from the museum's collections. (Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) ... **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.: A display of maps of Japan made in Europe and in Asia from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. ... **A** show centered on Japanese technology. ... **An** exhibit called "Three Centuries of Japanese Prints." (Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.) ...

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway: A show of Japanese prints and paintings of birds and flowers. ... **A** display of the museum's collection of Japanese ceramics, which date from the Stone Age to the present. Starts Wednesday, April 25. (Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) ... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two hundred photographs of contemporary Japan by nineteen photographers. Starts Saturday, April 28. (Hours: Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.) ... **BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN**, 1000 Washington Ave.: The bonsai collection. (Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

ARTHUR COHEN—Provincetown as seen in oil paintings and in etchings. Through Wednesday, April 25. (Collectors' Gallery, 51 E. 10th St. Open Sundays.)

JOHN DIGBY—Collages assembled from cutouts of Victorian engravings, pieced together with surgical exactness and surrealist juxtapositions. Through Friday, April 27. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

LINDA FRANCIS/CRISTOS GIANAKOS—New abstract geometric paintings and drawings. / Ramps constructed out of wood, Sheetrock, and Ma-

sonite. Through May 5. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

YASUO KUNIOYOSHI (1889-1953)—Twenty-seven pencil drawings, some of them the precursors of full-scale paintings, and several of them centered on his distinctive triangular-headed cows. Through May 5. (Sragow, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

RICHARD BENSON—The tranquil, hilly countryside of Puerto Rico, the abandoned barracks at Fort Adams, Rhode Island, and a formal balcony overlooking a still sea are some of the subjects in these elegant platinum and palladium prints. Through Saturday, April 28. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES CLIFFORD/ARNOLD GENTHE—Clifford was commissioned by the Prado in 1856 to record the arms and armor housed there. Fifty examples, all of them precisionist in detail, are on view. / Platinum and silver prints of dancers Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, and others, done in the early twenties in the soft-focus pictorial style of the Photo-Secession. Through Saturday, April 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DON CYR—Recent color prints made with a Polaroid SX-70 and a Diana camera. Through May 1. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6, and Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MITCH EPSTEIN/EMMET GOWIN—Color photographs, most of them recently made in India. / Surreal landscapes. Through Saturday, April 28. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

TOM MILLEE—Palladium prints of landscapes and nudes. Through May 4. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HANS NAMUTH—Portraits of Indians made on three trips to Todos Santos Cuchumatán, Guatemala. Some of the subjects photographed on his first trip, in 1947, appear again in pictures made last year. Through Saturday, April 21. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

SUZANNE SEED/MARTIAL WESTBURG—Manipulated prints. / Group portraits with a difference: the 1924 graduating class at Exeter, the officers and crew of the U.S.S. Mount Vernon in 1918. The difference is that the photographer has drawn identical mustaches and rimmed glasses on each face. Through May 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS—The ninety-six prize-winning news photographs of the 1978 New York Press Photographers Association's annual contest. Through May 2. (New York Telephone Building, 1095 Sixth Ave., at 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

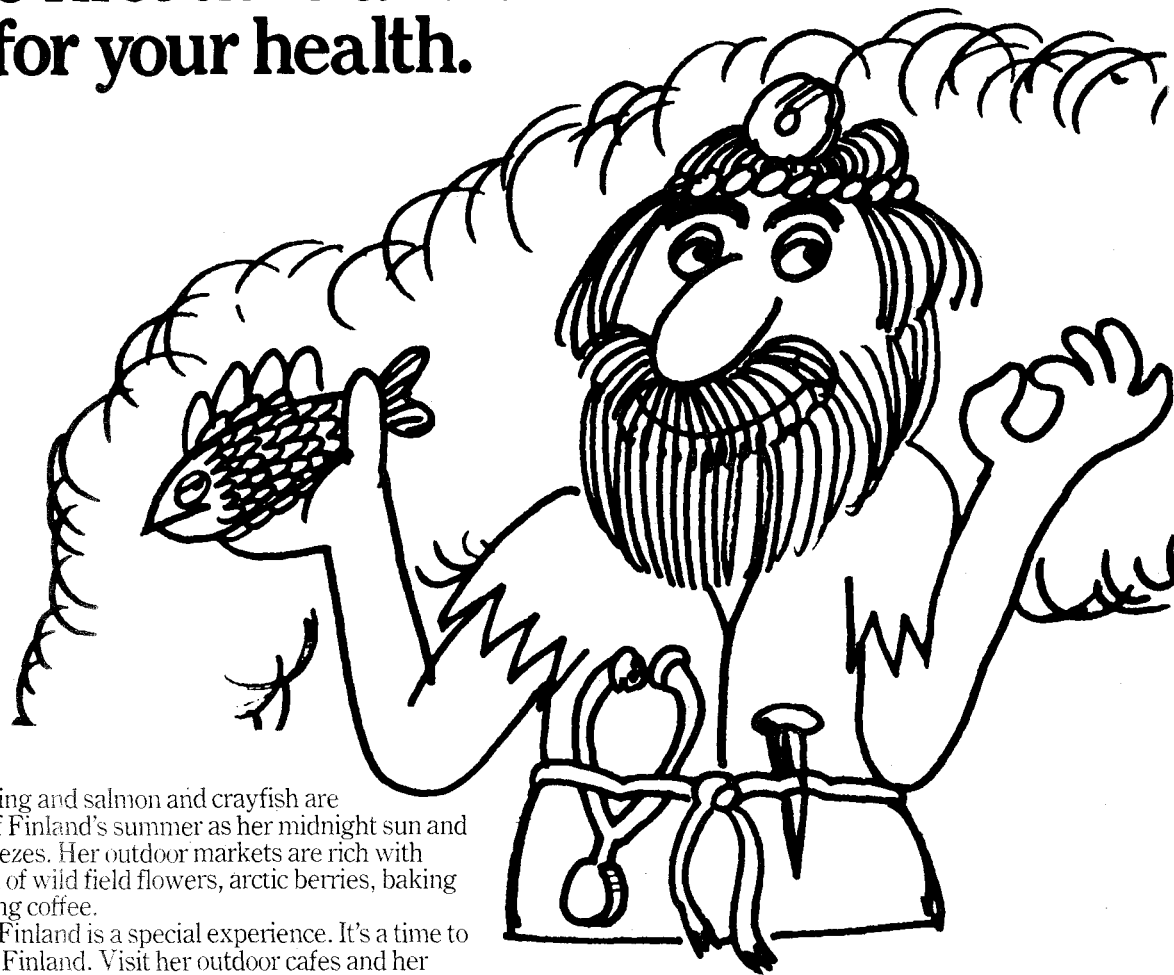
GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Bruce Davidson's twelve photo-essays here include "Brooklyn Gang," from 1959, "East 100th Street," from the late sixties, and "The Cafeteria," made three years ago on the lower East Side. Two films by Mr. Davidson, "Isaac Singer's Nightmare and Mrs. Pupko's Beard" (twenty-eight minutes) and "Living Off the Land" (twenty minutes), can be seen Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 3:45. ...

Lynn Davis and Robert Mapplethorpe are exhibiting photographs they made of identical subjects. Both shows through Sunday, April 22. ... **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: A survey of two hundred photographs of New York City which ranges from the mid-nineteenth century to the present. Through June 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) ... **26 FEDERAL PLAZA**, at Foley Square: In the lobby of this building is a large show of works by André Kertész, Lilo Raymond, and forty-eight others. Through Wednesday, April 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.) ... **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: This gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a big show (a hundred and fifty prints) by big names (fifty photographers are included). Through May 5.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of sixty-four sixteenth-century Italian drawings from the Lehman Collection. Through June 17. ... **Rembrandt** etchings and drawings illustrating scenes from the

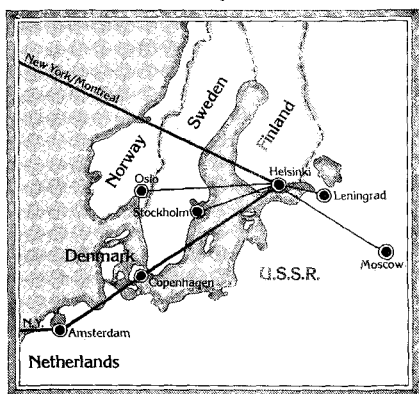
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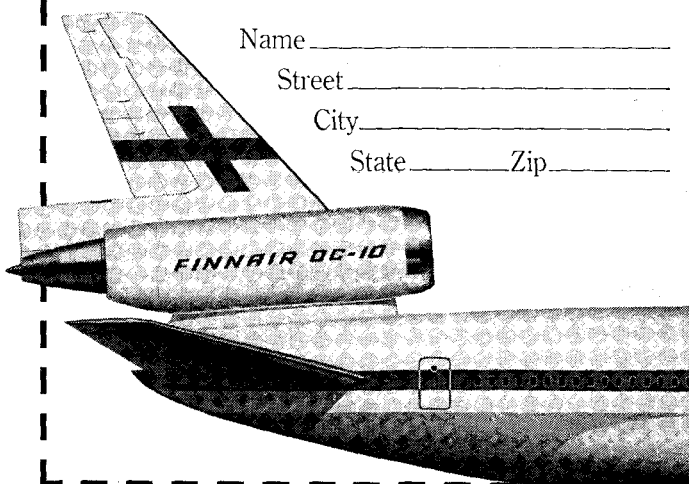
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bible. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-two paintings that were part of the Edvard Munch exhibit at the National Gallery of Art, in Washington. Also other Munch paintings and prints. Through Tuesday, April 24. . . . **“Transformations in Modern Architecture,”** a show of primarily black-and-white photographs of buildings constructed in the past twenty years. Through Tuesday, April 24. . . . **“A selection of the works bequeathed to the museum by James Thrall Soby, including a number of Surrealist works, chief among them eight paintings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through April 30. . . . Ten small unpainted maquettes by Frank Stella. Through May 1. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY:** About forty pictures taken in the sixties by Robert Adams. Through May 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—“The Planar Dimension: Europe 1912-1932” is an exhibit that examines the synthesis of painting and sculpture in works of art on more than one plane. Picasso, Archipenko, Calder, Lissitzky, and others are represented. Through May 6. . . . **“A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian, dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Through May 6. . . . A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)**

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The retrospective show of Cy Twombly contains forty-five abstractionist paintings and forty drawings dated 1954 to 1977. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Constructions by four artists: Christo, Joseph Cornell, Lucas Samaras, and H. C. Westermann. Through May 23. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the paintings, reliefs, and drawings of Ben Nicholson. Through May 13. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of art and artifacts from Pompeii. Starts Sunday, April 22. For information about tickets and hours, call 999-7777.

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Imperial painting in India between 1600 and 1660 fell to artists ruled by two emperors who prized technical perfection and who were interested in paintings dealing with secular rather than religious themes. The seventy-three miniatures from this period depict birds and flowers, landscapes, historical events, and figures. Starts Thursday, April 19. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A selection of porcelains from the museum's collections includes some very early Chinese examples and some choice eighteenth-century pieces, such as part of a Meissen swan service designed for Count von Brühl; pieces from a Sèvres service made for Madame Du Barry; and Chelsea plates. Through May 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A loan show of sixty-three drawings by Fragonard, together with the Frick's own series of Fragonard's oils, “The Progress of Love.” Starts Saturday, April 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and graphics of Arik Brauer, an artist associated with the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through April 29. (Open daily except Fri-

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days and Saturdays, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of acquisitions from the past twenty-five years includes a coffee pot designed by the Colonial silversmith Peter Van Dyck; a pine chest (1810) decorated with a medallion depicting Robert Fulton, one of his steamships, and the first steam passenger train in America; and Audubon's watercolor “California Condor.” Starts Friday, April 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Mitchell Kriegman (performance), Saturday, April 21, at 8; Julian Maynard Smith (performance), Tuesday, April 24, at 8; films by five artists, Friday, April 27, at 8 and 9; films by four artists, Saturday, April 28, at 8 and 9; drawings, paintings, and photographs by four artists from Scotland (James Birrell, Michael Davey, Gareth Fisher, and Thomas Lawson), through Saturday, April 21.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Mitchell Kriegman (performance with video), Thursday, April 19, at 8:30; Disband (music), Tuesday, April 24, at 8:30; Ann Sargent-Wooster (performance and film), Thursday, April 26, at 8:30; Eileen Berger (photographs) and Scott Johnson (sound installation), through May 4.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—The New Haven Chamber Ensemble performing three works by John King, Wednesday, April 18, at 8:30; Connie Beckley (performance), Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, at 8:30; FIVE videotapes, Sunday, April 22, at 8:30; Jon Deak (music), Tuesday and Wednesday, April 24-25, at 8:30; Arthur Russell (music), Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 8:30; Troy Brauntuch (drawings and manipulated prints), through Saturday, April 21; music on videotapes, through Friday, April 27; “The Record as Artwork,” an exhibit of more than a hundred and fifty records and record covers produced by such artists as Duchamp, Schwitters, and Beuys, through May 19. . . . **At the MUDD CLUB**, 77 White St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. (227-7777), the Kitchen is presenting a series of concerts by composers working with electric or amplified music. On Monday, April 23, Peter Gordon and David Van Tieghem's Love of Life Orchestra and a film by Lawrence Weiner will start at 10:30.

PAULA COOPER GALLERY, 155 Wooster St.—New music and video music presented by the Composers' Forum. Thursday, April 19, Kirk Nurock and Tania Leon, chamber music; Saturday, April 21, Emmanuel Ghent and Laurie Spiegel, works involving computers and video; Tuesday, April 24, Stephen Robert Kleiman and Ann Silsbee, chamber music; Thursday, April 26, Gregory Reeve and Barry Truax, chamber music; and Saturday, April 28, Charlemagne Palestine and Joel Chadabe, video works. All performances at 8:30. Admission by contribution.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, April 18, at 8: “Dido and Aeneas,” with Sandra Browne, Janice Hall, and David Holloway; and “Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,” danced

by Rudolf Nureyev, Patricia McBride, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and members of the New York City Ballet; with Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . **Thursday, April 19, at 8:** “Il Barbiere di Siviglia,” with Gianna Rolandi, Diane Curry, Alan Kays, Pablo Elvira, Richard McKee, and Robert Hale; David Effron. . . . **Friday, April 20, at 8:** “Manon,” with Catherine Malfitano, Henry Price, David Holloway, and Nico Castel; Julius Rudel. . . . **Saturday, April 21, at 2:** “Dido and Aeneas,” with Sandra Browne, Elizabeth Hynes, and David Holloway; and “Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,” danced by Rudolf Nureyev, Patricia McBride, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and members of the New York City Ballet; with Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . **Saturday, April 21, at 8:** “La Traviata,” with Ashley Putnam, Kathleen Hegierski, Augusto Pagliarunga, and Richard Fredricks; Brian Salesky. . . . **Sunday, April 22, at 1:** “Tosca,” with Johanna Meier, Jacque Trussel, and Frederick Burchinal; Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . **Sunday, April 22, at 7:** “Manon,” with Catherine Malfitano, Henry Price, David Holloway, and Nico Castel; Julius Rudel. . . . **Tuesday, April 24, at 8:** “Manon,” with Glenys Fowles, Richard Taylor, David Holloway, and Nico Castel; Julius Rudel. . . . **Wednesday, April 25, at 2:** “Il Barbiere di Siviglia,” with Gianna Rolandi, Diane Curry, Alan Kays, Pablo Elvira, Richard McKee, and Robert Hale; David Effron. . . . **Thursday, April 26, at 8:** “Dido and Aeneas,” with Nelda Nelson, Elizabeth Hynes, and Alan Titus; and “Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,” danced by Rudolf Nureyev, Patricia McBride, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and members of the New York City Ballet; with Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . **Friday, April 27, at 8:** “Manon,” with Catherine Malfitano, Henry Price, Richard Fredricks, and Nico Castel; Julius Rudel. . . . **Saturday, April 28, at 2:** “Il Barbiere di Siviglia,” with Elizabeth Haley, Diane Curry, Gerald Grahame, David Holloway, James Billings, and Robert Hale; David Effron. . . . **Saturday, April 28, at 8:** “Dido and Aeneas,” with Nelda Nelson, Elizabeth Hynes, and Alan Titus; and “Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,” danced by Rudolf Nureyev, Patricia McBride, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and members of the New York City Ballet; with Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Following a brief tour, the orchestra will resume its concerts at Avery Fisher Hall next week, with Zubin Mehta conducting on Thursday, April 26, at 8:30; Friday, April 27, at 2; and Saturday, April 28, at 8:30 (all with Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano).

MINNESOTA ORCHESTRA—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8, with Gidon Kremer, violin; and Saturday, April 21, at 8, with Judith Blegen, soprano.)

DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Antal Dorati directing a performance of Strauss's opera “Die Aegyptische Helena” in concert form, with Gwyneth Jones and Barbara Hendricks, sopranos; Birgit Fennila, contralto; Matti Kastu and Curtis Rayam, tenors; Willard White, baritone; and the Kenneth Jewell Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 27, at 8.)

STRING REVIVAL—Howard Shanet conducting a string orchestra, with the Composers String Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Baird Hastings conducting. (First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Saturday, April 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

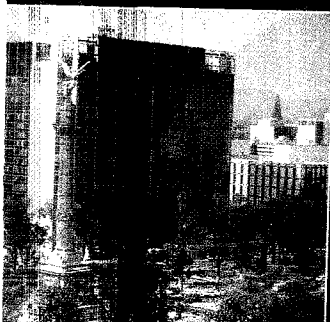
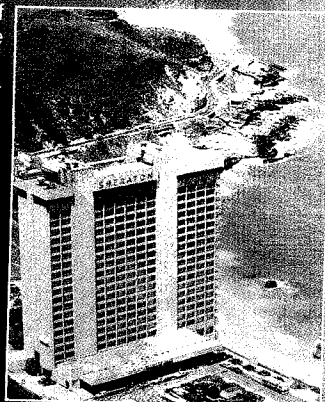
MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting the final performance of the season, with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Lenus Carlson, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

NEW LITTLE ORCHESTRA—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Berlioz's oratorio “L'Enfance du Christ,” with, among others, Gérard Souzay, baritone, and the Orpheon Chorale. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

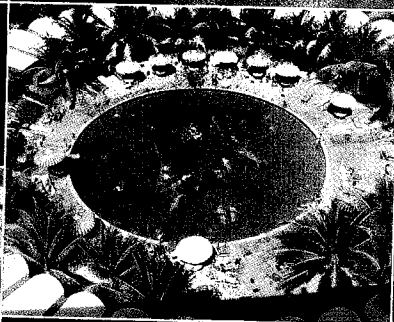
BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting

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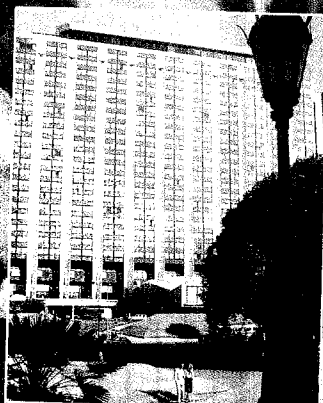
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Without chemicals,
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

an all-Beethoven program, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, at 8, and Sunday, April 29, at 3.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing the second of two programs of twentieth-century American choral music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday, April 18, at 8. For tickets, call 865-7035.)

BARNARD-COLUMBIA CHORUS—Peter Schubert directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

CANTICUM NOVUM—Harold Rosenbaum directing a program in celebration of spring. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, April 23, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing the final concert of the season, with David Eivits, baritone, and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

RECITALS

TWILIGHT INTERLUDE ORGAN CONCERTS—The fourth in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by John Weaver. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 5:30.)

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—A program of contemporary music, with Judith Nicosia, soprano, and Constantine Cassolas and Paul Sperry, tenors. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.)

ODEON TRIO—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

AGUSTIN ANIEVAS AND ITZHAK PERLMAN—A benefit recital of sonatas for piano and violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, April 20, at 8. For tickets, call 859-1180.)

ANNA TENG—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 21, at 3.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 21, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 26, at 8, with Jaime Laredo, viola, and Sharon Robinson, cello.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 21, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

NEW YORK RENAISSANCE BAND—A program of Italian Renaissance music, with Judith Malafrente, mezzo-soprano. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 21, at 8.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY CHAMBER PLAYERS—Principals of the Boston Symphony, with Gilbert Kalish, piano. The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 22, at 2.)

KAREN SHAW—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 22, at 3.)

MARTTI TALVELA—Bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 22, at 3.)

EARLY MUSIC CONSORT—Medieval and Renaissance music performed by five instrumentalists (on forty authentic ancient instruments) and singers. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, April 22, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

CRITERION CONCERTS—The second in a series of three concerts of contemporary music, this one performed by Andrew Bolotowsky, flute; Joseph Karpénia, guitar; Peter Hirsch, French horn; and others. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Sunday, April 22, at 3. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—The final concerts of the season at Alice Tully Hall—Sunday, April 22, at 5, and Tuesday, April 24, at 7:30: Gerard Schwarz, conductor; Jaime Laredo and Lynn Chang, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Karen Lindquist, harp; Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others. . . . Friday, April 27, at 8, and Sun-

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day, April 29, at 5: James Buswell, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Robert Rouch, horn; and Richard Goode, piano.

APPLE HILL CHAMBER PLAYERS—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 22, at 8:30.)

CAROL WINCENC—Flute, with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Nancy Allen, harp; Ani Kavafian, violin; Daniel Phillips, viola; and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 23, at 8.)

VIKTOR TRETYAKOV—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 23, at 8.)

AMERICAN STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Tuesday, April 24, at 8.)

MANHATTAN STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of recitals. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, April 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

IDIL BIRET—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 26, at 8.)

NEW MUSIC CONSORT—The last in a series of concerts of twentieth-century European music, this one an Italian program, with Judith Bettina, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 26, at 8.)

LAKSHMI SHANKAR—A program of North Indian vocal music. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. 473-6072. Friday, April 27, at 8.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, YEFIM BRONFMAN, AND YO-YO MA—Violin, piano, and cello, in an all-Schubert program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 27, at 8.)

LUCILLE GRUBER—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 2:30.)

BORODIN QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 28, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of music from Elizabethan and Jacobean England. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

AULOS WIND QUINTET—With Virgil Blackwell, clarinet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 28, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 29, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

BASEBALL—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, April 18, at 8, and Thursday, April 19, at 2. . . . TEXAS, Friday, April 20, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, April 21-22, at 2. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Tuesday through Thursday, April 24-26, at 8:05. . . . LOS ANGELES, Friday, April 27, at 8:05, and Saturday, April 28, at 1:15.

BOXING—Inter-City Golden Gloves: New York vs. Chicago. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, April 23, at 8.)

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 21.) . . . Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 28.) . . . Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, April 28.) . . . Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, April 28.)

HOCKEY—Stanley Cup quarterfinal playoffs—Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, April 20, at 8:35; Sunday, April 22, at 7:35; and, if necessary, Thursday, April 26, at 8:35.) . . . Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks. (Nassau Coliseum,

Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday, April 18, at 8, and, if necessary, Tuesday, April 24, at 8, and either Saturday, April 28, or Sunday, April 29, at a time to be announced.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 21; the Bold Ruler, Sunday, April 22; and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 28.

RUNNING—The Trevira Ten-Mile Twosome will start at eleven on Saturday, April 28, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green, and finish back at the same place, though not as neatly.

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Fort Lauderdale. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, April 22, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

SQUASH RACQUETS—Boodles World Cup: A five-day round-robin between players from the United States (Stuart Goldstein), Canada (Sharif Khan), Mexico (Mario Sanchez), Pakistan (Mohibullah Khan, Jr.), and Egypt (Ahmed Safwat). (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. Wednesday through Friday, April 18-20, at 7; Saturday, April 21, at 4; and Sunday, April 22, at 5. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

TRACK—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, April 21. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, April 23, through Saturday, June 2. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, from Thursday, April 19, through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

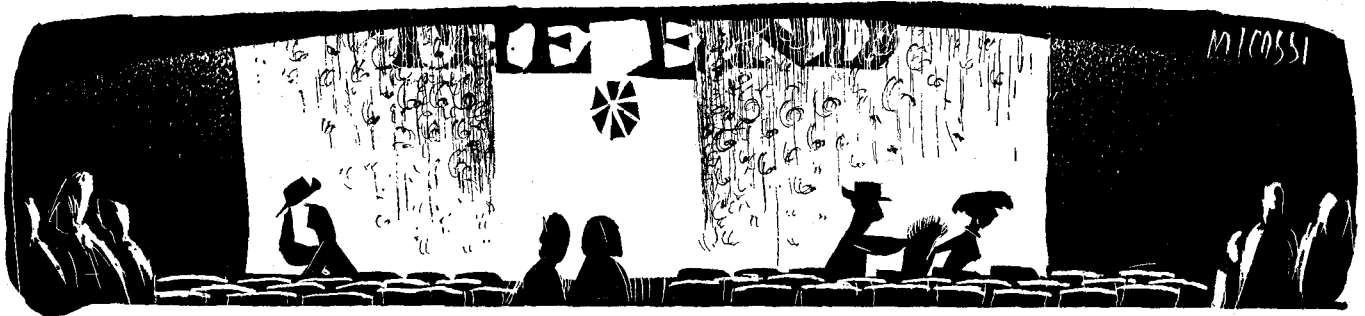
POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Seamus Heaney reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 23, at 8.) . . . Allen Ginsberg and Michael McClure reading from their own works. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Monday, April 23, at 8.) . . . V. S. Naipaul reading from his new novel, "A Bend in the River," and from other works. (Tishman Auditorium, Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at MacDougal St. Tuesday, April 24, at 8. For free tickets, call 598-2874.)

AMATEUR NEEDLEWORK OF TODAY—The twenty-first benefit exhibition will include handbags, rugs, pictures, chair covers, ecclesiastical garments, and screens, in petit point, gros point, and crewelwork. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Tuesday, April 24, through Wednesday, May 2. Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evening until 7:30.)

FLOWER SHOWS—The Spring Bulb Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave. Wednesday through Friday, April 18-20, from 10 to 4, and Saturday and Sunday, April 21-22, from 11 to 4. . . . The April Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Saturday and Sunday, April 28-29, noon to 6.

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, April 20, at 10:15 and 2: American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various owners. . . . Saturday, April 21, at 10:15 and 2: American Indian art, from the Montgomery County Historical Society and from other sources. . . . Wednesday, April 25, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, April 26, at 2: English and Continental silver, watches, and *objets de vertu*; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 19. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, April 20, at 10:30 and 2: Printed books and manuscripts, from several collectors. . . . Saturday, April 21, at 10:30 and 2: French and Continental furniture, tapestries, sculptures, and objects of art; from many owners.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 22: "Nashville."
April 23: Theatre closed.
From April 24: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom."
ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Wifemistress."
ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 19: "Fast Break" and "Thank God It's Friday."
April 20-26: "The Brink's Job" and "Murder by Death."
From April 27: To be announced.
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Murder by Decree."
BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Hurricane."
MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Exorcist."
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 24: "Norma Rae."
From April 25: "Manhattan."
EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Blazing Saddles."
SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through April 26: "Old Boyfriends."
From April 27: "A Little Romance."
TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through April 26: "Superman."
From April 27: "An Almost Perfect Affair."
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Innocent."
BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 24: "Voices."
From April 25: "Manhattan."
CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Love on the Run."
D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The North Avenue Irregulars."
CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through April 26: "Cousin, Cousine."
From April 27: "Saint Jack."
CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Real Life."
GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Exorcist."
GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through April 19: "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century."
From April 20: "Dawn of the Dead."
BREKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Coming Home."
LOEWS NEW YORK I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Champ."
LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Norma Rae."
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The French Detective."
LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The China Syndrome."
72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 19: "Autumn Sonata."
April 20-26: "The Great Train Robbery."
From April 27: "Murder by Decree."
TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Deer Hunter."
U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 19: "The North Avenue Irregulars."
From April 20: "Dawn of the Dead."
LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Hurricane."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 23. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Love at First Bite."
86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Coming Home."
R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century."
Theatre 2: "Blazing Saddles."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Deer Hunter."
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Love at First Bite."
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Coming Home."
Theatre 2: Through April 26: "Blazing Saddles." From April 27: "Norma Rae."
Theatre 3: Through April 26: "Despair." From April 27: "Picnic at Hanging Rock."
Theatre 4: Through April 26: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert. From April 27: "Norma Rae."
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through April 21: "Blazing Saddles."
From April 22: "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."
MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through April 25: "The Promise."
From April 26: Theatre temporarily closed.
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Hair." (No evening performances on Wednesday, April 18.)
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Deer Hunter."
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through April 24: "Picnic at Hanging Rock."
From April 25: "Manhattan."
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."
CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Innocent."
PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.
CINEMA STUDIO I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Fedora."
CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 19: "Wifemistress."
From April 20: "Just Like at Home."
EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through April 21: "Agatha."
From April 22: "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."
LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Murder by Decree."
Theatre 2: "Love at First Bite."
Theatre 3: "Blazing Saddles."
Theatre 4: "The North Avenue Irregulars."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"The Deer Hunter."
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 19: "Coming Home."
April 20-26: "The Great Train Robbery" and "Comes a Horseman."
From April 27: "Blazing Saddles" and another feature, to be announced.

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Superman." (†)
EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through April 19: "Blazing Saddles." (†)
From April 20: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."
EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through April 19: "Midnight Express" and "California Suite." From April 20: "Blazing Saddles." (†)
Theatre 3: "Heaven Can Wait."
Theatre 4: "Coming Home." (†)
FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Norma Rae." (†)
LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Champ." (†)
LOEWS STATE I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Hurricane." (†)
LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"The China Syndrome." (†)
NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Love at First Bite." (†)
RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through April 19: "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century." (†)
From April 20: "Dawn of the Dead." (†)
R.K.O. CINERAMA I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Exorcist." (†)
R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Deer Hunter." (†)
VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Real Bruce Lee."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 18: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" (1974), in Czech, directed by Jaromil Jires; and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice.
April 19: "Blue Collar" (1978), directed by Paul Schrader, with Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel, Yaphet Kotto, and Cliff De Young; and "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot" (1974), directed by Michael Cimino, with Clint Eastwood, Jeff Bridges, George Kennedy, and Geoffrey Lewis.
April 20-21: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Simon of the Desert" (1965), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal.
April 22-23: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "Nights of Cabiria." (†)
April 24: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "Youth and His Amulet" (1961), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.
April 25: "The Late Show" (1977), directed by Robert Benton, with Art Carney, Lily Tomlin, Bill Macy, and Eugene Roche; and "Klute" (1971), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.
April 26: "Picnic" (1956), directed by Joshua

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Logan, with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, and Susan Strasberg; and "The Legend of Lylah Clare." (†)

April 27-28: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975; "Every Man for Himself and God Against All"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

April 18: "The Ring" (1927), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Carl Brisson and Lillian Hall-Davies; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sydney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

April 19-21: Three programs of new French films, titles to be announced.

April 22: "Queen Christina" (1934), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and "As You Desire Me." (†)

April 23-24: Two programs of new French films, titles to be announced.

April 25: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Rich and Strange" (1932), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Henry Kendall and Joan Barry.

April 26: "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne; and "Pat and Mike" (1952), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Aldo Ray.

April 27: "Kwaidan" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.

April 28: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (†); and "Julius Caesar" (1953), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando, and Edmond O'Brien.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 19: "Girl Friends" (1978), directed by Claudia Weill, with Melanie Mayron and Anita Skinner; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.

April 20-21: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya.

April 22-23: "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman, and Marion Lorne; and "The Wrong Man." (†)

April 24: "A Dream of Passion" (1978), in English and Greek, directed by Jules Dassin, with Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn; and "Zorba the Greek." (†)

April 25-26: "Alice in the Cities" (1974) and "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.

April 27-28: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 18: "Pather Panchali" (1954), "Aparajito" (1957), and "The World of Apu" (1959), all three films in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.

April 19-21: "La Chienne" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon, Janie Maréze, and Georges Flamant; and "Madame Bovary" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Valentine Tessier, Pierre Renoir, Max Dearly, and Robert Le Vigan.

April 22-23: "Obsessione" (†) and "The White Sheik." (†)

April 24-25: "Queen of the Gypsies" (1976), in Russian, directed by Emil Loteanu; and "Hamlet" (1966), in Russian, directed by Grigori Kozintsev.

April 26-28: "General della Rovere" (†); and

"The Miracle" (1948), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through April 21: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

April 22-23: "Lady in the Lake" (1947), directed by Robert Montgomery, with Montgomery, Audrey Totter, Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, and Jayne Meadows; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames.

April 24-25: "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "Marlowe." (†)

April 26-28: "The Lady Vanishes" (†); and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through April 19: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Ace in the Hole" (1951; "The Big Carnival"), directed by Billy Wilder, with Kirk Douglas, Jan Sterling, and Porter Hall.

April 20-21: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

April 22: "A Woman of Paris" (1923), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller; and "The Gold Rush." (†)

April 23: "On the Bowery" (†); "Come Back, Africa" (†); and "The Quiet One" (1945), a documentary film, directed by Sidney Meyers, narrated by Gary Merrill.

April 24: "Fat City" (†) and "Beat the Devil." (†)

April 25-26: "The Set-Up" (†); and "The Reckless Moment" (1949), directed by Max Ophuls, with James Mason and Joan Bennett.

April 27-28: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 18: "Night of Terror" (1933), directed by Benjamin Stoloff, with Bela Lugosi, Wallace Ford, and Sally Blane; and "The Black Room" (1935), directed by Roy William Neill, with Boris Karloff, Marian Marsh, and Katherine deMille.

April 19: "Back Street" (1932), directed by John M. Stahl, with Irene Dunne, John Boles, ZaSu Pitts, William Bakewell, and Jane Darwell; and "Magnificent Obsession" (1936), directed by John M. Stahl, with Irene Dunne, Charles Butterworth, and Robert Taylor.

April 20-21: "Murder Ahoy" (1964), and "Murder Most Foul" (1965), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

April 22-23: "Sabrina" (†) and "Funny Face." (†)

April 24: "Test Pilot" (1938), directed by Victor Fleming, with Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy; and "Hell Divers" (1932), directed by George Hill, with Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Conrad Nagel, and Dorothy Jordan.

April 25: "Ramona" (1936), directed by Henry King, with Loretta Young, Don Ameche, Kent Taylor, and Jane Darwell; and "Clive of India" (1935), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Loretta Young, Ronald Colman, Colin Clive, and C. Aubrey Smith.

April 26: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "The

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odora Goes Wild" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Thomas Mitchell, and Spring Byington.

April 27: "The Glass Key" (†); and another feature, to be announced.

April 28: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart; and "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 19 at 2:30: "From This Day Forward" (1947), directed by John Berry, with Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens, and Henry Morgan. . . . April 19 at 6: "Clash by Night" (1952), directed by Fritz Lang, with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, Robert Ryan, and Marilyn Monroe. . . . April 19 at 8:30 and April 20 at 2:30: "While the City Sleeps" (1956), directed by Fritz Lang, with Ida Lupino, Dana Andrews, and Rhonda Fleming. . . . April 21 at noon: "The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer" (1947), directed by Irving Reis, with Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, Shirley Temple, and Rudy Vallée. . . . April 21 at 2:30: "The Big Steal" (1949), directed by Don Seigel, with Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer, William Bendix, and Ramon Novarro; and "The Threat" (1949), directed by Felix E. Feist, with Michael O'Shea and Virginia Grey. . . . April 22 at noon: "Renegade Ranger" (1938), directed by David Howard, with George O'Brien, Tim Holt, and Rita Hayworth. . . . April 22 at 2:30: "The Stranger on the Third Floor" (1940), directed by Boris Ingster, with Peter Lorre; and "Journey Into Fear" (1943), directed by Norman Foster, with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, Agnes Moorehead, and Ruth Warwick. . . . April 23 at noon: "The Big Steal." . . . April 23 at 2:30: "Saddle Legion"

(1951), directed by Lesley Selander, with Tim Holt and Dorothy Malone; and "Renegade Ranger." . . . April 24 at 2:30: "The Threat." . . . April 26 at 2:30: "The Stranger on the Third Floor" and "Journey Into Fear." . . . April 26 at 6: "Tattooed Tears" (1978), directed by Joan Churchill and Nick Broomfield. . . . April 26 at 8:30: "Sudden Fear" (1952), directed by David Miller, with Joan Crawford, Jack Palance, and Gloria Grahame. . . . April 27 at 2:30: "The Ghost Ship" (1943), directed by Mark Robson, with Richard Dix; and "The Seventh Victim" (1943), directed by Mark Robson, with Kim Hunter and Tom Conway. . . . April 28 at noon: "Wagon Master" (1950), directed by John Ford, with Ben Johnson, Harry Carey, and Joanne Dru. . . . April 28 at 2:30: "Fort Apache" (1948), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Henry Fonda, Shirley Temple, and Pedro Armendariz. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER (AT MOMA)—The first programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 20 at 6: "Animation for Live Action" (Great Britain; Vera Neubauer) and "Skin Deep" (New Zealand; Geoff Steven). . . . April 20 at 9: "Idlers of the Fertile Valley" (Greece; Nikos Panayotopoulos). . . . April 21 at 6: "A Walk through H" and "Vertical Features Remake" (Great Britain; Peter Greenaway). . . . April 21 at 8:30: "The Whole Shootin' Match" (United States; Eagle Pennell). . . . April 21 at 10:30: "Limite" (Brazil; Mário Peixoto; 1930-31). . . . April 22 at 6: "Idlers of the Fertile Valley." . . . April 22 at 8:30: "Animation for Live Action" and "Skin Deep." . . . April 23 at 6: "The Whole Shootin' Match." . . . April 23 at 8:30: "A Walk Through H" and "Vertical Features Remake." . . . April 24 at 6: "Tropical Fruit" (Brazil; Joaquim Pedro de Andrade) and "The All-Round Reduced Personality" (West Germany; Helke Sander). . . . April

24 at 8:30: "Ghatashraddha" (India; Girish Kasaravalli). . . . April 25 at 6: "Limite." . . . April 25 at 8:30: "Tropical Fruit" and "The All-Round Reduced Personality." . . . April 27 at 6: "Ghatashraddha." . . . April 27 at 8:30: "Les Rendez-Vous d'Anna" (Belgium/France/West Germany; Chantal Akerman). . . . April 28 at 6: "The Kingdom of Naples" (Italy/West Germany; Werner Schroeter). . . . April 28 at 8:30: "Manly Times" (Bulgaria; Eduard Zakhariyev). . . . April 28 at 10:30: "The Consequence" (West Germany; Wolfgang Petersen). (Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—Starting April 19, six film and video installation pieces will be on view throughout the third floor of the museum. Continuous showings Tuesdays from 11 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays from 11 to 6; and Sundays from noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"I Am My Films: A Portrait of Werner Herzog" (1978), in German, directed by Christian Weissenborn and Erwin Keusch; English subtitles. (Reviewed in this issue.) Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

GOETHE HOUSE, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (744-8310)—Four programs in a seven-week, fourteen-film series of operetta films, 1930-40. April 21 at 1 and April 24 at 6: "Bitter Sweet" (1933), directed by Herbert Wilcox, with Anna Neagle, Fernand Gravet, and Ivy St. Helier. . . . April 21 at 3 and April 24 at 8: "Balalaika" (1939), directed by Reinhold Schünzel, with Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey. . . . April 28 at 1: "The King Steps Out" (1936), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Grace Moore, Franchot Tone, and Walter Connolly. . . . April 28 at 3: "Der Kongress Tanzt" (1931), in German, directed by Erik Charell, with Lilian Harvey, Willy Fritsch, and Conrad Veidt; English subtitles.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGATHA—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress's name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband, exhausted by his wife's high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as a friendly woman whom Agatha meets at the spa. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 21.)

AN ALMOST PERFECT AFFAIR—With Keith Carradine, Monica Vitti, and Raf Vallone; directed by Michael Ritchie. (Trans-Lux East, starting April 27.)

AS YOU DESIRE ME (1932)—Greta Garbo plays a café entertainer with amnesia in Budapest, trying to escape from the influence of a novelist, played by Erich von Stroheim. Melvyn Douglas is her forgotten husband—a count, what else? The plot is taken from Pirandello and made into trumpery, but there is always Garbo, though the rewards of the film are pretty inverted. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 22.)

AUTUMN SONATA—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distracted, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (11/6/78) (72nd Street East; through April 19.)

BEAT THE DEVIL (1954)—"The formula of 'Beat the Devil,'" its director, John Huston, once

remarked, "is that everyone is slightly absurd." The plot of the picture was unknown to the cast, but presumably known to Huston and his writer, Truman Capote; however, Capote later remarked that he had "a suspicion that John wasn't too clear about it." Commercially speaking, the movie courted—and achieved—disaster. According to most accounts, Capote wrote the script as they went along (reading it aloud to the cast each morning, Robert Morley says), and Huston didn't show any signs of anxiety. This improvisation was not necessarily an actor's delight, and Humphrey Bogart, who looks rather bewildered through much of it, as if he hadn't been let in on the joke, said, "Only the phonies think it's funny. It's a mess." Yes, but it may be the funniest mess of all time. It kidded itself, yet it succeeded in some original (and perhaps dangerously marginal) way by finding a style of its own. Bogart and his wife, Gina Lollobrigida, are on a ship bound for British East Africa; their travelling companions are a gang of uranium swindlers—Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tullì, and Ivor Barnard. The funniest performer is Jennifer Jones (in a blond wig) as a creative liar; she's married to a bogus British lord, Edward Underdown. Then there's a shipwreck. This straight-faced parody of the international thriller killed off the whole genre. (It also ended the Huston-Bogart working relationship. Bogart had had his own money in the picture.) (Thalia; April 24.)

BLAZING SADDLES (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehearsed, they just seem desperate. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . Embassy 11; through April 19. . . . Guild; through April 21. . . . Quad

Cinema, through April 26. . . . Embassy; starting April 20. . . . Olympia; starting April 27.)

THE BRINK'S JOB—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (St. Marks Cinema; April 20-26.)

BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY—With Gil Gerard, Pamela Hensley, and Erin Gray; directed by Daniel Haller. (R.K.O. 86th St. . . . Gemini 2, and Rivoli; through April 19.)

THE CHAMP—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

THE CHINA SYNDROME—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells. She has been used by TV for her looks, and has endlessly talked brightly about trivia while serious things are going on around her. She gets her chance to be as committed as she wants to be when she learns that a nuclear-power station in Southern California—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—appears likely to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

COME BACK, AFRICA (1960)—Cinema journalism on what it's like to be black in South Africa. Lionel Rogosin's film centers on a man who has left his farm and is trying to make a living in Johannesburg. Clumsy, but some rarely seen material. (Thalia; April 23.)

COMES A HORSEMAN—This Western, set during the Second World War and starring Jane Fonda and James Caan, and Jason Robards as an evil cattle baron, is so self-conscious about its themes that nothing in the storytelling occurs naturally. Basically, the story is a variant of the evil land-grabber who is determined to take the land of the honest, hard-working rancher; now the honest rancher is a woman. The film's dark, overblown pictorial style works against the exhilaration possible in the Western genre. With Richard Farnsworth, in a likable performance as the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

old cowhand, and George Grizzard as the banker. From a script by Dennis Lynton Clark. Directed by Alan J. Pakula. (11/13/78) (Olympia; April 20-26.)

COMING HOME—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Beckman, 86th St. East, Quad Cinema, and Embassy... Olympia; through April 19.)

COUSIN, COUSINE (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Cinema I; through April 26.)

DAWN OF THE DEAD—With David Emge and Ken Foree, directed by George A. Romero. (Gemini 2, U. A. East, and Rivoli; starting April 20.)

THE DEER HUNTER—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, Festival, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

DESPAIR—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's autobiographical novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard, the Czech-born playwright who now lives in England. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde, as a Russian exile, gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career. (3/19/79) (Quad Cinema; through April 26.)

THE EXORCIST (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (Murray Hill, Gemini 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

FAST BREAK—With Gabriel Kaplan, directed by Jack Smight. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 19.)

FAT CITY (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training fighter who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and breads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Thalia; April 24.)

FEDORA—With William Holden and Marthe Keller, directed by Billy Wilder. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio 1.)

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE—With Lino Ventura, Patrick Dewaere, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

FUNNY FACE (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer who discovers Audrey Hepburn working in a bookshop and takes her to Paris to model clothes for a *Vogue*-like magazine. The Givenchy clothes are lovely; the sequences (which Avedon supervised) of Astaire taking photos are often amusingly, romantically misty; best of all, the George and Ira Gershwin score has some of the fresh spriteliness it must have had when it served the original "Funny Face" on Broadway thirty years before (also with Astaire). This big Stanley Donen musical isn't all it should be, though. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it's

only spottily successful. The Leonard Gershe script (which has no relation to the earlier show) is weak, particularly in Astaire's role, and the movie emphasizes Astaire's age by trying to ignore it. And it's a sour idea to use a Sartre-like thinker (Michel Auclair) as the villain, a philandering phony. Hepburn's rescue from European sex-mad intellectualism by clean-minded, all-American-boy Astaire is so cheap and false a plot development that the picture's sophistication sinks into a very unphotogenic miasma. Still, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and the satirist Kay Thompson is agreeable as the rangy, hardboiled fashion editor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 22-23.)

GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (1959)—Vittorio De Sica has perhaps his greatest role in this otherwise mediocre film, directed by Roberto Rossellini. It is set in Genoa in 1943. De Sica is a small-time swindler with a classic con man's grand manner; the Germans induce him to impersonate a resistance general whom they have inadvertently shot, and send him to a political prison, where he is supposed to ferret out information for them. But the petty, self-loathing crook, experiencing for the first time the respect and admiration—even the awe—of other men, becomes as courageous as the man he impersonates. The mask has molded the man, and the Nazis must destroy their own creation. De Sica is superb; we watch his evolution from worm to Il Generale with utter astonishment and delight. At its most original, the film is a shockingly funny black comedy: the con man, battered and bleeding from torture, weeps sentimentally over a photograph of the real Generale's children—a scene as excruciatingly comic as the surreal torture scenes in "Bend Sinister." Nabokov's novel about the Nazis. But this film, made on a slender budget and shot and edited in six weeks, is—surprisingly—too long; the director and the writers seem not to have discovered their best material until it was too late to pull the story together. The compositions, the groupings of actors, the ideas, and the milieu are like a reprise of the neorealist "Open City" (1945); the rawness and immediacy are gone, though. The faces are actorish; the sets are obviously sets. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; April 26-28.)

GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

THE GLASS KEY (1942)—Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, and Brian Donlevy in a not particularly memorable, though reasonably faithful, version of the Dashiell Hammett novel. Stuart Heisler directed, from Jonathan Latimer's screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 27.)

THE GOLD RUSH (1925)—He enters, "pursued by a bear"—the man who for generations of filmgoers has been the embodiment of "the little fellow": humanity. In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in the world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl, too. This film was selected by the international jury at Brussels as the second (after "Potemkin") greatest film of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale. (Thalia; April 22.)

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea. The film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. Directed by Michael Crichton, with Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (72nd Street East, and Olympia; April 20-26.)

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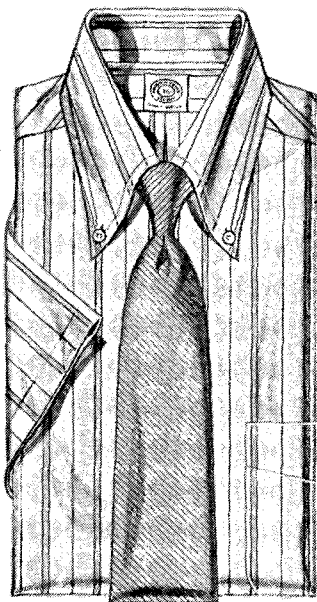
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cally not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Ziegfeld. No evening performances on Wednesday, April 18.)

HURRICANE—A remake of the 1937 film. With Jason Robards, Mia Farrow, Max von Sydow, Trevor Howard, and Timothy Bottoms; directed by Jan Troell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1.)

THE INNOCENT—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Plaza, and Cinema 3.)

JUST LIKE AT HOME—With Anna Karina, directed by Márta Mészáros. In Hungarian. (Cinema Studio 2; starting April 20.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a fussy, jolly old lady who boards a train and disappears on it is directed with such skill and velocity that it has come to represent the quintessence of screen suspense. It provides some of the finest examples of Hitchcock touches—little shocks and perversities of editing and detail. The hero is played by a tall, callow young man making his film debut—Michael Redgrave; the heroine is Margaret Lockwood, and the lady is Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas, Cecil Parker, Margaretta Scott, Catherine Lacey, Googie Withers, and the team of Nauntun Wayne and Basil Radford creating that often-to-be-repeated parody of the "jolly-good-show" type of Britisher. Screenplay by Sidney Gilliat, Frank Launder, and Alma Reville. (Regency; April 26-28.)

THE LEGEND OF LYLAH CLARE (1968)—Heavy-handed camp about Hollywood—an attempt to fuse "Sunset Boulevard," "Vertigo," "The Barefoot Contessa," and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" Peter Finch plays a Svengali-like movie director. His great star, the glamorous foreigner Lylah Clare, died mysteriously a few hours after marrying him, and now he is turning a young American actress (Kim Novak) into Lylah. The stale, gaudy script (adapted from a teleplay by Robert Thom and Edward De Blasio) provides roles for Coral Browne as a bitch columnist, Rossella Falk as a predatory European lesbian, and Valentina Cortese as a designer. Maybe a halfway amusing macabre pastiche could have been made of it if the director, Robert Aldrich, hadn't been so clumsy; it's a static piece of filmmaking. With Michael Murphy, and Ernest Borgnine, who has rarely been worse—he demonstrates his shouting range. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 26.)

A LITTLE ROMANCE—With Laurence Olivier, Arthur Hill, and Sally Kellerman; directed by George Roy Hill. (Sutton; starting April 27.)

LOVE AT FIRST BITE—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Loews Ciné, Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

LOVE ON THE RUN—François Truffaut's new film in his autobiographical Antoine Doinel series ("The 400 Blows," "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board"). Doinel is, as ever, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who is now—unbelievably—twenty years older than the boy in "The 400 Blows." He is a man who is apparently difficult, but who adores women. Because of Truffaut's own turn of mind, the character celebrates the ability—possibly more common in Europe than here—to exist, through literature and music, in other places, other times. His presence on screen—the film is photographed by the great Nestor Almendros—is both reviving and moving. Truffaut has a great affinity with Jean Renoir. Every foot of film he makes perpetuates the distinctness of being a Frenchman. This is a glorious piece of work. In French. (4/9/79) (Coronet.)

MANHATTAN—With Woody Allen, Diane Keaton,

Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep; directed by Allen. (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie; starting April 25.)

MARLOWE (1969)—As Raymond Chandler's detective in this adaptation of "The Little Sister," James Garner doesn't disgrace himself, but the film, directed by Paul Bogart, isn't very exciting. With Gayle Hunnicutt, Carroll O'Connor, Rita Moreno, Sharon Farrell, Bruce Lee, William Daniels, and Jackie Coogan. (Regency; April 24-25.)

MURDER BY DEATH (1976)—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (St. Marks Cinema; April 20-26.)

MURDER BY DECREE—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like docksides scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but unconvincing. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. (Gramercy, and Loews 83rd Quad... 72nd Street East; starting April 27.)

NASHVILLE (1975)—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multitrack sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (Little Theatre; through April 22.)

NIGHTS OF CABIRIA (1957)—Possibly Federico Fellini's finest film, and a work in which Giulietta Masina earns the praise she received for "La Strada." The structure is a series of episodes in the life of Cabiria (Masina), a shabby, aging, dreamy little Roman streetwalker—a girl whose hard, knowing air is no protection against her fundamental gullibility, which, we finally see, is her humanity and her saving grace. A famous actor (Amedeo Nazzari) picks her up and takes her to his luxurious villa; she goes to a cheap vaudeville show, and when the magician hypnotizes her, the innocent dreams of her adolescence pour out; a young man in the audience (François Périer) meets her and proposes to her, etc. Though the film seems free and almost unplanned, each apparent irrelevance falls into place. (It was the basis for the American musical film "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 22-23.)

NORMA RAE—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Loews New York 2, and Forum... 34th St. East; through April 24... 34th Quad Cinema; starting April 27.)

THE NORTH AVENUE IRREGULARS—From the Disney studios. With Edward Herrmann, Barbara Harris, Susan Clark, and Karen Valentine; directed by Bruce Bilson. (D. W. Griffith, and Loews 83rd Quad... U. A. East; through April 19.)

OLD BOYFRIENDS—Directed by Joan Tewkesbury (who wrote Altman's "Nashville") and written by Paul and Leonard Schrader. This is a rather distraught and very small-scale film about a woman (Talia Shire) who plods down what the picture calls Memory Lane, in a pastoral mood, picking up her love history by playing fast and loose with three men out of her past. Considering that she is a psychologist, she behaves rather lightly with people's remembrance. The most succinct performance, comically distanced and Brechtian, is by

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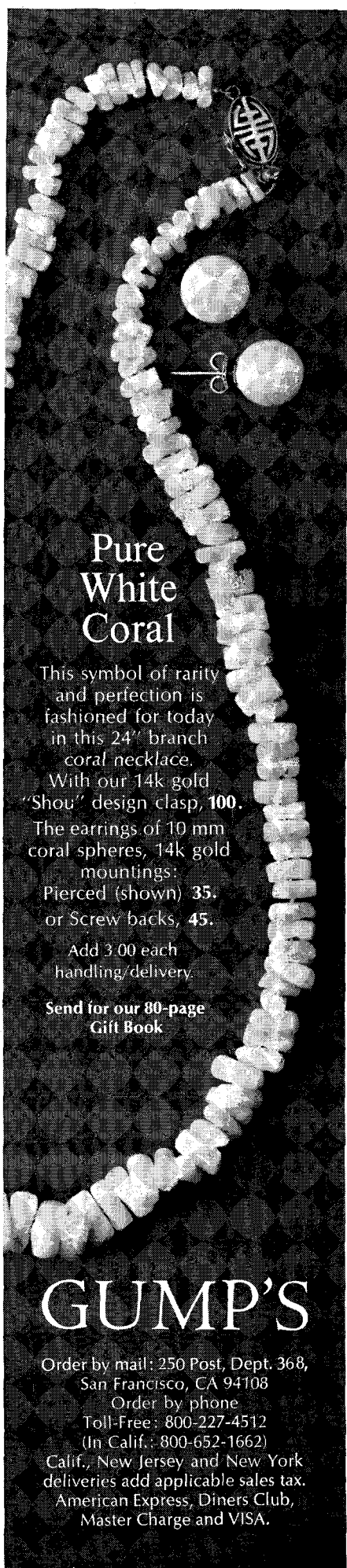
dorsed the voluntary program and called for incentives to increase investment and productivity. The consensus of this bipartisan group was that mandatory price and wage controls must be avoided. Experience proves such controls discourage investment, create shortages, and slow economic growth. Moreover, when such controls are removed, inflation returns at a more rapid pace than ever.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Buck Henry, as a California private eye. (4/2/79) (Sutton; through April 26.)

ON THE BOWERY (1957)—The derelicts of New York's enormous skid row were persuaded to act out a story that is essentially their own. This is the technique Flaherty used in "Man of Aran" and "Nanook of the North"—but how different the results were! The basic truth of this story may be gauged by the fact that the man who plays the derelict hero later refused a Hollywood contract with the words "I just want to be left alone. . . There's nothing else in life but the booze." Yet, as it's played, the script seems all wrong, and the work is awkward, hesitant, without the revelations the material cries out for. Some people evoked the names of Dostoevski and Christ, and the picture won the Grand Prix at the Venice Documentary Festival, but it's not really a very good movie. Produced by Lionel Rogosin. (Thalia; April 23.)

OSSESSIONE (1942)—Directed by Luchino Visconti but banned for years in this country because the rights to the original novel, James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice," had been sold to Hollywood for a Lana Turner movie. The suggestion for making the film came from Renoir, to whom there is a clear stylistic bow in the film's struggle for *verismo*. The topic is the manic potency of a certain kind of sexual obsession; the characters are a poor man who stops at a roadside joint and stays on as a laborer, the proprietor's wife, and the proprietor, a heavy-minded dolt. Sometimes dated now, it is still a passionate film about people living in a situation of unbroken self-delusion, without knowledge of consequence. In Italian. (6/13/77) (8th St. Playhouse; April 22-23.)

PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK—With Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard, directed by Peter Weir. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Carnegie; through April 24. . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 27.)

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN—Based on the James Joyce novel. With Bosco Hogan, T. P. McKenna, Rosaleen Linihan, and John Gielgud; directed by Joseph Strick. (Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 22.)

THE PROMISE—With Kathleen Quinlan, Stephen Collins, and Beatrice Straight; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Music Hall; through April 25.)

REAL LIFE—With Albert Brooks and Charles Grodin, directed by Brooks. (Cinema II.)

SABRINA (1954)—Audrey Hepburn is forced to overdo her gamine charm in this horrible concoction about a Cinderella among the Long Island rich. She's the chauffeur's daughter who's in love with the playboy son (William Holden) of her father's employer (Walter Hampden). There's also an older son—an earnest magnate—and Humphrey Bogart got trapped in the role. Billy Wilder directed, and he had a hand in adapting the Samuel Taylor play ("Sabrina Fair"), though Bogart is said to have accused Wilder's three-year-old offspring of being responsible for the script. With John Williams, Martha Hyer, Marcel Dalio, Nella Walker, and Francis X. Bushman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 22-23.)

SAINT JACK—With Ben Gazzara, directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Cinema I; starting April 27.)

SALO, 120 DAYS OF SODOM (1977)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Little Theatre; starting April 24.)

THE SET-UP (1949)—This intelligently modest, low-budget film about a shabby, aging prizefighter (Robert Ryan) is generally considered a classic. It's not a great movie, or even a very good one, (it's rather mechanical), but it touches one's experience in a way that makes it hard to forget. (Maybe that's why so many movies have imitated it, even though it wasn't a commercial success.) Written by Art Cohn, who based it on a narrative poem by Joseph Moncure March, it was directed by Robert Wise and shot in actual locations. Ryan—his face never more cragily heroic than in defeat—raised the picture above its poetry-of-realism aspirations. With Audrey Totter as the fighter's perceptive, harried wife, and George Tobias, Wallace Ford, and Alan Baxter. (Thalia; April 25-26.)

SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER (1959)—One of Tennessee Williams' feverous fantasies, padded out by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director, and by Williams and Gore Vidal, who did the

screenplay. They should never have allowed the audience so much time to think about what's going on: the short play turns into a ludicrous, lumbering horror movie. Katharine Hepburn is rather amusing as the Southern-belle dragon lady whose homosexual poet-son, Sebastian, was killed and partly eaten by the North African boys he'd preyed upon. Elizabeth Taylor is her distraught niece, whom she's trying to get lobotomized so that the girl won't be able to tell the story. Taylor works hard at her big monologue, trying to give us the shudders, but Mankiewicz has delayed her revelations too long. Montgomery Clift, in possibly his worst performance, is the dim-witted neurosurgeon who can't seem to get anything into his eminent head. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 28.)

SUPERMAN—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Criterion. . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through April 26.)

THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY—With Donna Summer and Hilary Beane, directed by Robert Klane. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 19.)

VOICES—With Michael Ontkean, Amy Irving, and Alex Rocco; directed by Robert Markowitz. (Baronet; through April 24.)

THE WHITE SHEIK (1951)—This affectionate satire on glamour and delusion is probably the most gentle and naturalistic of Federico Fellini's films, but it was not a success, maybe because it is a little flat in places. (Fellini is still clumsy, and the storytelling is rather drawn out.) The heroine, Brunella Bovo (also the heroine of De Sica's "Miracle in Milan"), has come to Rome for her honeymoon, but the devotion of the groom (Leopoldo Trieste) is much less important to her than her infatuation for the White Sheik—the hero of a photographic comic strip. She rushes off to find her ideal, and the cheap, crude actor (Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance) tries to rise above himself, to the level of her fantasies. The White Sheik, it turns out, is far more a creature of self-delusion than the star-struck bride. The groom, deserted, sad, and anxious, wandering at night in the piazza, finds solace in conversation with a lively, friendly little prostitute (Giulietta Masina; Fellini later developed this episode into "Nights of Cabiria"). Among those who worked on the story and script were Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, Tullio Pinelli, and Michelangelo Antonioni. Music by Nino Rota. (It was the source idea of Gene Wilder's "The World's Greatest Lover.") In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; April 22-23.)

WIFEMISTRESS—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Art. . . ¶ Cinema Studio 2; through April 19.)

THE WRONG MAN (1956)—An unusually serious Hitchcock film, based on a true story about an innocent man (Henry Fonda) sent to prison. The picture has an almost Kafka-esque nightmare realism to it, but the story line wanders diffusely instead of tightening, and the developments become tedious (though the final discovery of the right man is chillingly well done). With Vera Miles and Anthony Quayle. (Cinema Village; April 22-23.)

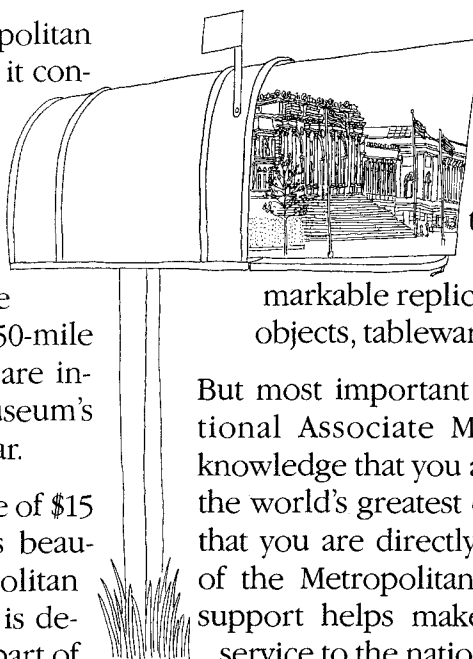
ZORBA THE GREEK (1964)—A violent old Greek (Anthony Quinn) tries to teach a tame young Englishman (Alan Bates) how to live. The central Life Force conception is banal and pushy, yet there is life force in Quinn's performance. The setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Irene Papas is the magnificent widow the young man is drawn to, and Lila Kedrova plays the coquettish old ruin who thinks she can cheat death if she's still attractive enough to get a man. The director, Michael Cacoyannis, lingers too long over this great old tart, wanting a little too much of a good thing, but his more serious weakness is for choreographed set pieces—clumsily staged "classic" sequences. From the novel by Nikos Kazantzakis. (Cinema Village; April 24.)

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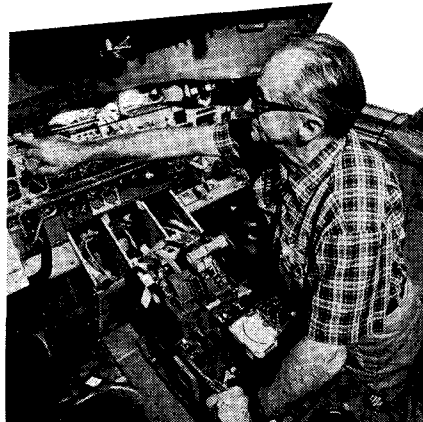
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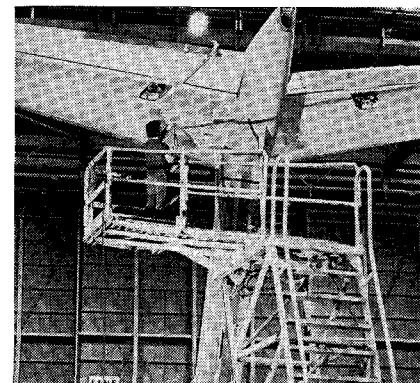
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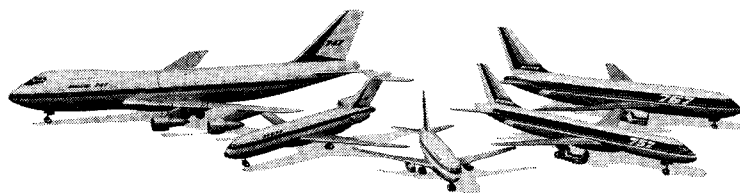
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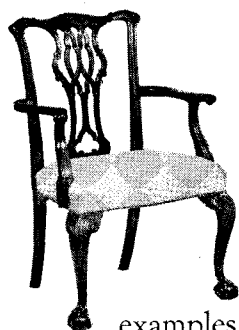
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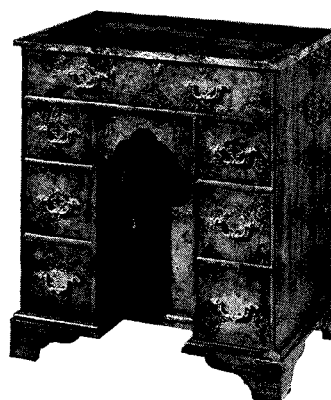




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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, appears to have shaken the public's confidence in scientists and in scientific judgment. "For years, the public had been told that nuclear reactors were not bombs, that they could not blow up," a recent article in the *Times* observed. "That belief is now shattered, and with it the almost eighteenth-century faith that science and technology have all the answers. The universe and the laws of nature, it would seem, are not predictable." If the public believes this last statement, it is misled. The fact is that whenever scientific ideas have been discarded in the last three centuries it has been only because they were superseded by broader and more powerful scientific ideas. And none of Einstein's or Heisenberg's equations were disproved at Harrisburg. Whatever else may have been overthrown, the laws of nature remained intact. The people in the vicinity of the plant, at least, seemed to know this; though they worried that the human keepers of the plant might make a wrong decision, no one doubted that without proper cooling the reactor core might melt down, just as modern physics predicted. It was not the laws of nature but the behavior of men that had gone haywire. Yet there was nothing shockingly new about this, either. To be sure, such matters as the utility company's failure to keep the necessary valves open, its failure to promptly report to the authorities the release of radiation into the environment, and its alleged rush to put the reactor into operation by the end of last year in order to get certain tax advantages were deplorable, but none of them required a downward revision of anyone's estimate of human nature. As the defenders of nuclear power quickly pointed out, lapses of this sort are common in all industries. (They went on to cite, in numerous newspaper columns and pub-

lic statements, all the other modern processes and products—from coal mining to cigarettes—that are dangerous to life, as though everyone were somehow supposed to feel better about nuclear meltdowns because hundreds of thousands of Americans die each year from smoking.)

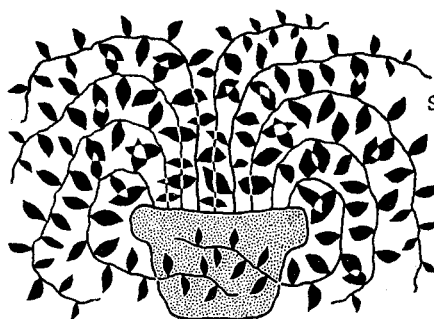
What, then, was changed by Harrisburg, if science remained in good standing and human nature was merely seen to be what it always has been? One notion that was probably driven out of circulation forever was the proposal once put forward by the physicist Alvin Weinberg, an early advocate of nuclear power, that society establish a "nuclear priesthood," to which it would entrust the job of making decisions on nuclear safety. Weinberg's proposal to enlist scientists as an oracular authority on an issue with far-reaching social consequences was at odds with the spirit of scientific inquiry itself, which rigorously restricts scientists to investigations of what *is*, and makes no pretense of authority on questions of what *should be*; but the idea was no doubt reassuring to a society faced with the unprecedented dangers of nuclear power plants, in which a single accident of the type narrowly avoided at Harrisburg could render thousands of square miles uninhabitable for centuries. By making use of the tremendous, well-justified reputation of science for the accurate prediction of natural events to assure predictability in a small corner of human events—the establishment of the nuclear-power industry—what some may have come to think of as indeed a "nuclear priesthood" hoped

to give society the guarantees it so urgently desired. Unfortunately, as we have all now been forced to recognize, the conditions governing nuclear safety were not the laws of nature, as they have been determined by the scientific method, but the unpredictable quirks of human behavior, for which no laws have yet been discovered.

What was overturned at Harrisburg was not science, whether of the eighteenth or any other century, but pseudoscience—the pretense that the actions of tens of thousands of human beings can be regulated with the precision of scientific theory. Every once in a while, an unconscious genius will unintentionally go to the heart of a large issue with a chance phrase. In Vietnam, it was the officer who explained that his forces had had to destroy the town in order to save it. At Harrisburg, it may have been the technician who, on being asked whether a worker might not be able to fix a stuck valve inside the radioactive plant, replied, "In theory he can, but in practice he can't." A similar verdict may one day be rendered on nuclear energy as a whole: in theory we can live with it, but in practice we can't.

Reaction

WHILE nuclear engineers and other experts were trying to cool down the damaged plant near Harrisburg to what one of them called a "benign condition," people in various parts of the country marched, signed petitions, and took similar measures to make clear their unwillingness to return to the state of affairs that existed before the accident. In San Francisco, some twenty-five thousand demonstrators focussed their efforts on preventing the federal government from issuing an operating license for a 2,200-megawatt twin reactor that is in the final stages of construction near a major active earthquake fault in Southern California. In Groton, Connecticut,



APRIL 23, 1979



"Hi, everybody. I'm home!"

were extremely serious—were partial meltdowns. Dr. Kaku said that during one such accident—an explosion and partial meltdown—at the SL-I reactor, near Idaho Falls, in 1961, three workmen were killed, and that during a partial meltdown at the Fermi I reactor, near Detroit, in 1966, the reactor had been brought under control only minutes before it would have exploded with a force of up to twenty tons of TNT. While that type of explosion could not have occurred at Three Mile Island, whose reactor is of a different sort, he said, "at Harrisburg we came very close to a Maximum Credible Accident—a Class 9 accident, which is the worst possible case," and he added, "As someone said a few days ago, 'we almost lost Pennsylvania.'"

about three thousand people gathered to protest the launching of the first of the new Trident nuclear submarines. In Harrisburg itself, about a thousand people assembled at the state capitol to hold what they called "last rites" for the contaminated installation. And there were indications that the near-disaster had aroused both renewed fears and widespread indignation in other parts of the world as well. In Sydney, Australia, for instance, some fifteen thousand people marched through the streets chanting "No more Harrisburgs!"

On a gusty afternoon several days after the crisis at Three Mile Island appeared to have eased, a crowd gathered in front of Con Edison's headquarters, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, to take part in a rally and march planned by environmentalist groups that included the Mobilization for Survival, the SHAD Alliance, and the War Resisters League. The demonstrators had chosen Con Ed's offices as the starting point for their march because the utility owns two nuclear power plants (one of which is out of operation) at Indian Point, on the Hudson River about twenty-five miles from New York

City. Around four o'clock, people began walking back and forth in front of the Con Ed building. Many of the people carried banners, which, as they flapped and fluttered in the wind, gave the scene a spirited, almost festive look. By five-thirty, nearly a thousand demonstrators had assembled, and within another half hour a crowd of about two thousand covered a stretch of about two blocks. Most of the people were young and bluejeaned, and the banners and posters they carried bore legends like "NUCLEAR MORATORIUM NOW!" and "PEOPLE BEFORE PROFITS!"

At about six, leaders of the demonstration climbed onto a platform at the corner of Irving Place and Fifteenth Street, and speeches began. The first speaker was Dr. Michio Kaku, who is a professor of nuclear physics at the City University of New York. He is a fine-featured, wiry-looking man, and he spoke emphatically, telling the crowd that the recent event was not the first accident in the history of nuclear installations, that there have been about eight hundred every year, and that although many of them have been minor, there have been at least four, not publicized like the one at Harrisburg, that

Another speaker, a young physician from Cambridge, Massachusetts, named Ira Helfand, said that he was a member of a group called Physicians for Social Responsibility, and cited a statement that his group had recently placed in the *New England Journal of Medicine* which calls for a complete moratorium on the construction of nuclear power plants and for a phased withdrawal of those already in existence. "At the end of one year, a reactor like the one at Harrisburg builds up radiation equal to that of a thousand Hiroshima-type bombs," Dr. Helfand said. "Radioactive cesium from such a plant—which remains dangerous for six hundred years—concentrates in the food supply. Strontium 90 from such a plant—which also remains dangerous for six hundred years—concentrates in the bones. Plutonium itself is one of the most toxic substances on earth. And plutonium, which has a half-life of twenty-four thousand years, must be isolated from human beings for about a half-million years. All three of these substances are contained within the core of the reactor, and if there is a meltdown they are released into the atmosphere. Even if there is not a meltdown, these poisonous materials

have still been created within the reactor—they exist—and they need to be disposed of, and we have no way of disposing of them. We have inherited a planet where human life can flourish, and we have a responsibility to pass that on to our children. The time is *very* short."

When the speeches were over, the crowd began to march toward Governor Carey's office. Though the leaders of the demonstration knew that the Governor was out of town, they had chosen his office as a symbolic ending place for their march. By now, the sky was dark, and many banners that had been a brilliant orange in the sun appeared golden in the glow from the street lights. Forming a broad phalanx, the group moved west along Seventeenth Street and past Union Square, chanting things like "No more nukes!" As the marchers turned up Broadway, we spoke to several people who expressed concern about reports that traces of iodine 131—a potentially lethal substance that lodges in the thyroid—had turned up in milk found in New York City supermarkets that day. We also spoke to a girl and a boy who said that they were students at Skunk Hollow High School, not far from the Indian Point reactor. "I can see the plant from my window at home," the boy told us. "I never believed there was any danger before, but now—let's face it—I'm scared."

At Herald Square, the marchers turned onto Sixth Avenue. A young couple on a pedal-powered three-wheeled vehicle had moved to the head of the column, and they waved at bystanders and urged them to join the demonstration. After swinging east on Fifty-fourth Street, continuing a block north on Fifth Avenue, and then swinging west again, the marchers, who by now numbered nearly three thousand, arrived at the building at 1350 Sixth Avenue, in which Governor Carey has his office. There they were joined by about a hundred young people who for the past thirty hours or so had been participating in a sit-in at Columbia University, the aim of which was to insure the dismantling of an experimental nuclear reactor there that had never been put into operation. From a speakers' platform at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, a representative of that group announced that its goal had been partly achieved, since Colum-

bia's president, Dr. William McGill, had just declared that the reactor would not be activated as long as he remained in office.

There was another speech and a good deal more chanting. At about eight-thirty, while banners were still fluttering in the wind, a bearded young man on the platform led the crowd in a chant of "Shut 'em down!" and then thanked everyone for participating, and the demonstrators dispersed into the spring night.

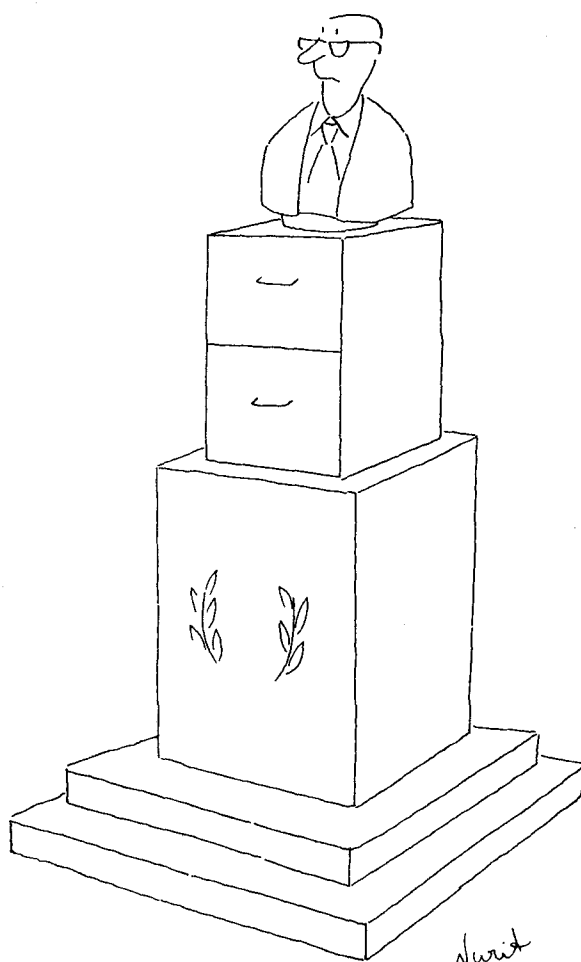
Halfway House

Mrs. ARLINE THOMAS lives in a small brick bungalow in Queens, on a street where there are many bungalows. Entering the dim vestibule, a visitor might be tempted to take off his coat and open the door to the left and hang it up. This would be an interesting mistake, because the door to the left opens into a small room that is not a clothes closet but an aviary. Mrs. Thomas is a bird-salvage operator; that is, she is licensed by the New York State Department of Conservation, and by the federal government's Fish and Wildlife Service, to take in wild birds suffering from injury, illness, or lack of food, care for them until they are well, and then release them to the wild. We dropped in on Mrs. Thomas

the other day to learn about her work, and the first thing we observed was her evident love of nature. Mrs. Thomas's living room—to the right of the front door—is decorated in cool, placid shades of green. A large wooden owl stands by the fireplace, and on the coffee table there is a copy of *Animal Kingdom* and a child's drawing of what could be a woodpecker. The couch has throw pillows featuring canaries, and the window draperies are printed with birds and flowers. The living room affords a view of the dining room, and of a window there that looks out on nothing whatever but the trunk of a massive tree.

Mrs. Thomas, who is tall and slender, with white hair and a soothing manner, sat in an easy chair (she was wearing a brown sweater and brown slacks, which contrasted nicely with the green) and talked against a background of whistles and chirps supplied by the aviary. "It all started about twenty-five years ago, when my husband and I saw a little nuthatch in the back yard and noticed that he had only one eye," she said. "This little guy would fly to my kitchen window and yell 'Ank, ank,' and I would feed him peanuts. We thought he had left in the spring, but one day I saw this gray thing crawling across the yard. It was the nuthatch, and he had a sprained

wing, so I brought him inside and took care of him, and after about three weeks he recovered and we released him. Then people began to bring me other injured birds. I used to call George Scott, then the head bird keeper at the New York Zoological Society, and he would tell me what to feed them. I learned about different species—what they eat in the wild and what substitutes I could give them, since the right kind of diet is essential. Though I have never had any medical training, I gradually learned how to recognize and treat various illnesses. I started to do volunteer bird-rescue work with the Audubon Society, and in 1966 the society sponsored my application for a license as a bird-salvage operator. Now I get calls from all over Queens and western Nassau County, and from the Audubon Society and the A.S.P.C.A., too. I handle about two hundred birds a year, and it is more or less up to me to decide what to do with them. In the winter,



birds can suffer from starvation because of frozen feet. For instance, mallards' webs get frostbitten and they get too weak to eat. Then I have to fatten them up. If a bird comes in and looks as if it might have pneumonia, I will give it tetracycline, just as you would a human being—though, of course, a much smaller dose. For some reason, oil is more of a problem in the winter than in the summer, but whenever I get a badly oiled bird I try to rush it to Alan Ruppert, at the Audubon sanctuary in Oyster Bay, where he has the proper facilities to care for it. The Shell Oil Company has developed a solvent that will remove crude oil from a bird's feathers but leave the natural oils intact. I have a little solvent here that I use for spot-cleaning birds. Soon the northward migrants will be along, and that is a busy time. And the summer is always very busy. Did you know that the deaths of seventy-five per cent of all birds are caused by accidents? If a bird has a broken wing—wings are very difficult to set—I take it to Dr. Leo Karmin, a local veterinarian. I'm the bird lady on a children's program on Channel 2, and I also go to schools and talk to the children about birds and ecology. Sometimes I take along a yellow-bellied sapsucker, who is a great favorite, because the children think he looks like Woody Woodpecker. That's his picture on the table."

Mrs. Thomas went out to the kitchen and rustled up an early lunch. She put some dry dog food in a bowl, moistened it, and added a mixture of chopped egg, wheat germ, high-protein baby cereal, and chopped beef that had been scalded with hot water. "I don't know why it has to be scalded, but someone told me to do it and so I do it," she said. She then put in some raisins, and carried this potent concoction out to the aviary, where she was greeted with true interest. "How are you doing, fellas?" she asked. The aviary was actually an enclosed patio, fitted out with glass walls and a fibre-glass ceiling, and with twigs and greenery; it was a sunny, cheerful place, and the fellas seemed to be doing fine. In addition to the sapsucker (who had a fused wing, Mrs. Thomas told us, and was a permanent resident), we saw a cardinal, a mockingbird, a starling, two mourning doves, three sparrows, three blue jays, and four robins, and we learned that they were recuperating from such things as pesticide poisoning (one of the jays), lack of food (the starling), and a broken leg (the cardinal). "This is like a halfway house," Mrs. Thomas said. "They get a chance

to recover their health, and to fly, and yet they have food and shelter."

We asked if she was ever sorry to see the birds leave.

"Oh, no," she said emphatically. "I don't want them to be dependent on me. What can you do with a tame wild bird? You're out of luck and he's out of luck. Before the end of this month, all those that can fly will be banded and taken over to Alley Park, a nature preserve in Queens that is specially planted with raspberries and other berry shrubs, where they will be released. It is the happiest day of my life when they are healthy again and able to live on their own."

Mrs. Thomas returned to the kitchen and took a plate of raw fish from the refrigerator. Somewhere there was a mystery guest. She walked down the hall, entered the bathroom, and opened the door to the shower stall. "This herring gull came in yesterday from the A.S.P.C.A.," she told us. "He has a gimpy foot." The gull looked powerful, surly, and stubborn. "Here's your fishy," Mrs. Thomas said, dangling a piece of whiting by a pair of tweezers. "Eat your fishy, but don't bite me." The gull stepped out of the shower and headed for the door. We casually moved out of the way. Mrs. Thomas swooped down, firmly grasped the gull by his wings, and set him back in the shower. "Here, fella, eat your fishy," she said, and he did.

Festival

A PRESS conference announcing a second Woodstock music festival. Some fragments from an exchange between the producers (whose backers include a record company and a film company) and the press:

"Ten years ago, a little magic happened that touched the nation, the world."

"I don't think we are fools."

"The reason that we want to do it is that since Woodstock there have been a lot of music films made and none of them had what 'Woodstock' had. The ten years since Woodstock have not been as exciting as the sixties."

"The tenth anniversary was a good time to do some of the things we hadn't been able to do last time. There is so much new technology today that you didn't have then."

"One word I would use to wrap up

the whole thing is 'energy.' Try to turn that energy on."

"The kids, the youth . . ."

"No cultural event that sums up the seventies. This has been a down decade, full of inflation, you know. No sense of optimism."

"Where will you hold this festival?"

"Even if I knew, I wouldn't tell you."

"We talked to the youngest, most exciting bureaucrats in this state. They believe in New York. They want us to stay here."

"How much money is going into it?"

"Money is coming from the record deal and the film deal."

"Six million dollars. Last time, we spent three million dollars. With inflation, everything is double."

"How much do you hope to get out of it?"

"Nobody is trying to get rich and retire from this."

"I've been involved in Indian projects for a while."

"Money. It's a real boring subject."

"Can you recapture the spontaneity?"

"Yes. No matter how much you plan, you can't kill spontaneity."

"We are not trying to kill the looseness of the event."

"What acts are you going to sign?"

"Can't say."

"You said you would never touch another rock festival. You said the first Woodstock was the worst disaster. Now . . ."

"No."

"It's an epochal festival."

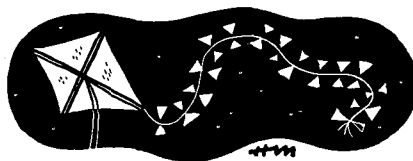
"I could stand here until four o'clock and tell you what we are doing."

"What about drugs?"

"What about drugs?"

Collection

FOR the collection that he has established at Bryn Mawr College he is prepared to hear any praise, but no obscurity is too severe for its collector; he likes nothing better than to have his holdings writ large, his name writ small. THE ADELMAN COLLECTION and seymour adelman are, nevertheless, almost impossible to distinguish. Others, of course, have contributed great collections to institutions. Mr. adelman, who acts as his collection's curator, contributes himself as well. The other day, when we met him, in Suite A-10 of Bryn Mawr's Canaday Library, he had the air of a man who has found himself—found himself precisely where he can reach, examine, caress, and sa-



vor the treasures of a lifetime. Mr. adelman revels among them with such unabashed excitement that he can hardly summon the composure to file holdings according to the dictates of reason. It is not exceptional to find, say, Beerbohm under Audubon, or Beardsley under Wilde—or Mr. adelman under the spell of the tiniest fragment tossed off by any of them.

Mr. adelman, who, at seventy-two, is tall, white-haired, and urbane, could pass for a diplomat freshly accredited or a professor newly emeritus. Actually, he quit the University of Pennsylvania after his sophomore year, victim of what he has termed "the malignant influence of mathematics," then dropped out of art school, and finally, a decade or so ago, dropped out of the real-estate business. In 1924, Mr. adelman attended his first auction, bought a couple of autograph letters—including one by Charles Dickens—for \$21.70, and carried his possessions home in the early radiance of the rapture that has possessed him ever since. When he learned, during his two years at college, that he could read poetry without the dread high-school obligations of memorizing it and reciting it aloud, he delighted in discovering Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven," A. E. Housman's "A Shropshire Lad," and Ralph Hodgson's "Eve." To repay his debt, he began specializing in the four poets. Collecting Hodgson, he was overwhelmed by the illustrations of the artist Claud Lovat Fraser, and the four became five. Five became a good many more after he took up writers who showed an interest in boxing—a departure inspired by childhood trials, when he responded to taunts about his name ("Seymour, see-less") with challenges to his tormentors. Mr. adelman acquired a championship assortment of boxiana while also accumulating the world's largest collections of Fraser, Hodgson, and Housman.

A new sales catalogue can stop Mr. adelman in his tracks: he loses all sense of hour and day as alluring entries and



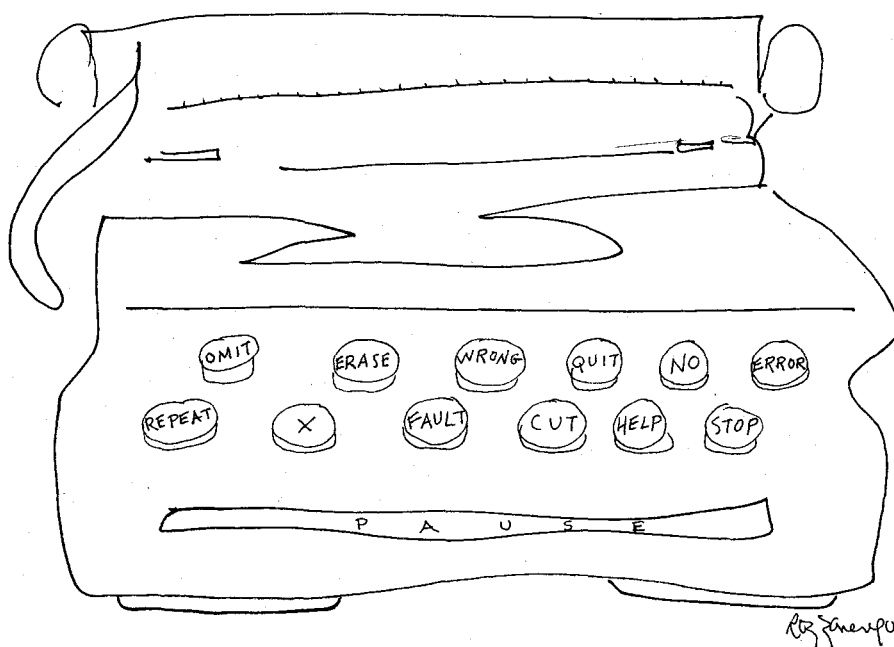
"It says, 'Please disregard this reminder if your check is in the mail.'"

titles swim before his eyes. He has a post-office box, so that catalogues—his favorite bedtime reading—will be his without delay. Since he would consider it sacrilege to throw a catalogue away, he keeps ten thousand of them at Bryn Mawr, and an overflow of thousands at home. Mr. adelman is not precisely a gadabout. He has never been abroad, and since 1951 has not been away from Philadelphia for more than twenty-four consecutive hours. Wherever he is, though, he is likely to be mentally in early-nineteenth-century England; in his mind, the past is present. From his reading, he has a precise and detailed knowledge of literary landmarks, and he can describe with accuracy the haunts of all his heroes. "Every fibre of my being would like to go to England," he says. But he fears that it would be impossible to wrench himself back to America. "People think that simply because I have never been *in* London I have never been *to* London," he once told the Philobiblon Club. "That doesn't follow at all. I've been *to* London many times—dozens of times." The difference between other tourists and him, he explains, is that they look forward and he looks back; they hurry to a doubtful future and he pursues the treasured past. In an essay, he once proposed that a travel agency should arrange a trip to the London of December, 1817, which was home to six

great poets: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Blake, Shelley, Poe (aged eight), and Keats—idol supreme. Mr. adelman offered hints for this conducted tour: "Be sure to *praise* Wordsworth's poetry. Don't worry about spreading it on too thick. Do *not* praise any other living poet in his presence."

Anyone who withholds obeisance to Keats is in danger of prompt reproof; those who show him enmity are outside the pale. Thus, Carlyle ("He was nasty to Keats, very nasty") is dispatched to outer darkness. The idolatry reaches such intensity that Mr. adelman is envious even of the butcher's boy who tangled with Keats and got a black eye. "Had my mug been thus immortally empurpled," the worshipful collector once wrote, "I would have commissioned London's most fashionable portrait painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, to record all that glorious color on canvas." As he holds in his hand a letter from Keats, Mr. adelman quivers with joyous incredulity, explaining, "It was written in that miraculous month of May, 1819, when Keats was at the peak of his powers, writing the 'Ode to a Nightingale,' the 'Ode on a Grecian Urn,' the 'Ode to Psyche,' and the 'Ode on Melancholy.' They've never been excelled for sheer beauty. It was a sustained surge of creativity that I think has no parallel in English poetry."

Keats' epitaph—"Here lies one whose name was writ in water"—was



the one he had dictated to his friend Joseph Severn. Almost forty years after Keats' death, Severn and Keats' sister Fanny decided that the poet's posthumous fame required them to repair this estimate. Each drafted an amendment to the epitaph, and the two texts, never incised in stone but mortally inscribed on joined leaves of monogrammed stationery, now nestle in THE ADELMAN COLLECTION.

The two versions are, except for the word "only," identical. Fanny proposed:

Time
Having reversed this sentence
His only Sister
Now inscribes
His Name
In Marble.

Mr. adelman also has the manuscript of the epitaph for Severn's tombstone, composed by Lord Houghton, the nineteenth-century authority on Keats. He does not have, but such is the acquisitive ardor of the true collector that he would love to have, the manuscript of the epitaph for Lord Houghton.

When Mr. adelman was stricken with Housmania, he bought not only letters, manuscripts, and scraps from the kitchen table—one is A.E.H.'s recipe for pickled herring, beginning "Wash and drain without wiping. Draw out the gut"—but the books from the author's library, doubly precious for marginalia.

In "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," Oscar Wilde wrote:

For Man's grim Justice goes its way,
And will not swerve aside:
It slays the weak, it slays the strong,
It has a deadly stride:

With iron heel it slays the strong,
The monstrous parricide!

A.E.H., in the margin of his copy, substituted for the last word of the fifth line the word "wrong." This copy now belongs to Mr. adelman, who characterizes the emendation as demonstrating the difference between the talent that was Wilde's and the genius that was Housman's.

Reverentially leafing through A.E.H.'s copy of "The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse," Mr. adelman found a poem called "Ireland," by Dora Sigerson Shorter, which had been amended even more radically. She had written:

I have left you behind
In the path of the past,
With the white breath of flowers,
With the best of God's hours,
I have left you at last.

Since Mrs. Shorter had left Ireland for London to live with her husband, Clement K. Shorter, A.E.H. made the verse read:

I have left you behind
In the salt and the water,
With the white breath of flowers,
With the best of God's hours,
For Clement K. Shorter.

Mr. adelman also has a presentation copy of "A Shropshire Lad" in which Max Beerbohm—visiting Sir William Rothenstein, to whom Housman had presented the book—gave A.E.H. a taste of his own marginalia, in the form of a poem about Thomas Hardy and A.E.H.:

How prefer either of these grim two?
Each has an equal knack:
Hardy supplies the pill that's blue,
Housman the draught that's black.

When two A.E.H. notebooks with what Sotheby Parke Bernet termed "characteristic oburgations" were auctioned in London last July, the identity of the high bidder was no surprise. With devout abandon, Mr. adelman now reads and rereads the latest recovered wisdom from the cherished fount; for example, "Why are stupidity and taciturnity so rarely allied?" and "My honesty is the best known and most disagreeable of all my qualities."

If Hodgson is short on marginalia, it may be because he was chary of any kind of writing. His first book was just ninety-five pages long, and his second book, of seventy pages, did not materialize until ten years later. His publishers told him they were eager for a third book (the second had been a commercial success), and he submitted it forty-one years after the second; it ran to ninety-two pages. Hodgson died at ninety-one, but Fraser took only thirty-one years to accomplish his life and works, and fell into obscurity in less than a decade. Mr. adelman began collecting him fifty-five years ago, and the subsequent vogue for his favored artist pleases him enormously. "One of the advantages of old age is that you can sometimes see your judgment vindicated," he told us. "It's an anesthetic against life's other stresses."

Since Fraser died three years before the birth of THE ADELMAN COLLECTION, he was unavailable to design a bookplate for Mr. adelman. So Leonard Baskin, an old friend, surprised him one day with a book label—a wood engraving showing, between the initials S and A, the head of an eagle. "More magpie than eagle," Mr. adelman decided. Mr. Baskin says, "He is a magpie—an avid collector. Also an enchanting man. He combines the most ineffable sweetness with the most thoroughgoing knowledge of English Romantic literature and the history of typography. There's no one quite like seymour in the whole world."

Information

"DOES this train go to Forty-second Street?" a young man asked a tall, affable subway attendant at Fifty-ninth Street who was standing near a crowded car during rush hour.

"Every day!" he exclaimed.

"What train is it?" the young man yelled, running for it.

"D!" the attendant shouted jubilantly. "D as in 'divorce'! D as in 'delightful'!"

GOV. BEIGE

I AM scrivening in the Press Impressions Room when young Gov. Beige bows in, bowing. The Japanese bow, the Chinese kowtow save time, are more hygienic, are what he likes. *Muy shibui*, as the Chicanos in L.A. say.

In these desultory parryings, Beige prefers Q-and-K—the question-and-koan format. More than once it has started with the same old Q: “Now, Gov., how would you describe your way of living?”

K (with simplicity): “My way of living just *is*. Living itself, with myself, is multi-thematic, multi-faceted, dynamion. Y’ know? I’m into creative inaction, crisis creativity. I’m out to sow a few germane seeds, coögenerate a few ideas—do what I’m doing.”

I, the post-historical reporter, stare at this epi-phenomenon. He moves carefully, with a double-digit economy of motion—small *and* beautiful, a master of synecdoche, anecdote, antidoche, and fuzz words: “Teeny is lovely.” “Mini is gorgeous.” “Less is moreover.” His first saying: “I am endlessly becoming myself, and the end is nowhere in sight.” His second saying: “Then was then, and now will be then.” His third saying: “Try having your haves and have-nots.”

Might as well flesh out the Beige *histoire*. The reporter ponies up a Q: “Gov., how’d you get to where you’re at?”

K: “During my senior year in the Berkeley vicinity I wrote my poli-religi-psy thesis, ‘Zen and the Art of Politico Maintenance.’ I theorized that insubstantiality was what one ought to aim for. Politics. To be able to be the All that is in reality Nothing to all the People all the time.”

The reporter remembers that Gov. Beige has semi-transcendental, transcontinental aspirations but that they only go as far as the White House. Q: “Is it fun, is it enough, being gov.?”

K: “It’s fun being a gov. who simply *is*, rather than one who was created by a political machine to go somewhere. A gov. who goes with the fluxion, who can really get behind his own shadow.”

The thing about Beige, he brings it off with an engaging Zen chichi. The reporter asks him candidly for a précis of his political philosophy.

Beige zaps me with a K: “I’m into perceptual recycling. I sort of take the Hundred Flowers Bloom idea and run with it.”

Sometimes Beige seems like a bump

on the old analog. He has said, “I’ve got to bombard this bureaucracy with compassionate vibes.” I think about him. Maybe he will take this country by vibes alone, like Goldwater. In Your Vibes You Know He’s *There*. Recently, Beige proclaimed, “I cannot *be* in the wrong place. I’m pretty comfortable in my center, which is both front and center. I avoid the fallacy of misplaced concreteness. I apply the calculus of calculation.”

The reporter recalls that some journalist has described Beige’s “ability to transcend the T-shirt stereotypes that trap more mortal men.” Q: Will he comment on this?

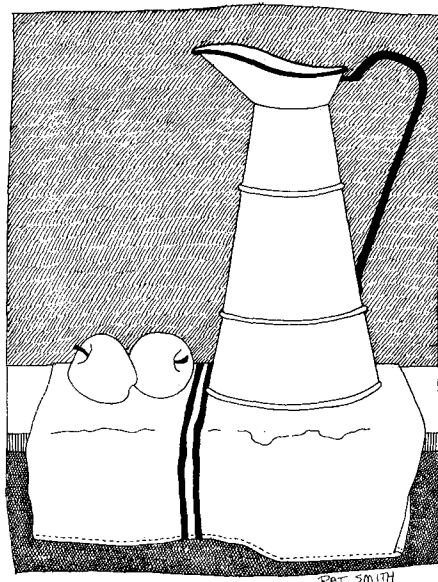
K (humbly): “If some days I speak with the wisdom of Confucius, of Teilhard de Chardin, out of the noösphere, beyond the zoösphere, so what? So what’s the antimatter? I create my own stereotype. Solip-stereotip.” There is about him the New Non-Chalance.

We, the press, repress ourselves. We wait for him in his own organic time zone to unfold to us why we’re here. We trust him. In his four years with us, Beige has undergone an individual-growth syndrome. Meantime, the reporter tosses him another Q, of sorts: “Gov., you’ve been called by some ‘indifferent.’”

K: “My indifference makes a difference. I practice spiritual frontiersmanship. I’m kind of a satellite, in orbit, high. I’m a bit more zazen than most of these politicians. I’m coming from a far, far different place.”

Q: “You mean California?”

K: “Let’s just put it this way. The Buddha way and the American way were heretofore irreconcilable. There’s my biggest challenge: fuse ‘em.”



Some TV guy dredges up an old Beige White Paper on progress, and Beige speaks eagerly: “Let me clarify. One only takes a position so as to be set up to move away from it. Positions are just measuring points in an ineluctable process. To escape a position is to give the People the illusion of movement, of progress. Life is slow, fluvial. Let’s face it, it’s iffical. We are evolving ineffably into the future. We have seen ourselves, and we are us. We don’t work, often. We’re unemployed.”

We wait. Sometimes it is hard for the press to follow the bio-laid-back loops of the Gov.’s mind.

THE reporter returns to consciousness just as some hack asks about balancing the federal budget (one of Beige’s domestic pets).

The Gov. K’s: “That’s deeper than a red-eraser concept. It’s a tightrope I’d like to walk. Balance! A cept whose time *is*.”

Then, in a glow of Beigeography, it happens! The Beigeian epiphany, the *je ne sais quark*! Beige *does* something—sweeps aside a curtain to reveal a physical representation of fiscal reality: the federal budget as a Plexiglas neon-veined female with acupuncture needles twirling in every little locus of inflation. Beige is giving the nation the symbol, and the needles, and calling for a Constitutional Constitutional—ConCon II—to force budgetary equipoise on the feds. Now, punctuating his lady’s thither extremities, pinpointing tax shelters, he calls for “fiscal tensegrity.”

After studying this visual aid, the reporter dares to ask: “One presumes, Gov., you are for Zero GNP?”

Beige: “If the GNP is some technocrat’s vision of America, it’s not mine. I can’t get with it, either personally or fiscally. We are not moving much closer to Buddha-mind with the present milli-minded Administration, and that’s the truth.”

The Gov. draws the veil over his lady. He bows us outside. He begins to Sit, seriously, under his Sacramento Bo tree.

One last Q: “As a Buddhist Bachelor Gov., do you think you have an advantage over, say, a Baptist Married Man Pres.? Do your Zen proclivities, for example, help you pack your bags faster?”

K: “*Nolo c.* Let’s just say I have a Malthusian way with a question. My ten to his one. Anyhow, I’d rather Sit than play around with you guys.”

—PATTI HAGAN

FIVE POEMS

SMALL VARIATION

Like music come back to life—
who brings it from over there, from the other side,
who conducts it through the spirals
of the mind's ear?—
like the vanished
moment that returns
and is again the same
presence erasing itself,
the syllables unearthed
make sound without sound:
and at the hour of our death, amen.

In the school chapel
I spoke them many times
without conviction. Now I hear them
spoken by a voice without lips,
a sound of sand sifting away,
while in my skull the hours toll
and time takes another turn around my night.
I am not the first man on earth—
I tell myself as if I were Epictetus—
who is going to die.
And as I say this
the world breaks down in my blood.

The sorrow

of Gilgamesh when he returned
from the land without twilight
is my sorrow. On our shadowy earth
each man is Adam:
with him the world begins,
with him it ends.

Between after and before—

brackets of stone—
for an instant that will never return I shall be
the first man and I shall be the last.
And as I say it, the instant—
bodiless, weightless—
opens under my feet
and closes over me and is pure time.

LIGHT HOLDS

(TO THE PAINTER, BALTHUS)

Light holds between its hands
the white hill and the black oaks,
the path that goes on,
the tree that stays;

light enters the picture and spreads,
is a stone that breathes and a horse of fire ;
light is a girl stretching,
a dark bundle dawning ;

light holds back the breeze in the curtain,
makes a living body from each hour,
enters the room and slips out,
barefoot, on the edge of a knife;

light touches the fruit in the bowl,
traps a girl in a mirror,
trims the flower of the candle's flame,
nails the butterfly with black wings;

light opens the folds of the sheets
and the secrets of puberty,
burns in the fireplace, and its shadows,
the ivy of yearning, climb the wall;

light does not absolve or condemn,
is neither just nor unjust;
light with impalpable hands raises
the buildings of symmetry;

light escapes through a passage of mirrors
and returns to light—
is a hand that invents itself,
an eye that sees itself in its own inventions.

Light is time reflecting on time.

WIND AND WATER AND STONE

The water hollowed the stone,
the wind dispersed the water,
the stone stopped the wind.
Water and wind and stone.

The wind sculpted the stone,
the stone is a cup of water,
the water runs off and is wind.
Stone and wind and water.

The wind sings in its turnings,
the water murmurs as it goes,
the motionless stone is quiet.
Wind and water and stone.

One is the other, and is neither:
among their empty names
they pass and disappear,
water and stone and wind.

WAKING

I was walled up inside my dream.
Its walls had not solidity
or weight; its only weight was emptiness.
The walls were hours and the hours
were stubborn, stored-up sorrow.
Time within these hours was not-time.

I leapt through an opening—it was four o'clock in this world. The room was my room and my ghost was in each thing. I wasn't there. I looked through the window: not a soul under the streetlamp; snow already dirty, dark houses, telephone poles, cars asleep, and the brave choir of oaks, tall skeletons.

The night, white and black; the drawn
figures of the constellations, illegible;
the wind and its blades. I looked
without understanding—looked with my eyes
in the empty street, the presence.
The presence without body.
Being, in its fullness, is quiet.



"We can't be lost. This is the only damn highway they've got up here."

I looked inside. The room was my room
and I wasn't in it. Even without us,
being lacks nothing. Outside,
still hesitant, clarities:
dawn among the confusion of rooftops.
Already the constellations were being erased.

BETWEEN LEAVING AND STAYING

A solid transparence, the day
is caught between leaving and staying,

all of it seen but elusive,
the horizon an untouchable nearness.

Papers on the table, a book, a glass—
things rest in the shadow of their names.

The blood in my veins rises more and more slowly
and repeats its obstinate syllable within my temples.

The light makes no choices, now changing a wall
that merely exists in time without history.

The afternoon spreads, is already a bay;
its quiet motions are rocking the world.

We are neither asleep nor awake:
we merely are, merely stay.

The moment is falling from itself, pausing,
becoming the passage through which we continue.

—OCTAVIO PAZ

(Translated, from the Spanish, by Mark Strand.)

ANNA STEPANOVNA'S LIBRARY

SINCE the middle of the nineteenth century, my family's favorite country home had been an estate in Russian-ruled Lithuania, just east of the German border, which for many kilometres ran through our forests. This estate had been awarded to my great-great-grandfather in recognition of his services in the wars against Napoleon.

When I saw it for the first and only time in my life, in the summer of 1937, I was seventeen and we no longer owned any part of it. The park was a dilapidated public playground. Tennis courts occupied the site of the plantation-style, colonnaded manor house, and the wing where my parents had lived had been made into a secondary school, which doubled during the holidays as a youth hostel. With a patrol of Boy Scouts, I spent a night there, on a straw mattress laid out in what was once our dining room. "Whose house was this?" I inquired of the director, to whom I had been careful not to disclose my identity. "Oh, some Russian family. You wouldn't know them. They're all dead now anyway."

Later that night, I roamed alone about the neglected park. The saplings my mother had planted as a young

bride were now towering trees. At one point, I tripped over a rusty croquet hoop. As I skirted the edge of the tennis courts, the moon lit up some faded red-and-white tiles where the kitchens must have been. Recalling sepia-colored snapshots in an old album and stories told or overheard, I tried to imagine what it must have been like in the days before the First World War when, with the start of the hunting season, "the Family"—my grandparents and parents and what sounded like innumerable aunts, uncles, and cousins—would assemble for weekend shoots. On the front terrace after lunch, as my grandfather played chess with one of his sons and my grandmother dozed in her wickerwork wing chair, the gardener would be told to mow the grass and the shepherd boys to shoo the cattle grazing beyond the river closer to the house, because Grannie dozed better to the distant buzz of the mower and the occasional mooing of a cow. The younger generation would squabble—and later flirt—on the croquet lawn. As the evening drew to a close and Grannie retired to bed, an old retainer whose only function in life at that point seemed to be just this duty would precede her along the dimly lit corridors, clapping her hands

to scare away the mice. The inhabitants of the little town that skirted the estate were mostly Jewish, and at sundown on the Sabbath they would walk solemnly, in their festive best, up and down the main linden avenue—the children hand in hand in front, parents and grandparents arm in arm behind.

At the start of the war, our estate lay in the immediate path of the advancing Germans. My mother was in charge of a hospital train at another sector of the front, and the rest of the family were in faraway St. Petersburg, but my father's cavalry division happened to be stationed nearby. Obtaining a couple of days' leave, he rode over and arranged to have the more valuable contents evacuated east, into Russia proper, where, needless to say, they vanished three years later, in the chaos of the Revolution.

In 1919 my father returned by roundabout ways to Lithuania, which had meanwhile become an independent republic. He found the house a gutted shell and the estate devastated. And then one day an estate agent reported that in a remote railside warehouse in the northernmost corner of the country thirteen wooden crates had been discovered marked with his name. My father hurried over and, opening them, found two of our most prized

possessions—a rolled-up full-length portrait of the Emperor Alexander I by the Englishman George Dawe and an eighteenth-century library that had come into the family in the days of my great-great-grandmother. Both had been part of the consignment shipped to Russia in the summer of 1914.

LITTLE is known about my great-great-grandmother, for she died young. But in our house in St. Petersburg before the 1917 Revolution there hung a large group portrait by Angelica Kauffmann in which she is pictured with her four sisters against a pastoral background—a little girl in a buttercup-yellow tulle dress, her hand clutching that of a stoutish lady with fine eyes and a large diamond-studded portrait brooch pinned to her left shoulder. This was Anna Stepanovna Protassova, my great-great-grandmother's aunt and guardian.

Anna Stepanovna was in



"All those in favor say 'Aye.'"

"Aye."

"Aye."

"Aye."

"Aye."

"Aye."

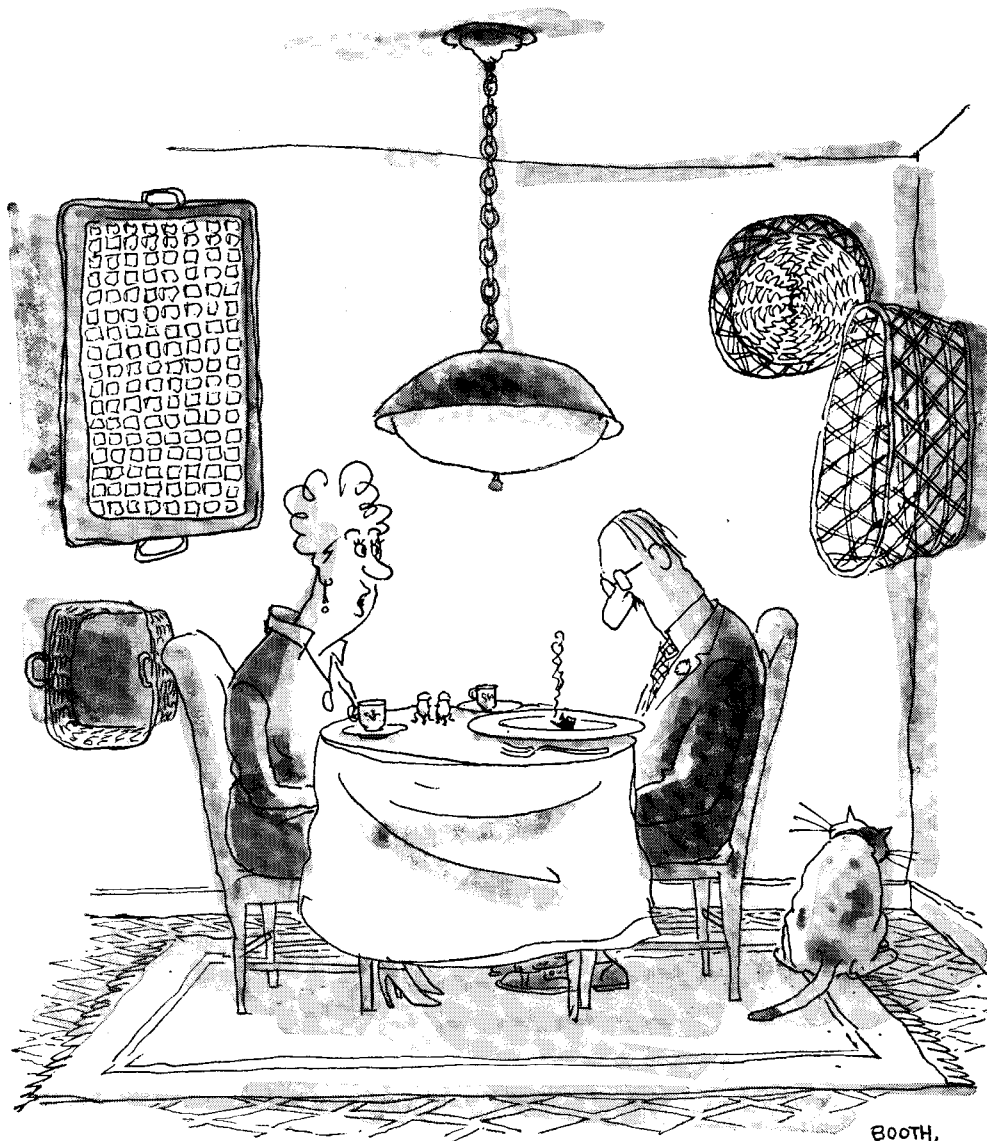
her day a figure of some importance. Though her family was neither prominent nor wealthy, in 1785, at the then advanced age of forty, she was appointed First Lady-in-Waiting to Catherine the Great, and she soon acquired the confidence and affection of her Imperial Mistress, as well as a special function at Court. It was about her that Lord Byron wrote in "Don Juan":

An order from her Majesty con-
signed
Our young Lieutenant to the genial
care
Of those in office: all the world
looked kind,
(As it will look sometimes with
the first stare,
Which Youth would not act ill to
keep in mind),
As also did Miss Protasoff then
there
Named from her mystic office
"l'Epreuveuse,"
A term inexplicable to the Muse.

The institution of Imperial favorite at the Court of St. Petersburg operated under a strict set of rules of which the Empress's First Lady-in-Waiting was the official custodian. She also had the final say in the screening of those candidates whom Catherine had singled out for favor. Before being granted the supreme reward they had to undergo a series of tests, first in the cabinet of Dr. Rogerson, the Scottish-born Court Physician, then ("for more detailed information" was the discreet formula used) in Mademoiselle Protasova's apartments. Her enemies—she had many, for, apart from being ugly, she seems to have been vain, pushy, tactless, and ill-tempered—suggested that not all the handsome young men summoned to her presence had in fact caught the Empress's roving eye.

She was feared by many, flattered by most, and the more she grumbled and sulked, the more she was cajoled by both the upstarts who sought to attract the Empress's attention and the established courtiers who struggled to retain it. She was even credited—mistakenly—with political influence. And yet she seems to have been little more than a confidante in the seventeenth-century meaning of the word: loyal and, for all her lack of tact, supremely discreet as far as her Imperial Mistress's private life was concerned. Which accounts, no doubt, for her durability. For she retained her position through three reigns and several palace upheavals, until old age and ill health compelled her at last to relinquish it.

For all its abuses, the reign of Cath-

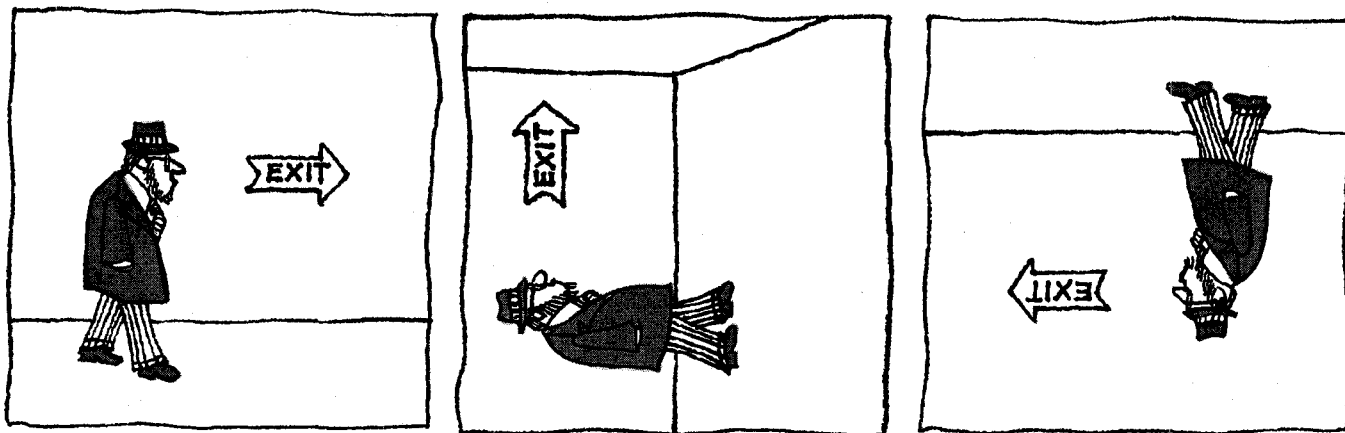


"Julia Child was cooking coq au vin and tambour parmentier this evening, and during her pommes en belle vue I burned your filet."

erine the Great was a remarkable and to some extent even an enlightened one, when the most parvenu courtier felt duty-bound to profess Voltairean skepticism and comment sentimentally on the Rights of Man. As the highly erudite Empress's constant companion, Anna Stepanovna had to try her best to follow. Her library, of several hundred volumes, bound in calf or Moroccan leather and embossed, crested, and monogrammed in gold leaf, represents a fairly typical cross-section of contemporary tastes—from such virtually compulsory works as the monumental "Encyclopédie Française," Buffon's "Histoire Naturelle," with its exquisite hand-colored prints, and the admirable but tedious sermons of Bossuet all the way to the less admirable but no less tedious anticlerical dissertations of Helvétius and the far from tedious erotic best-sellers of the Abbé Prévost and

Choderlos de Laclos. Though she probably did not read all these works, she carefully noted on the flyleaf of many volumes the place and date of their acquisition. The four volumes of Lord Chesterfield's "Letters to His Son," for example, are marked in the quaint spelling of the age: "Czarsko Scello, ce 6/17. I.1787." It was on the following day that the Empress embarked upon her famous Crimean Journey.

St. Petersburg was still blanketed in snow when the Imperial caravan started out, and the first half of the trip had to be travelled in sleighs, of which there were over one hundred and seventy-five. At every staging post, relays of horses, five hundred and sixty head strong, waited to take over. The Empress's personal vehicle was so huge that thirty specially fattened animals were needed to pull it, and a dozen



grooms perched, blue with cold, on narrow ledges running along each side to keep it from tipping over when taking a bend. Heated by a portable stove, it contained a bedroom, a study, a drawing room, a dressing room, and a library. And there were thirteen other vehicles of only slightly more modest dimensions for various members of the Court.

Catherine travelled with her favorite-of-the-moment, Count Dmitriev-Mamonov, and Anna Stepanovna as sole companions. Anna and the Count disliked each other intensely, and when the Empress got bored with their bickering she would invite the ambassadors of France, Britain, and Austria to her carriage for a chat or a game of cards.

They travelled by easy stages, fifty kilometres or so a day, over carefully flattened roads, which as dusk set in would be lit up at intervals by gigantic bonfires. In some of the larger centers spanking-new palaces had been built to receive the Imperial party. Elsewhere, while the Empress and a chosen few were put up in a neighboring manor house, the rest of the party had often to make do with an overheated, evil-smelling, lice-ridden roadside inn.

The stopover in Kiev lasted almost three months—until the ice broke up and the River Dnieper became navigable. While the Empress occupied yet another new palace, each of the foreign guests was assigned a mansion in town, which came fully equipped with staff, carriages, horses, porcelain, plate, crystalware, and wine cellar. Here some of the Empress's more exotic subjects had flocked to pay homage to their Sovereign: Georgian princes, Tatar beys, slit-eyed Kalmyk chieftains, and turbaned khans of Kirgizia. At last even the ambassadors were impressed. "It was," the Comte de Ségur reported, "as if all of the Orient had assembled to watch the Semiramis of the North

receive the homage of the monarchs of the West!"

Early in May the caravan embarked aboard a fleet of waiting vessels—seven red-and-gold galleys the size of the Venetian Doges' famous Bucentaur and seventy-three smaller craft, manned by some three thousand sailors and guards. Now King Stanislas Augustus of Poland and the Emperor Joseph II of Austria joined the party. By slow stages the fleet proceeded down the Dnieper past decorated villages and groups of singing peasant girls, stopping at sites specially chosen for their scenic beauty—for a picnic ashore, a hunt, a show of fireworks, a military review (every garrison in brand-new uniforms), or a pilgrimage to some local monastery or shrine. Shortly before the Dnieper rapids they left the ships and the journey continued overland to the Crimea, where Catherine reviewed her newly built Black Sea fleet. By July the Empress—and Anna Stepanovna—were back in St. Petersburg.

There are some margin notes in old-fashioned German in the Chesterfield volumes. Were these books stuffed into a travelling bag as the Imperial sleigh took off, and in that case did the Emperor Joseph borrow them from Anna Stepanovna? Or was it the German-born Empress herself?

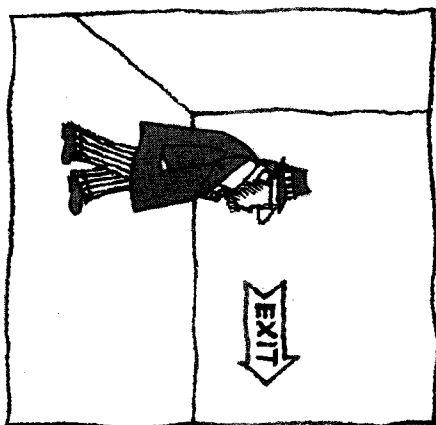
Nine years later Catherine lay stretched out on a mattress on the floor of her dimly lit bedroom, dying. Anna Stepanovna knelt at her feet, her sobs drowning out her mistress's death rattle. Next door the erratic new emperor, Paul I, who had always hated his mother, searched feverishly through her private papers for the secret testament that, rumor had it, debarred him from the throne in favor of his son, the Grand Duke Alexander. Outside, his bodyguard stomped about the hushed antechambers in their mud-spattered jackboots, deliberately bumping into the Empress's courtiers, who the day

before had still vilified Paul and now flocked cringing to seek his forgiveness and favor. But while many of these were dismissed by him in disgust, Anna Stepanovna was confirmed in office by the new Empress, Maria Fiodorovna. Moreover, on the day of the coronation she was awarded the Cross of St. Catherine and one thousand serfs besides.

On the inside cover of Bossuet's "Oraisons Funèbres," there is an entry in Anna Stepanovna's hand, turned russet-brown with time and now barely decipherable. It reads, "*Palais Michel, ce 11/23 mars 1801.*" On that night the Emperor Paul was assassinated by discontented Guards officers. Only a few weeks before, the Court had moved from the Winter Palace to the Mikhailovskii Castle—a huge, fortress-like structure of Finnish granite, surrounded by a moat. Access to the castle was only by drawbridges, which were pulled up for the night. The building now houses Leningrad's State Museum of Russian Art. The Emperor had had it built in haste as an asylum against would-be assassins. It was to become a death trap.

The interior was splendid but the construction faulty, and the rooms unbearably damp. The Court had hardly moved in when the velvet wall coverings became coated with mildew, the frescoes on the ceilings began to peel. And although huge fires were kept burning day and night in all apartments, festoons of icicles hung overhead, and hundreds of candles glowed dully through a permanent fog. In this eerie atmosphere, on March 23, 1801, Paul sat down to his last meal. Anna Stepanovna attended.

The night was stormy and a cold sleety wind blew in from the sea, but the Emperor did not seem to notice. He merely stared ironically at his son, the Grand Duke Alexander, who for his part sat throughout the dinner silent. He had given his consent to a



plot to depose his father, and had just been told that the plotters had been betrayed and that Paul knew everything. Suddenly a casement flew open and the intruding wind sent the curtains billowing. Alexander sneezed. His father stared at him fixedly for a moment. Then, raising his glass, he said, in French, "May *all* your wishes be fulfilled!" after which he pushed his chair back and strode angrily from the room.

Anna Stepanovna's room adjoined the Emperor's apartments on one side, and on the other was the Empress's suite. Did Bossuet's "Oraisons Funèbres," just arrived and annotated, lie on Anna's desk as her unfortunate sovereign was being throttled to death nearby?

In Alexander I's reign Countess Protassova (the title, after much nagging on her part, had been granted on the occasion of the coronation) continued to enjoy an important position at Court. She had early befriended the beautiful young Empress Elizabeth, giving her Russian language lessons, travelling abroad with her, and acting as peacemaker between her and her strong-willed mother-in-law. Increasingly blind, monstrously fat, and, as one contemporary put it, "as horrible and black as a Queen of Tahiti," Anna Stepanovna was by now regarded with mixed curiosity, mirth, and pity. Count de la Garde-Chambonas, that chatty chronicler of the Congress of Vienna, visited her there in 1814, and found the old Countess sunk in a deep sofa, draped in gaudy-colored silks, and flashing bracelets, necklaces, pendants, and diamond-studded Imperial portrait brooches. "She resembled," he recalled, "an Indian idol." She made a vain effort to get up, after which, slumping back in her seat, she took her visitor by the hand and, panting and puffing, made a little space for him at her side.

She never married. At one point

Catherine had toyed with the thought of pairing her off with Count Morkov, her Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Of obscure origin and no fortune but with vast pretensions and still vaster needs of money, he was one of the ugliest men of his day. For once overcoming his opportunism, he declined the invitation, saying, "She is ugly. I am hideous. We would do nothing but disfigure the human species!"

Anna Stepanovna's last years were spent dragging herself from one quack doctor to the next in an attempt to regain her sight. With her went her personal physician, her cook, three valets, a couple of maids, a few messenger boys, her dogs, and her canaries. Yet she had lost none of her passion for Court life, and would implore the Empress to talk with her in public, or at least write—so that she might boast of her closeness to the Imperial family. She died, aged eighty-one, in 1826—during the first year of the reign of the Emperor Nicholas I.

MY father never had a chance to unpack Anna Stepanovna's library, for soon after Lithuania became independent all the larger estates, including ours, were expropriated, and we lived thereafter in the strained circumstances of homeless refugees. Until the outbreak of the Second World War the thirteen crates of books remained stored in the stable loft of friends in Kaunas, the capital of Lithuania.

Though the exact terms of the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact of August 23, 1939, were not known until the war ended, it was rumored at the time that, like Napoleon and Alexander in 1807 at Tilsit (whose historic meeting on a raft in the middle of the River Neman had taken place within sight of our estate), Stalin and Hitler had divided up the Baltic States between them: the two northernmost, Estonia and Latvia, going to the U.S.S.R.,

and the southernmost, Lithuania, to Germany. Our dismay can therefore be imagined when, tuning in to the news one day early in October, 1939, we heard that the Lithuanian Foreign Minister had been "invited" to Moscow to "discuss" a mutual-assistance treaty. A few days later the treaty was signed. That very night the Red Army moved in.

Like many White Russian refugees, I had been brought up to regard most things Soviet with dislike, suspicion, and, above all, with fear. "Fleeing the Bolsheviks" had become an obsession—almost a profession. Stalin's purges and the stories told by the thousands of Polish refugees who, escaping the converging German and Soviet armies, had spilled over into Lithuania in recent weeks, had done nothing to dispel these feelings. For, these refugees said, if the regular Red Army units behaved correctly, behind them came invariably the dread N.K.V.D., the political secret police. And as soon as *they* arrived arrests and deportations started.

Walking home that October night, I suddenly heard the cloppety-clop of many horses. Presently, I saw trotting toward me along the dimly lit avenue a detachment of cavalry. At its head rode a formidable-looking giant with bushy black whiskers. The officers were clearly Slavs, but the men looked Asian. With their small, shaggy, frisky horses, their characteristic pointed, cloth-covered helmets, their ankle-length greatcoats and curved sabres, there was no mistaking their identity. They trotted by, glancing neither right nor left—silent, impassive, relentless. Then they turned a corner and were gone. The cloppety-clop lingered on for a little while longer; then that, too, was heard no more. I had never seen a live Soviet soldier before. Rushing home, I burst into the room crying, "They are here!"

My consternation turned out to be premature, for at first our Soviet "protectors" behaved with discretion. Though the number of their embassy cars visibly multiplied, as did demonstrations of "Lithuanian-Soviet friendship," the Red Army garrisons remained inside their barbed-wire cantonments, the Lithuanian authorities were not interfered with, and life went on much as before. Occasionally one would come upon a group of Soviet

soldiers on furlough, gazing open-mouthed at the well-stocked windows of a food shop or a department store. But they inspired pity rather than fear. Their uniforms looked so shabby and cheap, and they were so clearly enthralled by what we had so long taken for granted, that one felt like inviting them over for a good meal rather than running away. And then the Soviet-Finnish Winter War began, and as the Red Army was mauled to a standstill in the forests of Karelia by the numerically weaker Finnish troops our feeling of pity turned, rashly, to contempt and derision.

By then anecdotes, stories, and rumors had started on their rounds. There were reports of clandestine fraternization and of desertions. And then, more ominously, of reprisals. Sooner or later, we knew, our self-invited "protectors" would shed the mask. We decided to leave Lithuania. And we decided to take Anna Stepanovna's library with us.

Looking back now to those days when for the second time in a generation everything was disintegrating around us, it seems a little strange even to me, who was so closely involved in the operation, that we should have devoted so much effort to saving something that the younger generation of our family had never even seen. But I remember being seized with a feeling of challenge: there, packed away—un-enjoyed and, for all one could expect, unenjoyable—were hundreds of volumes that, cumbersome and essentially expendable as books are in emergencies, had survived two ordeals already. And *what* ordeals! Surely we could not abandon them now! If not exceptional in monetary terms, their value, at least to me, was great, because even inanimate things, by being associated with historical events and human passions, cease to be passive witnesses and become to some extent active participants, thus acquiring a life of their own. But there was something else. These books, which I was setting eyes on for the first time and whose story I was to reconstruct only many years later, represented one of the few tangible links between myself and a home I had seen only once—in ruins, at night, stealthily, almost like a thief—and would probably never see again, between myself and a whole world of values and traditions that now lay trampled underfoot.

And so, throughout that winter of 1939-40, when in the West so little was happening that these months are known as the "Phony War," but in

APRIL AGAIN

In the restaurant,
The waitress knows you from an old place.
"I was the crazy one with the platform shoes,"
She says. You wonder if her hair was blond then,
Or red. Or, in the yard, distant buzz saws droning,
Where the light is brighter
Than all of the world's restaurants.

You remember a barbecue with your parents
That lasted through evening—citronella burning,
Fog lowering over the bay. Though you were young,
You suddenly knew what this meant.
And then the stars appearing.

This is a blue we can't hold in our hands,
Though Lord knows we try, the sky reflected
In work shirts and jeans. A boat sits peeling
On its trailer, and a little dog starts to yap.
Falling into spring again, you can spot
Men working on the roads, the same hitchhiker
Going in the opposite direction.

—ROBERT LONG

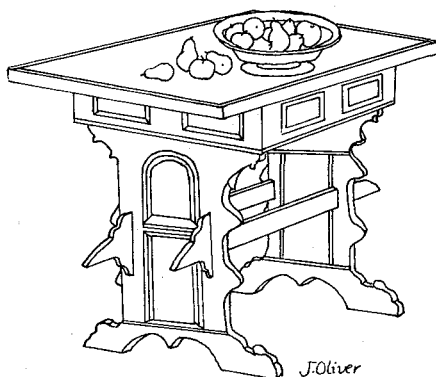
the East the end of an era had already set in, my mother and I spent hour after hour in that freezing loft repacking Anna Stepanovna's library in new tarpaper-lined crates, which were then shipped, one by one (so as not to attract attention), to Eydtkuhnen, the first town west of the Lithuanian-German border, and from there to the estate of a childhood friend of my mother's in Silesia.

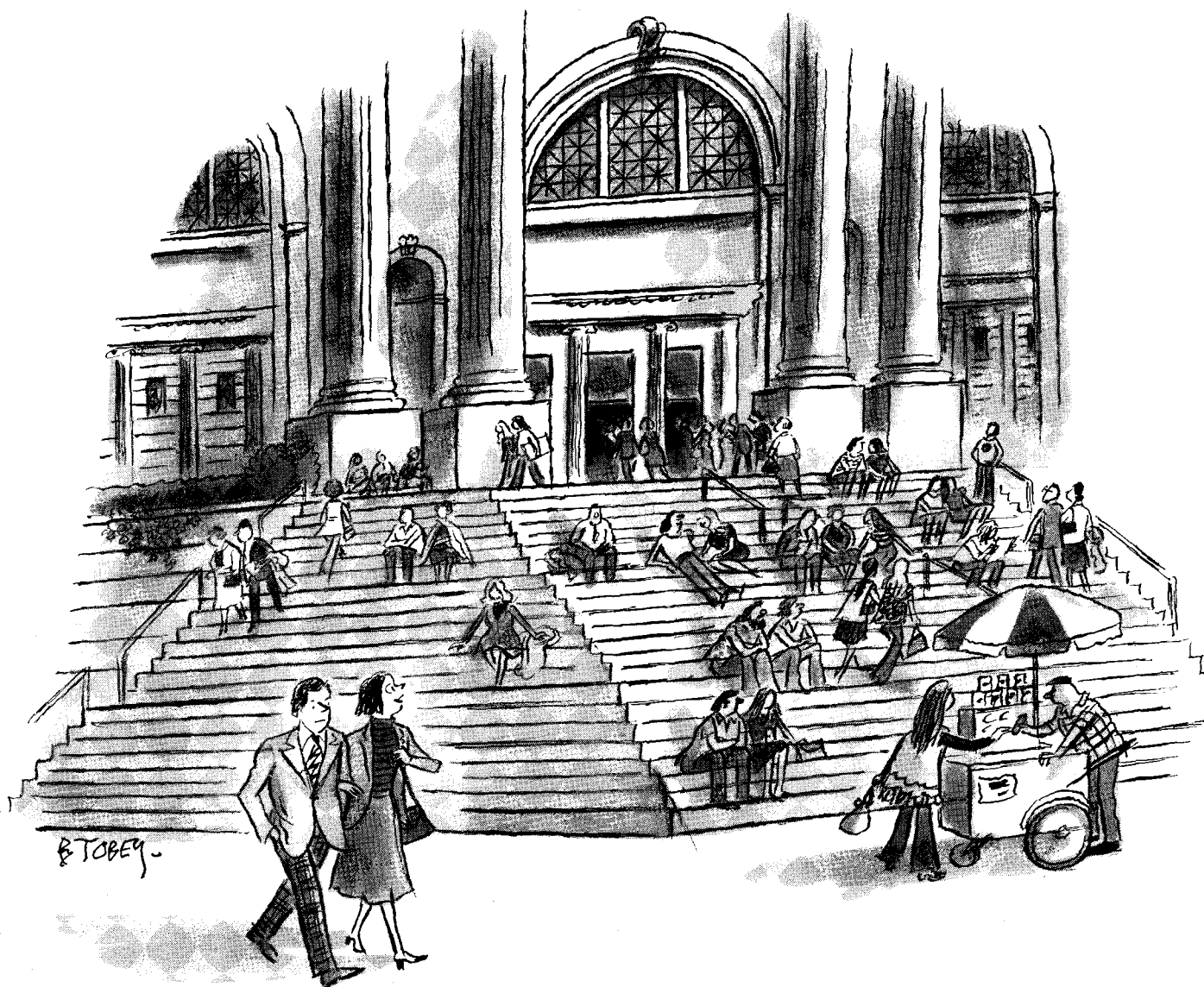
One night in February, 1940—the last crate had left only a week or so before—the telephone rang. "Those gentlemen are here!" a voice whispered, and then the line went dead. Months before, when the first Soviet troops arrived, we had agreed with a particularly well-informed diplomat friend that as long as only regular Red Army units were involved we could take a chance at staying on to wind up our affairs, but that as soon as the N.K.V.D. moved in we would drop everything and leave for Germany—the only possible escape route—by the very first train. We had already bought

our train tickets, obtained German visas, and packed one small suitcase each, which we kept under our beds, ready to be slammed shut. The telephone call was the prearranged signal.

The first train for Germany departed at 7 A.M. The streets were snow-swept and empty as my mother and I, carrying our two little bags, started out. We walked a couple of blocks and turned a corner. Only then did we venture to hail a passing sleigh cab and give him our destination. The station was deserted. The guard at the turnstile did not even glance at us as he punched our ticket. The unheated, unlit train was almost empty. For what seemed like an eternity we sat—cold, tense, and miserable. Suddenly there was a distant whistle, doors slammed, the train jolted, and one by one the platform lamps glided past, ghostly blobs of light seen through the frost-glazed windows.

That same night we reached a blacked-out but otherwise surprisingly normal-looking Berlin. Within a week we were in our friends' castle in Silesia, where in a guest room the crates containing Anna Stepanovna's books awaited us. They stayed in Silesia until the spring of 1944, when my mother had the thirteen cases shipped to my brother-in-law's estate in western Czechoslovakia, and then, in 1945, she had them moved again—to Heiligenberg, above Lake Constance, just across the border from Switzerland. It was there that, once the war had ended, I recovered them, and when I checked the inventory I couldn't be-





"Remember? I was sitting right up there when you came by and said, 'Hi, beautiful!'"

lieve my eyes. For although in recent months the German railways had been pounded day and night by the Allied air forces, not one of the hundreds of books that had been evacuated from Lithuania five years earlier was missing.

DURING a moment of penury in the late thirties my parents had resigned themselves to selling some of the more valuable sets, and samples had been sent to Paris and London for appraisal. But the war broke out before anything could be done, and the volumes sent to Paris were then stored in Saint-Germain-en-Laye (where we had lived for many years when I was a child), in the attic of the Villa Campan, which was owned by some elderly English friends, a Mr. and Mrs. Boyd. The books remained in Saint-Germain-en-Laye throughout the winter of 1939 and into the spring of 1940.

Then came the German invasion of the Low Countries and of France itself and the mass exodus of Dutch, Belgian, and French refugees. Some of them stopped off at the Villa Campan, by that time untenanted, and ransacked it.

In 1942, I returned to Paris, and in due course proceeded to Saint-Germain-en-Laye. I found the villa requisitioned by a neighboring German military hospital. I requested an interview with the head doctor and was received by his deputy, a young, pleasant-mannered man in field-gray uniform and glistening high boots. Though I am fluent in German, he made a point of speaking French, dismissed the war with an airy wave of his manicured hand, and, after learning the object of my visit, assured me that as soon as I had identified our belongings, or what remained of them, he would have them delivered to me. A week later a Wehrmacht truck halted out-

side my Paris flat and two smiling orderlies deposited a carton of books at my door. Upon checking the inventory, however, I found that three little volumes were missing—the only ones, until then, to go astray. What could be the reason? Was the inventory inaccurate? Or had the people who broke into the Villa Campan made off with them?

DURING the last two years of the German Occupation of France I worked with the Resistance and had more pressing things to worry about than Anna Stepanovna's library.

In theory, as soon as the Allies landed I was supposed to join a Maquis group in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau, with whose head I had been working for some time. But when the Normandy landings actually took place, I was on a mission hundreds of kilometres away, and, with the virtual

paralysis of rail traffic and tightened German security measures everywhere, it took me several days to make my way back to Paris and reestablish contact with my chief. He ordered me to stay on in Paris with another Resistance group for the time being. When, in August, 1944, the city rose up in arms, I had been hiding out there for several weeks.

Nowadays when I find myself in heavy traffic at the Étoile or the Place de la Concorde or just sitting outside the Deux Magots, I have only to close my eyes and shut my ears to the din about me to recall those last days of the German Occupation: the pale, hungry, irritable queues outside the dwindling number of food shops or bakeries, the booming black-market restaurants, the pretty girls cycling up and down the Champs-Élysées, the German soldiers taking snapshots of one another in front of the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the sandbag barricades and bell-shaped concrete pillboxes outside the headquarters of the German Navy, on the Place de la Concorde.

Sometimes it is a particular detail. On Saturday, August 19th, for example, I was cycling past the Porte Dauphine when I was suddenly covered with paper ash: the files of countless German offices all over town were going up in smoke. In the center the streets were largely deserted, and coils of barbed wire now protected the approaches to the main enemy strongpoints. Small groups of German soldiers still strolled the Champs-Élysées, but at the Étoile a heavy Tiger tank was in position, its hatches battened down, its long-barrelled gun swivelling from side to side—businesslike, ugly. Along both banks of the Seine streamed a steady flow of military traffic. Occasionally, as a column halted briefly, helmeted, dusty, worried faces would peer out from under the tarpaulin hoods. As I was about to cross the Pont Saint-Michel I saw the tricolor flying, for the first time in four years, from the rooftop of the Préfecture de Police, just beyond the bridge. The building's

windows were blocked with sandbags, and circling the square before it, the gun turret targeted on the main entrance, was a German Panther tank.

By Monday evening dozens of barricades had sprouted everywhere in the Latin Quarter, effectively closing off all but the wider streets. They came in different sizes and varying degrees of sophistication—from a shot-up German truck to a chest-high wall of cobblestones. Reinforced with wrought-iron tree gratings and odd bits of furniture (in one case, a grand piano), and topped with mattresses and the sandbags of the Défense Civile, they looked sometimes more picturesque than effective. Just around the corner from Saint-Germain-des-Prés a curé, cassock hitched up high, drawing board in hand, was supervising the construction of an elaborate redoubt. Whole families joined in the building of barricades: the men ripped up the cobblestones, the women fed the men sandwiches and

wine, the grandparents shouted encouragement and advice from the sidewalks, and the youngsters were on watch against roving German patrols.

On every second wall and every second tree, leaflets couched in inflammatory terms and signed by organizations or individuals few people then had ever heard of summoned the populace to join the battle. For a while these posters took the place of the still silenced press. But that Monday night the first Resistance papers, diminutive handouts with flamboyant names such as *Franc-Tireur*, *Libération*, *Combat*, appeared, hawked by fearless teenagers—sometimes at the price of their lives, for they became the favorite targets of enemy snipers.

As the fighting spread and the bloodshed increased on both sides, the mood of the crowd began to change. Where before it had been cowed or indifferent, it now became angry, then defiant, then reckless, and finally irrepressible. Time and again one would

come upon a type of human being that exists in every city but surfaces usually only in the dark of night or with the collapse of peacetime structure—wine-sodden old shrews, monstrously deformed cripples, screaming haridans, tattooed toughs. Seeing those barricades and those people, one suddenly realized what *les grandes journées révolutionnaires*, about which we had been told so much at school—the days of 1789, 1830, 1848, and 1870-71—must have been like.

On Tuesday, August 22nd, the "Battle for Paris" became general. And it was on that same day that Anna Stepanovna's library reentered my life. Actually, even at its peak the action was still localized, flaring and then subsiding, now here, now there. One could cycle for miles, especially in the more elegant districts, and never notice a thing. (Through all the week the banks of the Seine still attracted anglers, sunbathers, and lovers. The anglers merely complained that the noise was scaring the fish.) And then, all of a sudden, as one was about



Three Against One



"Take it all off."

to round a corner, someone would whistle or wave one to a stop; there would be a few bursts of gunfire, a couple of explosions. Then the attacking F.F.I.s (Forces Françaises de l'Intérieur) would vanish; waving Red Cross flags, teams of white-clad stretcher-bearers would appear from nowhere to haul away the wounded and dead, people would reassemble on the sidewalks, the corner bistro would reopen, and life would resume.

Only in a few places did the battle take on a more systematic pattern, but even then, whenever a larger German formation sallied forth—to reconnoitre or to reinforce this position or that—its approach would be heralded by whistle signals relayed from block to block, so that by the time it drew near, the teeming sidewalks had emptied as by the wave of a wand, and unless the Germans ventured into the narrower side streets (which few dared to do) they rarely came face to face with their foes.

Far more dangerous were the lone carloads of enemy snipers that would appear from nowhere at breakneck speed and mow down anyone in sight. Eventually the F.F.I.s learned to pick up their trail, and for a couple of days the gray command cars of the S.S. and the black Citroëns of the F.F.I. chased one another from one end of the city to the other.

That Tuesday afternoon I was approaching Saint-Germain-des-Prés when I heard behind me the familiar scream of braking tires and the chatter of machine pistols. I threw myself to the ground, crawled across the sidewalk, and hid in a doorway, which turned out to be the recessed entrance of an antiquarian bookshop. Once the danger had passed, I stood up and glanced casually at the shopwindow. And then I froze. For there, tucked away in the corner of a shelf, were three small calfbound volumes with the familiar crested monogram "A.P." Instantly all the emotions of that day, of the past days, weeks, and months, were set aside. Wrenching open the door, I burst into the shop. I must have been a frightening sight, for the owner retreated hastily behind a counter. Pointing to the window, I stammered, "Wh— wh— where did you get them?"

The old man came out from behind his counter, joined me, and peered over my shoulder. "Oh, those? Why, I've had them for years. Nobody seems to want them. They're not very interesting, you know. But the bindings are nice and so I use them for display."

"But where did you find them?"

"I don't really remember. It must have been three, four years ago, just after the Germans marched in. Some

refugees dropped by—Belgians, I think. They needed money and had a few books."

Halfway through my story he interrupted me, pulled down the iron shutters, locked the front door, invited me into his rear office, and uncorked a bottle of wine. And when I had finished, without a word he disappeared into the shop and returned with the three little volumes in his hand. "Tenez, jeune homme!" he said, and smiled. "Take them. In memory of these frightening but wonderful times!"

THERE remained the sample sets that had been sent to London. They had been entrusted to a friend who, when war broke out and she was about to enroll in the Women's Auxiliaries, stored them in the basement of her house in Bloomsbury. We had been out of touch ever since. I had only heard that Bloomsbury, too, had suffered bomb damage in the blitz.

That Tuesday evening, following my recovery of the three little volumes in the Boulevard Saint-Germain, my group of F.F.I.s went on to besiege a German supply dump on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne. On Thursday the small German garrison surrendered, but almost immediately we were besieged in our turn by a detachment of F.T.P.s (Francs-Tireurs et Parti-



"Right, you've got it. You're my best friend, my lover, and my wife. Now I've got to get off the phone and get this finished."

sans), the Communist-controlled wing of the F.F.I. For besides the battle being fought against the Germans, a parallel struggle for the control of Paris was going on between the Communist elements of the Resistance and their various opponents. Our young lieutenant said that on no account were we to allow the F.T.P.s to take over any captured German arms or ammunition.

There was no outright attack on the supply dump; officially we were all comrades-in-arms. But we were a mere handful, and they were many. The compound we had captured was large and protected only by a few sand-bagged machine-gun nests and a low barbed-wire fence, which even a child could crawl through or clamber over. All day long they hovered about the area, singly or in groups. While some engaged us in conversation, others would sneak in behind our backs, pick up a couple of weapons or a few hand grenades or a box or two of ammunition, and hurl these over the fence to their comrades waiting outside. And when night came their girls flirted with our sentries and the men vaulted the fence and resumed their pillaging.

By Friday afternoon, when the Allies entered Paris and the last German strongpoints had surrendered, we were all thoroughly exhausted. I had just collapsed to catch a few hours' sleep when I heard the rumble of vehicles, the screech of braking tires, and a volley of clipped commands—in English. Our lieutenant burst into the room and said, "Some British paratroopers are out there! I don't understand a

word they're saying. Go and find out what they want!"

Hastily buttoning my "reconverted" sand-colored Afrika Korps jacket, adjusting my F.F.I. armband, and picking up my captured Schmeisser machine pistol, I dashed down the stairs. The courtyard was filled with men wearing dark-red berets with winged insignia, and with dust-coated dark-green vehicles with blue-and-red identification shields. Lounging against the hood of a command car was a young major with a fiery-red mustache and baby-blue eyes. I marched up to him and saluted briskly. He looked me up and down with a distinct air of amusement. "So you're the English-speaking one? *Very* impressive! I don't know whether you scared the Germans, but you certainly scare *me*!" Then he patted me on the shoulder. "No offense meant. What I've been trying to explain to your leader is that we've been driving all night. We're filthy. Can we shower down? Have you anything to drink? Can we rest for a while? Will you watch over our vehicles?"

What the exact assignment of this lone detachment of British paratroopers was I never found out. They stayed with us that night and all the following day. Off and on, once they had rested, one of their vehicles would take off and return after a prolonged absence. The major, however, never left our compound, his only visible sign of activity being an occasional muffled exchange over the radio of his command car. Sometimes he would call me over, we would lounge side by side in deck chairs, sunning ourselves, and we

would chat—or, rather, he would question me—about what life had been like under the Germans.

Actually, he seemed very well informed already. At one point I found myself describing the episode of Anna Stepanovna's three little volumes in the Boulevard Saint-Germain. And I went on to mention the London books and my intention, once the war was over, to go and see what had happened to them. He interrupted me: "Where did you say your London friend lived? Bloomsbury? Which street in Bloomsbury?" I told him the address. He shook his head, patted me on the knee, and said with a wry smile, "Sorry, old boy, bad luck! My mother lived next door. All that end of the street was blitzed in 1940. She was in the country, luckily. But I'll tell you what. Next time I'm in London I'll try to find out for certain. What's your address here in Paris?"

THE war swept past Paris. With that my own Resistance activities came to an end, and I found myself behind an office desk. On coming home one day late in September, I saw a large case of British war rations in the hallway. The concierge informed me it had been left off by a British officer. Enclosed was a note. It said, "You may be lucky after all. Nothing is left of your friend's house except the basement. Who knows?" I have never seen or heard from my major since.

Eight months later I obtained some leave and hastened over to London. By then the war was over, the friend in Bloomsbury had been demobilized, and I was able to find out her telephone number. Yes, she said, the house *had* been blitzed, but the basement had survived and with it all that was stored there. Indeed, that was where she herself was living. When would I like to pick up the books? Tomorrow or the day after? That very afternoon? Well, if I was in such a hurry, of course. But after so many years surely a few days more or less couldn't make much of a difference, could they?

No, not really, I said to myself, slightly embarrassed, as, an hour later, my taxi pulled up before the gutted shell of her house.

—GEORGE VASSILTCHIKOV

"A number of solutions that are not effective are believed to be effective by residents who are effected; and some effective solutions are not seen to be effective by the residents," Finger said.

—Charlotte (N.C.) *Weekly Sunday*.

Finger has a way with words.

but it also reflected the fear that if—as Energy Secretary James R. Schlesinger insisted after the accident—the country could not produce enough energy without building more nuclear power plants, the possibility of future accidents would need to be accepted as the price of generating the energy on which the national economy depends. In sum, the country will now need to decide whether the dangers that are inherent in nuclear power with even the best of precautionary measures must be tolerated, because nuclear power is essential to the solution of the energy crisis, or whether we could, in fact, get along without it and eliminate these risks altogether.

Whatever the eventual fate of nuclear power, there can no longer be any doubt that the United States faces a

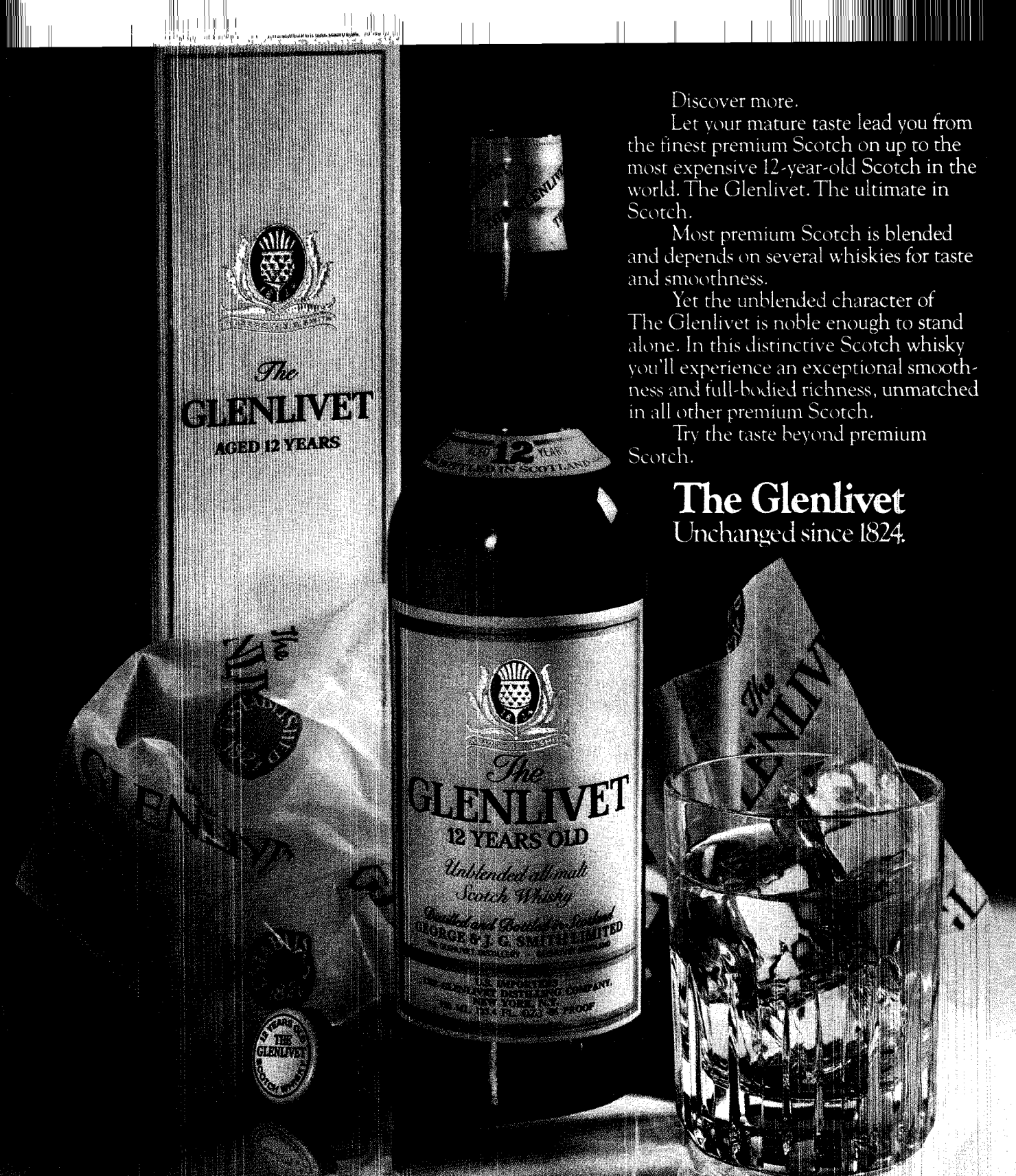
severe energy crisis—a crisis that has come into being because the energy sources we rely on cannot be renewed. These fuels—not only uranium for nuclear power but also oil, natural gas, and coal—were laid down only once during the earth's history, in deposits that, however large they eventually turn out to be, are surely limited in total amount. As the fuels are used, we “run out” of them. But then we have been running out of oil ever since the first barrel was drilled, in 1859. President James Buchanan could have declared that we were running out of oil as truthfully as President Carter did when he noted in his 1977 address to the nation that “we are now running out of gas and oil,” and said that solving the energy crisis would represent “the moral equivalent of war.” What

is also true and highly relevant as well is that with each barrel of oil taken out of the ground the next barrel becomes more expensive. Inevitably, as a nonrenewable energy source is depleted, the cost of producing it—and therefore its price—rises progressively faster. It is this economic feature of nonrenewable resources like oil which causes a crescendo of trouble, mounting to a crisis. And yet, remarkably, this crucial fact has not been mentioned in the Administration's fearsome exhortations to us to guard against our “running out” of oil and other nonrenewable sources of energy.

A good deal is known about the relation between the amount of a fuel produced and the cost of producing it. The recent trend in the cost of producing domestic fuels in the United

States was analyzed in a 1973 study made by the National Petroleum Council—a committee made up predominantly of oil-industry executives which advises the Secretary of Energy—and several government reports have developed it further. The results are quite consistent and clear-cut. They show that, even allowing for general inflation, the costs of producing oil, natural gas, and uranium increase at a progressively faster rate as more of these fuels are produced; therefore, so do prices rise. In this respect, nonrenewable resources are unlike many manufactured goods, which decrease in price as more are produced. For example, according to the National Petroleum Council study, in order to achieve only an eighteen-per-cent increase in the annual production of domestic oil between 1970 and 1985 the selling price of the oil (in constant 1970 dollars), calculated on the basis of the expected production cost and a fixed rate of profit, would increase as follows: from three dollars and eighteen cents a barrel in 1970 to three dollars and seventy





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cents in 1975; from that figure to five dollars and sixteen cents in 1980; and on up to seven dollars and twenty-one cents in 1985. On a graph of these data, with the cumulative amount of fuel produced plotted on the horizontal axis and the price per barrel on the vertical axis, the line would curve upward at an ever-steep angle. By mathematically extending the course of such a curve—extrapolating it—one can predict the future price of the fuel. Again leaving aside the effect of general inflation, we can see that if the trend continued domestic oil would cost fourteen dollars a barrel in 1995, seventy dollars in 2020, three hundred and eighty dollars in 2045, and two thousand dollars in 2070. These numbers make it clear that long-term extrapolation is likely to predict only an absurdity—as an extrapolation of the annual sales of black-and-white television sets in the United States between 1947 and 1957 predicted that the country would be

literally knee-deep in television sets in 1990. Obviously, no such progression will continue indefinitely; to appreciate what it means, one needs to know how long it will go on. And to understand how long a present trend will go on one needs to learn why it has developed. In the case of oil and other nonrenewable fuels, the question is how their patterns of occurrence and production account for the present escalation of prices and how long these patterns are likely to govern the trend.

Why should the effort required to produce a barrel of oil—or the cost of that oil—rise so sharply as more and more oil is taken from the ground? It is helpful to think about this problem on a scale that is more familiar in personal experience. Imagine a wooded grove a few days after an autumn rain has produced a bountiful crop of mushrooms. A nearby farmer plans to harvest the crop and sell the mushrooms at a price that includes the cost of harvesting plus a margin of profit. Imagine, further, that no more rain is expected and all the mushrooms that the grove is likely to produce have grown up at the same time, so the total crop

is limited in size. That is, it is a non-renewable resource. Also, like most things that grow in the wild, the mushrooms vary considerably in size and in accessibility, and therefore in the effort needed to find them and in the cost of gathering them.

Now the harvesting begins. The farmer is naturally eager to gather the most attractive mushrooms at the lowest possible cost, so that they can be sold at a favorable price, and on the first day he is likely to gather the biggest, best, and most accessible mushrooms. The next day, he will go over the same ground, but the most desirable, easily seen mushrooms are gone, and since no new ones have appeared, the farmer must content himself with smaller and less accessible specimens. In his search, he will be forced to do more work today than yesterday per pound of mushrooms collected. The next time around, the harvest will be even less rewarding. And so on. Each day, the difficulty of gathering mushrooms—and thus their cost—will rise more sharply.

The basic reason for this outcome is the interaction between the gathering of mushrooms and the composition of

the standing crop from which the next mushrooms are gathered: the current composition of the crop—specifically, the proportion of desirable, accessible mushrooms in it—determines the effort, or cost, of gathering them, and, in turn, the act of gathering mushrooms changes the composition of the crop. As the crop is depleted, the cost of gathering another pound of mushrooms rises in a multiplicative progression—exponentially. At length, gathering more mushrooms will become so costly that no further effort will be warranted. In a practical, economic sense, the grove will then have run out of mushrooms, although in an abstract, physical sense a few mushrooms will remain.

This relationship, depending on both the limited size of the crop (nonrenewability) and the variable effort of harvesting individual units, contrasts with what happens when the farmer harvests a field of corn. Unlike those mushrooms, corn is cultivated, and the individual plants are essentially alike. In a well-ordered Midwestern cornfield, for example, each plant is likely to carry just one standard-size ear. When the farmer harvests the



"Not a great party, and yet rather a nice one, with a certain undeniable warmth and camaraderie."

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corn—starting, let us say, with the rows nearest the storage bins—the effort required per plant will increase as the harvest progresses to rows that are increasingly distant from the bins. But in this case the individual plants are uniform, so the act of harvesting them does not change the over-all composition of the crop: the standing crop, though it becomes smaller as it is harvested, still consists of the same uniformly one-eared plants. The two elements in the system—the harvesting and the composition of the crop—do not act upon each other, and so the increase in effort per corn plant harvested is only additive—that is, in direct proportion to the total amount harvested—rather than exponential.

Producing oil is like harvesting mushrooms: there is a strong interaction between the finding and producing of the oil and the structure of the “crop” of accessible oil fields that remain to be found. When the exploitation of American oil resources began in earnest, eighty years ago, the largest, best-yielding, most accessible fields were the first ones brought into production. The exploration and production costs were extremely low—only a few cents a barrel, even in terms of today’s dollars. But soon the big, easily exploited fields were exhausted, and it became more costly to find and exploit the next-best ones. At first, when the costs were reckoned in pennies per barrel, their gradual rise was hardly noticeable. But now, after nearly a hundred years of exploitation, the cost per barrel is reckoned in dollars, and soon it will be reckoned in tens of dollars. The real meaning of the nonrenewability of an energy resource, then, is not that oil will become totally depleted but that it will become too costly to produce. We will exhaust not our oil but our ability to pay for acquiring it. As in a thoroughly harvested crop of mushrooms, some oil will still remain in the ground after the cost of bringing it to the surface has become prohibitive.

The exponential rise in the cost of a particular resource usually leads to the utilization of a less costly substitute. That is what happened, for example, when the United States depleted the vast herds of buffalo in the Great Plains, which had been an important resource. In that case, the escalation in price occurred toward the end of the nineteenth century, when the big buffalo herds were wiped out and the remaining animals became increasingly difficult to find: the cost of buffalo robes increased exponentially. At a certain point, they priced themselves out

of the market, and other goods took their place. Although as a genus buffalo are an irreplaceable resource, as a source of food and clothing they are replaceable. The exponentially more costly process of killing them was brought to a halt simply by substituting other sources of food and apparel, which, incidentally, saved the genus from extinction.

Energy is different: there is no substitute for it. Work, whether it is provided by fuel-fed machines, by wind or water, by beasts of burden, or by people, must be done in every production process, and work is generated only by a flow of energy. There is no way to avoid this thermodynamic imperative. The labor of people or animals can substitute for inanimate forms of energy, but only in certain production processes. (The possibility of flying from New York to Rome in a vehicle powered by human or animal labor is essentially nonexistent.) Practically speaking, then, unless we are willing to forgo most of the advantages of modern industrial and agricultural production and transportation we must use some nonliving sources of energy. Unlike the buffalo, such sources of energy cannot be replaced in the economy as their prices escalate. And as long as we continue to depend on nonrenewable forms of energy the interactive process that exponentially increases their price will persist.

This conclusion flies in the face of conventional wisdom, which puts the blame for the rapid rise in energy prices on the Arab nations (or, alternatively, on Israel, for opposing them). The usual explanation for the rising price of oil is that, angered by American and European support of Israel in the war with Egypt and Syria in October of 1973, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, led by the Arab nations, cut oil production, inducing a worldwide shortage, which enabled the cartel to raise the price from three dollars and one cent a bar-

rel in the fall of 1973 to eleven dollars and sixty-five cents on January 1, 1974—an increase of almost three hundred per cent per barrel in less than three months. But although the price rise did take place, the facts that led to it are quite different. John M. Blair, in his detailed 1976 study “The Control of Oil,” wrote:

In reality, the embargo occasioned only limited and temporary dislocations.... There was no shortage of OPEC production in 1973. Indeed, in the period of the embargo—the fourth quarter of 1973—OPEC output turned out to be virtually the same as in the corresponding quarter of the following year, by which time the concern of OPEC (and the majors) had shifted to a potential surplus.

In fact, the real cause of the increased oil price lies in the United States, not in the Arab nations. In 1973, the Arab oil ministers were well aware that OPEC’s largest customer, the United States oil companies, had announced in the National Petroleum Council report published that same year that the price of American oil, which had been declining steadily (in uninflated dollars) for almost twenty-five years, would need to begin rising along an exponential curve. The OPEC oil ministers’ response followed the normal business practice—which many of them, like their American colleagues, had presumably learned at the Harvard Business School—that goods ought to be priced at what the market will bear. Clearly, if the companies that produce domestic oil were going to raise their prices, it made sense for OPEC to do the same. The Arab-Israeli war in October of 1973 only provided a convenient excuse. Then, in 1974, to help matters along, the United States oil companies also increased their rate of profit from eleven per cent on net worth over the years 1963 to 1972 to nineteen per cent in 1974, thus raising the projected price even higher. The actual price of American oil has in fact exceeded the predicted prices: for 1978, the National Petroleum Council report, published five years earlier, had projected an average domestic oil price, in current dollars, of seven dollars and ninety cents a barrel, and in June of 1978 (at a twenty-per-cent rate of profit) the actual price was nine dollars and five cents. It seems that well in advance of the embargo the United States oil companies were able to some degree to predict—or perhaps determine—how fast the price of domestic oil would rise. Thus, contrary to the conventional wisdom, the escalating price of energy, which is the only real evidence of an energy crisis, originates





not with the greed or hostility of Arab sheikhs but with a more fundamental force—the inevitable economic impact of the depletion of oil in the United States (abetted, to be sure, by the oil companies' deliberate increase in their rate of profit).

Because energy is used in producing all goods and services, any rise in its price drives up the cost of everything else. When the price of energy began to escalate in 1973, wholesale commodity prices soon followed. Before 1973, commodity prices had been inflating at the modest rate of about two per cent a year. After 1973, they took off: they went into double-digit figures in 1974, and after declining for a few years they are again running at a rate of about ten per cent. And consumer prices have not been far behind. The rising price of energy has been the driving force behind the rapid rate of inflation, which is now regarded as the most serious problem facing the United States. A reporter for the *Wall Street Journal* noted in April of 1977, when it was still possible to be somewhat lighthearted about the inflation problem:

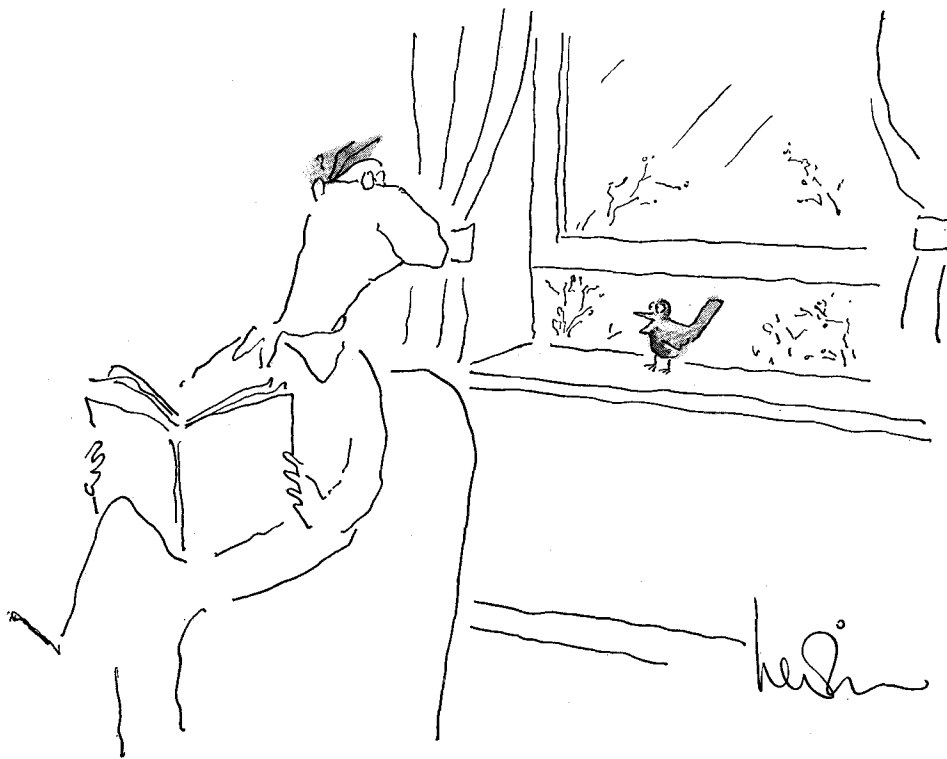
It's spring, a time for raising things—including prices. . . . There are more important factors than the season, of course. The most important are strength-

ening demand for many industrial products as the economy quickens, and a continued rise in production costs, particularly for energy and petroleum-derived feedstocks.

Inflation is a notorious evil: it reduces purchasing power, lowers the demand for goods, depresses production, and so leads to unemployment, and efforts to correct it are likely to cause an economic recession. But when inflation is driven by the rising price of energy this bad situation becomes much worse. The prices of goods that are especially dependent on energy are, of course, hit hardest by the rising price of energy, and, unfortunately, these energy-intensive goods include the three basic necessities of life: housing (which depends on the cost of fuel and electricity), clothing (much of which is now made from petroleum-based synthetic fibres), and food (which now depends heavily on fertilizers and pesticides, made from petroleum and natural gas). Any rise in their prices obviously puts a particularly heavy burden on poor families. According to a Federal Energy Administration analysis of 1975 consumer expenditures, families with annual incomes of less than eighteen hundred dollars spent about a quarter of their pre-tax income on energy purchases, while families with an-

nual incomes of more than twenty-two thousand dollars spent only six per cent of their income in that way. If the price of energy should increase only a third beyond present levels—a much smaller rise than is expected in the next five years—without a corresponding increase in income the living standards of the poorest group of families would be reduced by more than eight per cent. When energy prices increase, everyone's standard of living declines, but the poor suffer most.

The rising price of energy has another particularly bad effect on the economy: it tends to hamper new industrial investments. When an entrepreneur invests in a new factory, he has to be able to predict reliably the long-term cost of the necessary production factors, including energy. This is how the rate of return on the investment is computed—the “bottom line” that determines whether or not an investment will be made. Since 1973, the price of energy has been rising at a rate unprecedented in the history of this country. Between 1964 and 1973, it increased at an average rate of three and seven-tenths per cent a year; between 1973 and 1977, it increased at an average rate of twenty-two and a half per cent a year. For the entrepreneur, the fundamental problem is



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not the actual high cost of energy, for in most cases he can pass that along (and sometimes a little more) to the consumer. What the entrepreneur cannot readily cope with is the high rate of increase in energy costs, for this sharply increases the uncertainty of all future prices. Between 1950 and 1970, when energy prices were stable, the entrepreneur could count on an accurate forecast of future energy prices in predicting the operating costs of a new enterprise. Now that energy prices are rising so rapidly, future prices are very uncertain, and the risk that a new investment depending on them may fail is greater. Such uncertainties contribute to the present slow rate of investment—which means that plants are not built and job opportunities are lost.

Another link between energy and the economy is provided by capital, which plays a major role in the economy—is, in fact, the basic prerequisite for the initiation of new productive activities. There have been frequent complaints from the business community that the present weakness of the economy is due in large part to the lag in new capital investment. Such a lag is an ominous sign, for a slow rate of investment in enterprises today means a slower rate of growth in productivity—and fewer job opportunities—tomorrow. Both the availability of capital and the willingness of investors to risk it in new productive enterprises

are essential to the economy's health.

There is a close connection between the flow of capital and energy. Energy production is extraordinarily capital-intensive; that is, it demands much more capital relative to the economic value of its output than most other productive enterprises do. As a result, the energy industry is particularly vulnerable whenever raising investment capital becomes difficult. This has often occurred in recent years, and has been partly responsible for the abandonment or delay of energy projects that are especially capital-intensive, such as nuclear power plants and synthetic-oil and shale-oil projects.

The opposite connection is also important: the ways in which we now produce and use energy strongly influence the general availability of capital and, therefore, the rate of new investment, which depends on it. This is another consequence of the exponential relationship that governs the exploitation of a nonrenewable resource such as oil. As the resource is exploited and the oil fields that remain are deeper, smaller, and less accessible, more and larger drilling equipment and well installations are needed. This means a larger investment of capital per unit of oil produced. According to a study published by the Bankers Trust Company in May of last year, even with a projected twenty-per-cent decrease in the annual production of natural gas and only a slight increase in the annual

production of petroleum between 1976 and 1982, the domestic capital requirements of the oil and natural-gas industry in the United States over the same years are expected to increase by twenty-three per cent (in 1976 dollars). This agrees with an earlier study, conducted by the Federal Energy Administration, which predicted that the productivity of capital investment in domestic oil production (that is, the amount of oil produced per dollar invested) would fall by seventy per cent between 1974 and 1988.

Various ways of producing energy differ considerably in their capital productivity. The most recent analysis of this problem by the American Gas Association, which represents more than three hundred natural-gas-transmission-and-distribution companies, shows, for example, that to provide an additional quadrillion B.T.U.s—or one quad—of energy per year to residential and commercial users, an electric-power-plant system would require an investment about twice that required for a system based on natural gas, and that when it comes to industrial use there is about a three-to-one disparity between the capital required by the two types of energy system. The use of coal in industry is considerably more capital-intensive than the use of natural gas. The production of synthetic oil or natural gas from coal or shale oil is also particularly capital-intensive.

In sum, many of the harmful consequences of the nonrenewability of the energy sources on which we now depend are economic. The progressive depletion of the supplies of these energy sources results in an exponential rise in the cost of producing them, and therefore in their price. In turn, the rising price of energy intensifies inflation; reduces the standard of living, and that of the poor more than that of others; hinders new industrial investments and aggravates unemployment; and intensifies the shortage of capital. The end result is a serious threat of an economic depression. And an energy policy that relies on higher energy prices to govern its use and that emphasizes capital-intensive ways of producing such energy as coal (compared to oil or natural gas) and electricity, particularly from nuclear power plants (compared to the direct burning of oil and natural gas), will worsen these economic problems.

The National Energy Plan that President Carter offered to the nation back in April of 1977 proposed just such a policy. The plan, submitted to Congress two days after the President's address to the nation, was designed to

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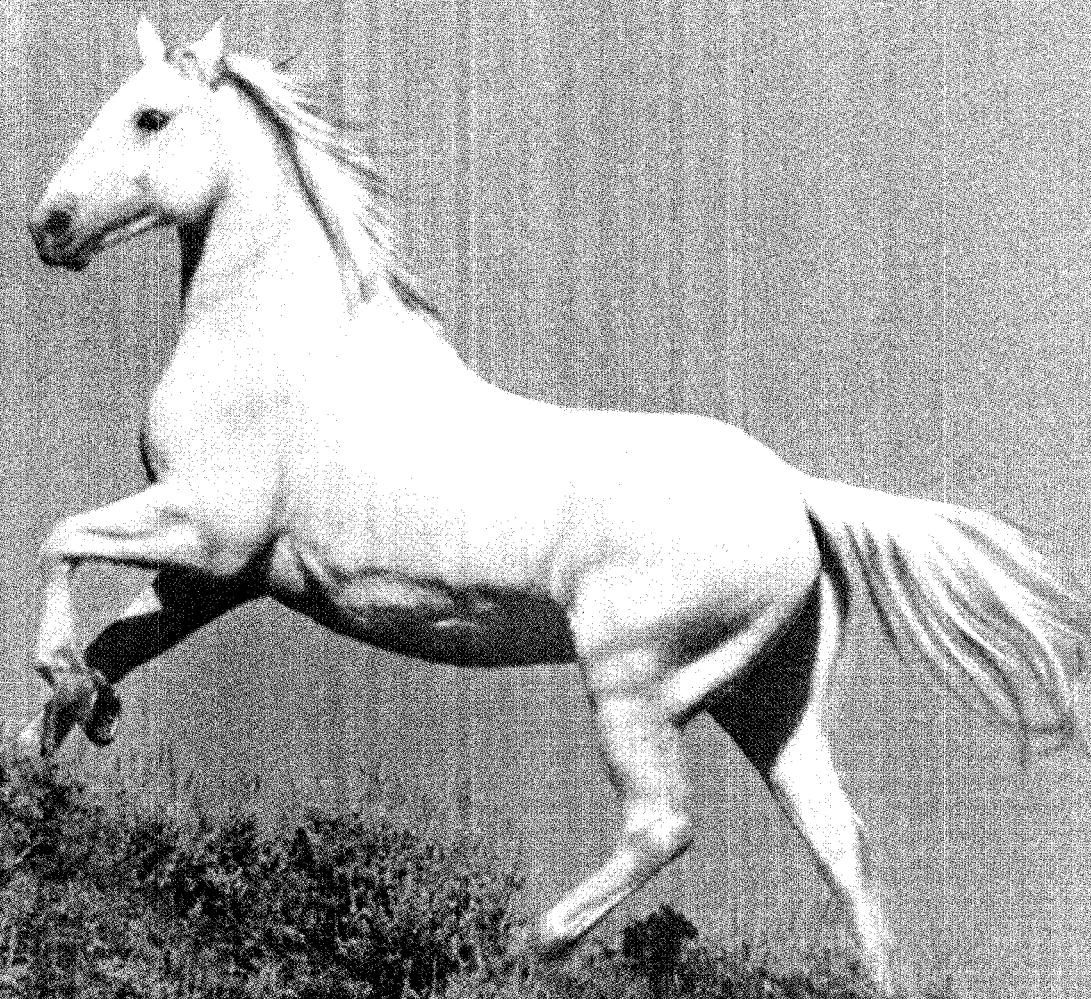
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raise domestic energy prices to match the highest-priced source—the world price of oil—and to keep them pegged to that price as it continued to rise. The plan proposed to counteract the regressive effect of higher energy prices on the poor by means of a system of rebates that would return the extra cost to consumers. But no such maneuver could obscure the fact that sharply rising energy prices would spread through the economy and aggravate inflation. The inflated prices of life's necessities, being undiminished by rebates, would still burden the poor; the uncertainty of future energy prices would hinder new investment, and industry would be less capable of creating new job opportunities; young people who might fill such new jobs—from twenty to forty per cent of them now unemployed—would be disappointed in that hope. The plan also placed a heavy and unproductive drain on available capital. It mandated a sharp shift from those forms of energy which are less demanding of capital to those which are more demanding. The plan also required factories to shift from the burning of oil and gas to the burning of coal. The plan itself included an estimate that this shift alone would consume at least forty-five billion dollars—a huge investment that would yield no economic return to the industries and at the same time would prevent them from making more productive investments. Moreover, by increasing the availability of electricity (relative to the direct use of fuel), the plan would encourage those industries which are power-intensive—and which are therefore likely to use electric power to replace people, thus increasing technological unemployment. In sum, the National Energy Plan would aggravate rather than relieve the effects of the energy crisis: inflation, unemployment, lagging investment, and the threat of economic depression.

It might be argued that all these economic difficulties are the unavoidable cost of solving the energy crisis. This would be true if, as the Administration has held, the answer to the crisis were conservation, and the price of energy had to be increased in order to encourage conservation. However, the Administration's hypothesis is based on a misapprehension of the fundamental cause of the energy crisis. The crisis results from our reliance on fuels that are nonrenewable and are therefore certain to increase in price exponentially as long as we continue to produce them. To resolve the energy crisis, the cost of producing energy

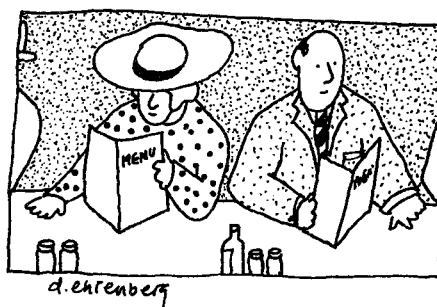
must be stabilized, and the only way to stabilize it is to switch from nonrenewable energy sources to renewable ones. The use of solar energy, for example, would eliminate the interaction that drives the cost of a nonrenewable source exponentially upward. No matter how much solar energy is used on earth, the amount that emanates from the sun is not affected. When solar energy is used to grow a corn crop this year, the amount of sunlight available for future crops remains constant. Thus, the difficulty—and, consequently, the cost—of acquiring energy from a renewable source, such as the sun, does not change as the energy is used (except, perhaps, to decline as devices for acquiring and using it are improved). Unlike the graph relating the cost of producing a unit of nonrenewable energy to the cumulative amount produced, with its ever-steeper upward curve, the graph for a renewable source is a horizontal or a gradually falling line. If the energy crisis is to be solved, we must shift from the rising curve to the straight line; we must undertake the transition from nonrenewable energy sources to renewable ones. This the National Energy Plan failed to do, and by its failure it threatens to aggravate the energy crisis rather than resolve it.

THE political sleight of hand that replaced what President Carter has called the National Energy Plan's "cornerstone" (conservation) with a "centerpiece" (natural-gas deregulation) is a particularly dramatic example of the confusion that has been the most consistent feature of the energy debate. The confusion has been pervasive, affecting not only the Administration's arguments but in some degree its opponents' as well. The battle over deregulating the price of natural gas, which determined the legislative fate of the plan, reflects this confusion. Senator James Abourezk, of South Dakota, and Senator Howard Metzenbaum, of Ohio, opposed deregulation on the ground that it would accelerate the rising price of energy and add to the economic burden on consumers—especially the poor. Although this view is well justified by the facts, it

does not tell us how to meet the need for natural gas, and meeting this need is just as important to the nation as a stable price. Because natural gas is nonrenewable, the cost of producing it, and therefore its price, rises exponentially with continued production. Although profiteering inevitably makes matters worse, as long as consumers must rely on nonrenewable fuels such as natural gas they face endless escalation in energy prices. Simply opposing deregulation offers no means of breaking this link between price and production. The same is true of energy conservation: it can reduce demand, and thus delay the price rise, but, again, the link remains, and the exponential rise in the price of energy continues.

The only way to solve the problem is to shift to sources of energy that we can keep on producing without forcing the cost of production upward. This is the issue that lies at the heart of the energy crisis, but none of the chief participants in the congressional debate on the National Energy Plan seemed willing to face it. At the same time, quite apart from the debate on the plan, Congress was in fact considering the two existing sources of energy that are renewable and could—in principle, at least—solve rather than delay the energy crisis: solar energy and breeder-supported nuclear power. But, curiously, the discussions avoided the crucial role that these energy sources might play in resolving the crisis. In the topsy-turvy energy debate, the peripheral issues (price regulation, conservation) were propounded as though they were the heart of the matter, while the truly central issue—the shift to renewable energy sources—remained separate, largely unconnected with the debate on the plan.

The discussion of the relative merits of solar and nuclear energy was also inverted. Solar energy, the oldest inanimate energy source exploited by human society (in the form of windmills, wood, sailing vessels, and agriculture), was usually regarded by the members of Congress as an impractical, esoteric product of advanced science. Nuclear power, which is indeed the product of advanced modern science, and is certainly a complicated way to boil water (the basic function of a nuclear-power reactor is to make steam to drive an electric generator), was regarded as an unchallengeable practical reality. This conventional view is reflected in the relative roles of nuclear power and solar energy in the National Energy Plan: nuclear power is supposed to meet about one-fourth of the new demand for energy between 1976 and





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1985, and solar energy less than two per cent. But events have stubbornly contradicted this approach and, despite the plan, the immediate, practical prospects for using solar energy have brightened considerably, while those for nuclear power have, of course, dimmed. Solar energy is emerging as a potentially creative force in the economy, while nuclear power has become an economic cripple.

The events that established the eminent practicality of solar energy began without publicity, in a seemingly insignificant, routine legislative event. The occasion was one of the numerous little-noticed hearings that are conducted by legislative committees in pursuit of their special responsibilities—in this case, the battle to help small businesses hold on to their share of the American economy. On May 13, 1975, the Senate Select Committee on Small Business, chaired by Senator Gaylord Nelson, of Wisconsin, began two days of hearings on the opportunities for small business in solar-energy research and development. In opening the hearings, Senator Nelson remarked that the issue was encompassed in three questions: "Solar energy: How much can be converted to human use? How much can be provided by small business? How soon?" To which, Senator Nelson continued, the experts and government officials replied, "Not much. Not much. Not soon."

The senators heard testimony from small businessmen, energy experts, and government officials; numerous letters, publications, and reports were submitted for the record. Anyone with the time and the patience to read the more than four thousand pages of over-detailed and often self-serving testimony and related exhibits would be hard pressed to find any part of it that promised to seriously affect the course of solar-energy development in the United States. A seemingly typical routine bureaucratic exercise—under the heading "Statement of Donald B. Craven, Acting Assistant Administrator, Energy Resource Development, Federal Energy Administration, accompanied by Edwin A. Kuhn, Acting Associate Assistant Administrator for Energy Conversion, F.E.A.; and Norman Lutkefedder, Chief, Solar Energy Branch, Office of Energy Conversion, F.E.A."—is recorded on page 413 of the hearings. Craven, in a statement that he had prepared for the committee, began with the customary invocation of the national interest: "The present energy situation requires broad, decisive, and prompt government action to pre-

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vent continued erosion of our economic vitality." He continued with an evaluation of how solar energy might contribute to it: "Accelerated use of solar energy could allow a substantial savings in the nation's demand for fossil fuels by 1985." He then explained what the F.E.A. was doing about solar energy: "We are developing, implementing, and coordinating programs and policies to facilitate the accelerated utilization and widespread commercial application of proven solar-energy technologies."

At one point, Senator William D. Hathaway, of Maine, asked, "Mr. Craven, in your statement you indicated the F.E.A.'s involvement in solar activity. Could you give us an idea of the budget activity and the staff commitment for this effort?"

"I think I will have Mr. Kuhn speak to that, since he is really the supervisor of that effort," Craven said.

Kuhn then said, "Mr. Chairman, we have, in the office under Mr. Craven, two full-time professionals dealing with nothing but solar energy at this point."

In answer to the budgetary question, the F.E.A., which was absorbed by the Department of Energy in October of 1977, reported that in the fiscal year 1975 about two hundred thousand dollars was earmarked for contracts and interagency agreements having to do with research and development on solar energy. At that time, the federal budget for the development of nuclear power was about one billion dollars.

A casual reader of this record might conclude that the F.E.A. was making only a limited effort to develop solar energy. A reader better grounded in bureaucratic lore, and perhaps a bit cynical, might also conclude that the effort was just large enough to justify the inclusion of "Solar Energy Branch, Office of Energy Conversion" in the F.E.A. table of organization, as proof that the F.E.A. was doing something about solar energy. Given the size of the staff and of the budget, not much action to develop solar energy would be expected beyond, perhaps, further testimony at some future hearing.

But this time something happened. Craven's testimony triggered a chain of events which in two years produced persuasive evidence that solar energy could at once begin to resolve the energy crisis. There are in Congress some representatives and senators who appreciate the virtues of solar energy and are alert to opportunities to develop it.

One of them, Representative Richard L. Ottinger, of New York, impressed by the F.E.A.'s claim that the agency could "facilitate the accelerated utilization and widespread commercial application of proven solar-energy technologies," introduced legislation that would require the F.E.A. to draw up detailed plans to support that claim. Ottinger's effort failed to win the approval of the House. However, Senator Gary Hart, of Colorado, and Senator Charles Percy, of Illinois, succeeded in attaching a provision similar to Ottinger's to the Energy Conservation and Production Act, which was signed in August of 1976. Section 110 of the act requires that the F.E.A. "develop the policies, plans, implementation strategies, and program definitions for promoting accelerated utilization and widespread commercialization of solar energy."

Confronted with this legislative order, the F.E.A. took steps to carry it out. A Task Force on Solar Energy Commercialization was set up, and within six months it had produced several reports showing how supposedly "impractical" solar technologies could become economically successful enterprises. The most spectacular achievement was a plan for reducing the cost of what is usually regarded as one of the more difficult solar applications—the direct production of electricity from sunlight. The task force's attack on this problem marked a sharp departure from the government's typical approach to the development of energy technology. The conventional approach is device-oriented. The basic idea is to



start with some relevant physical principal—for example, that certain materials generate an electric current when they are exposed to sunlight. Then laboratory experiments are done to discover how the process is affected by various factors; in the case of light-

generated electricity, these would include the composition of the particular material, the effects of the color and the intensity of light and of temperature, and the efficiency with which light is converted into electricity. Following this "research" stage, the program would proceed to "development": small-scale devices would be built and tested to see how well their actual performance matched the theoretical expectations. Finally, in the "demonstration" stage, a full-scale device would be installed—on a government building, perhaps—and its practical performance monitored during

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"This computer center happens to be on the *Hollis Hedberg*," says Gulf Research Geophysicist John McDonald. "It's the only research vessel in the industry that has complete data processing right on board. And that makes all the difference."

"The typical oil exploration ship is equipped only to record raw data from whatever equipment it has on board to detect oil deposits under the ocean floor. Usually they



"On-board computers help you learn a lot more, a lot faster."

have seismic sounding gear, occasionally magnetometers and gravity meters. The raw data gets sent to an onshore computer center for analysis, and by the time analysis is complete, the ship could be a thousand miles away.

"By contrast, the *Hedberg* has a full complement of recording equipment, including hydrocarbon 'sniffers,' and with computers right on board, we can make a preliminary analysis immediately. If it looks good, we go back for a second look at that location.

"It could take five or six years between the time you find an oil deposit and the time you actually start drilling for oil, so any time we save in exploration puts the country that much closer to a new supply of petroleum.

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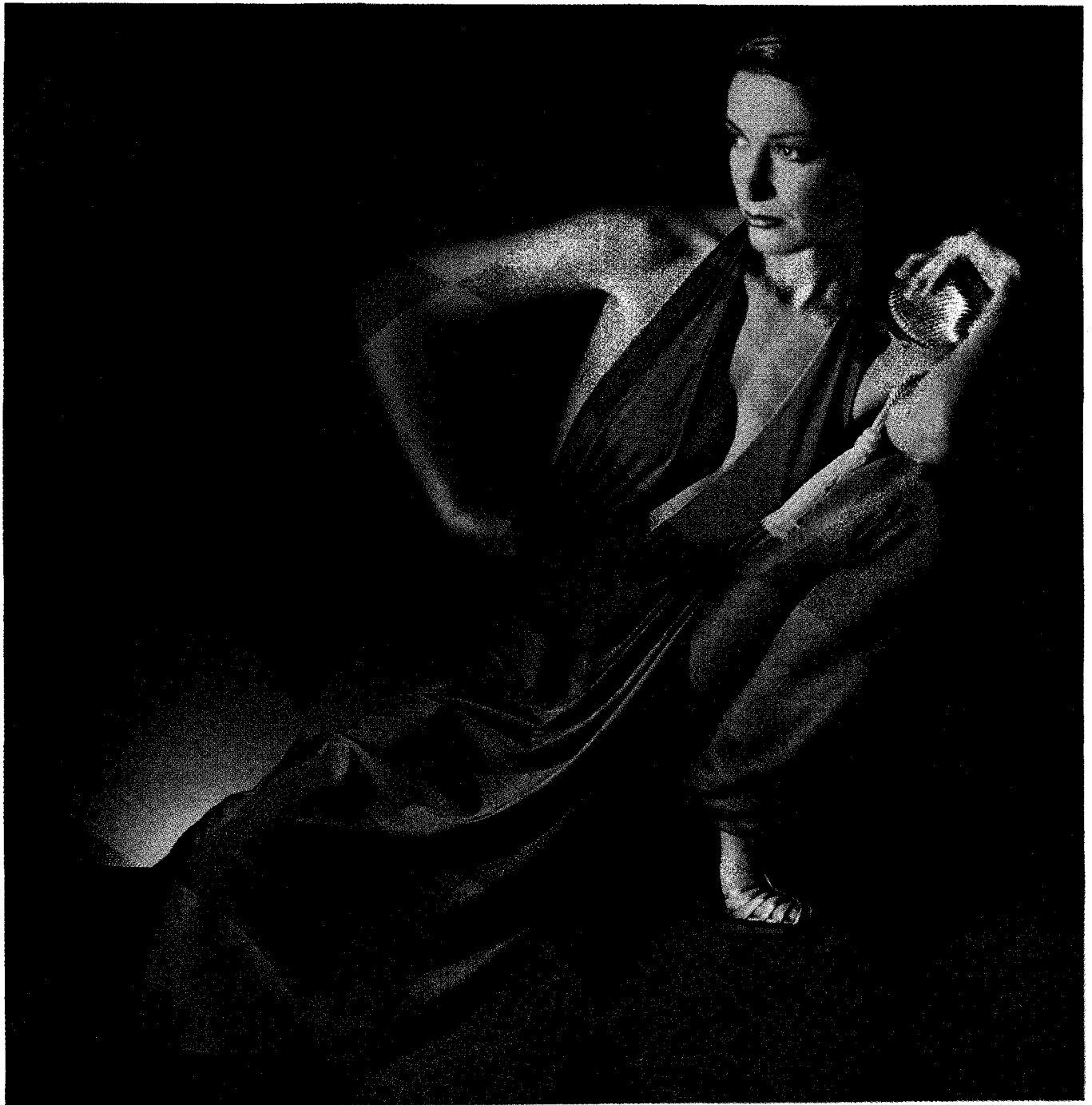


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different seasons and under different operating conditions.

In this conventional process—"R., D., and D."—economic questions are largely ignored until the end. The governing strategy is linear—scientific analysis, technological development, and demonstration proceed in that order, without consideration of how the final product might find a place in the national economy—because it reflects an assumption, now deeply ingrained in government operations, that the economic feasibility of a new device will be determined (after it has been through R., D., and D.) by the mechanics of the free market. That is, the actual production and use of a newly developed solar-electric device would depend on whether or not some entrepreneur believed that he could profitably invest in it. To yield a profit, such a device



would need to be good enough and cheap enough to compete in the existing market for electricity. At the present time, virtually all the electricity generated in the United States is produced by large central power stations fuelled by coal, oil, natural gas, or uranium, and, according to the conventional approach, the commercial success of a new photoelectric device would depend on how well it could replace these fuels in driving such central power stations. It was this sort of analysis of the practicality of solar energy that had led the government's energy experts to tell Senator Nelson, "Not much. Not much. Not soon." What was needed, according to those experts, was more research, in the hope that a "break-through" would yield a device capable of competing economically in the customary market for electric power.

The members of the new task force took a different approach. Instead of concentrating on the device, they looked at the market for electricity. They knew that a workable device for converting sunlight into electricity was already available—the photovoltaic cell. This consists of a thin, chemically treated slice of a crystal of silicon (the element that combines with oxygen to make common sand). The silicon wafer—a two-inch disc no more than a millimetre thick—is mounted on a metal base and covered with a metal grid. When light strikes the top surface of the wafer, an electric current flows between the grid and the base to what is known as the load—a motor, for instance. The device is silent and motionless; properly protected from

the weather, it can last for many years.

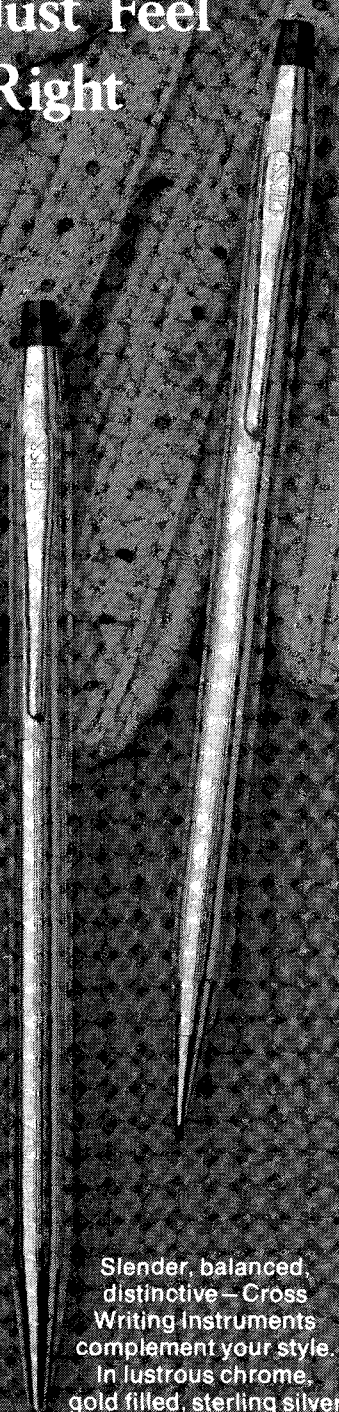
In the early nineteen-sixties, photovoltaic systems were already in small-scale commercial production, mainly for the purpose of powering space satellites. By 1976, they were available on the open market at a cost—if they were bought on a large scale—of about fifteen dollars per "peak" watt of capacity (that is, the capacity of the device for producing electricity when the sun is at its noontime height on a clear day). Providing a typical home with fifteen thousand watts of capacity—about enough to supply the power needed in the home—would cost at least two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the photovoltaic cells alone, and storage batteries would also be needed (so that power would be available at night and on cloudy days). In contrast, the capital investment needed for

conventional central power stations was five hundred to a thousand dollars per thousand watts of capacity—seventy-five hundred to fifteen thousand dollars per household. As matters stood, photovoltaic systems were hardly commercial.

The task force set out to find a way of bringing photovoltaic devices into the market despite their high price at the time. It started with the fact that the existing market for electricity is not uniform—that there are some uses for which electricity costs very much more than it does for typical domestic or industrial consumption. An extreme example is the dry cell used to operate flashlights, portable radios, and toys: it provides power at a cost of twenty to a hundred dollars, or even more, per kilowatt-hour, compared to typical residential-electricity costs of three to ten cents per kilowatt-hour. Power from a photovoltaic device, even at its price in 1976, could compete quite well with power from dry cells. Today, in fact, a digital watch powered by a photovoltaic cell instead of by a depletable battery is on the market at a price of about seventy-five dollars.

Still, only a tiny part of the national production of electricity is generated by dry cells. A more significant part of the high-cost market is the electric power that electric generators driven by gasoline or diesel engines provide for use in areas remote from power lines. Such generator sets range in size from fifteen-hundred-watt gasoline-driven devices (these are sold mainly for use in summer cottages) to diesel-driven generators with capacities of many

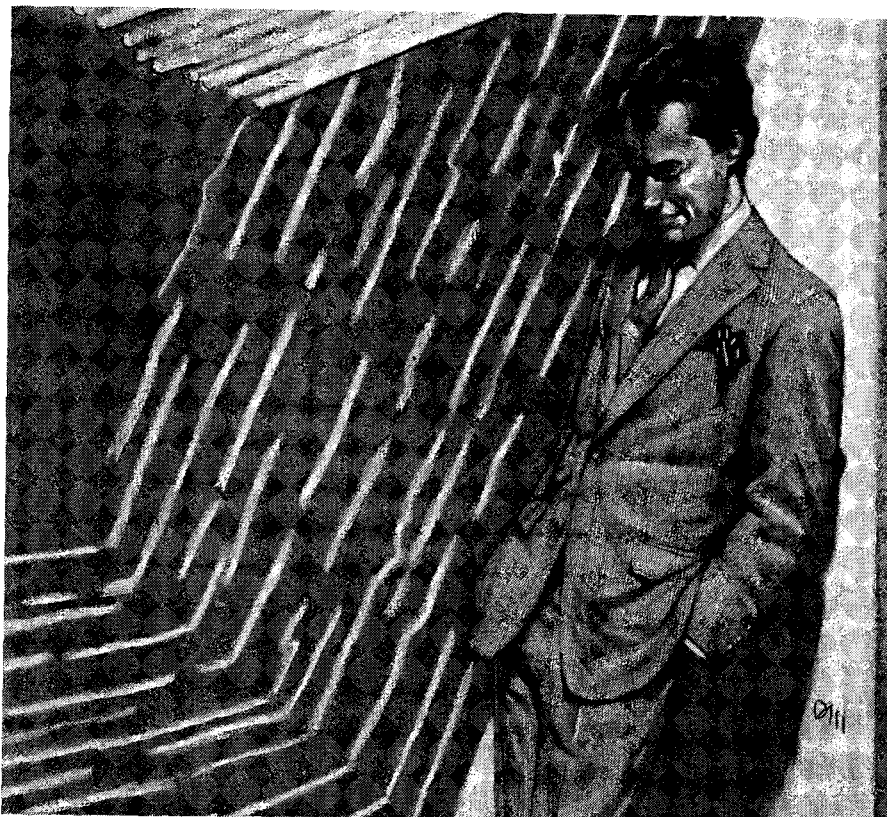
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thousands of watts. Their prices range from twenty cents to a dollar a watt, and the cost of the electricity they produce ranges from eight cents to a dollar and sixty cents per kilowatt-hour. If the cost of photovoltaic devices could be cut by about two-thirds, they could, under certain conditions, compete effectively with generator sets and enter at least this part of the market for electricity.

One way to reduce the price of a new product is to expand production enough to warrant the introduction of large-scale, efficient factory methods. The domestic market for photovoltaic cells is still so limited, however (deliveries in 1976 amounted to two hundred and seventy thousand watts), that production methods remain small-scale and relatively inefficient. Getting photovoltaic devices into the market is a bootstrap problem: because demand is too low to support an efficient scale of production, the cost of the devices is too high to be competitive; demand is too low because the cost is too high.

The task force decided to find out if a well-established administrative ploy could break this cycle: a government purchase big enough to finance enlarged, efficient production facilities, which would bring the price down and thus open markets that could absorb an expanded supply. An example of this procedure is the development in recent years of the industry that produces integrated circuits—postage-stamp-size chips containing electric circuits sufficiently elaborate to operate complex computer systems. The industrial production of such units began in the early nineteen-sixties, based exclusively on Defense Department orders for military equipment. In that year, a hundred and sixty thousand units were produced, selling at a price of about fifty dollars each. By 1968, annual production had increased to a hundred and twenty million units, each selling at about two dollars and fifty cents. At that price, integrated circuits proved to be cost-effective in many nonmilitary applications, and these soon made up more than half of the total production. This was the start of the industry that has by now produced millions of low-cost hand calculators, digital watches, and computers for regulating everything from electronic TV games to assembly lines. The expenditure of public funds created a lively new sector of the private economy.

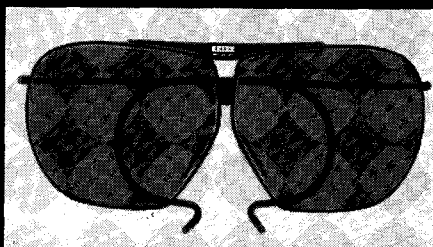
Perhaps encouraged by this example, the solar-energy task force turned its attention to the Department of Defense, and at once realized that it is one of the largest users of generator

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sets—for powering remote facilities such as radar stations, field telephones, and water-purification devices. It appeared that if the Defense Department decided to replace these units with photovoltaic systems, it might create a demand large enough to trigger a substantial expansion of the industry, thus reducing prices enough to warrant the substitution. The task force concluded an interagency agreement with the Army Mobility Equipment Research and Development Command (initially involving a transfer of some twenty thousand dollars) to analyze the potential market for photovoltaic systems. The command hired the BDM Corporation, of McLean, Virginia, to make a detailed inventory of the Defense Department's remote power-requiring installations and work out schemes for using photovoltaic cells to supply them. A survey showed that initially about one-fifth of the existing gasoline-powered generator sets could be replaced by photovoltaic units, with a total capacity of a hundred and fifty-two million watts.

The study then compared the cost of the existing generator sets and the potential photovoltaic replacements. The cost of operating a generator set was computed from the costs of fuel, routine maintenance, and major overhauls. The life-cycle cost of a photovoltaic unit was computed from its initial cost and its expected longevity, the fuel—sunlight—being free. Such comparisons showed what the break-even cost of a photovoltaic module was—the price at which a unit using such modules (a module contains anywhere from four to seventy-two photovoltaic cells) would, given certain conditions, be as economical as a conventional generator set of the same capacity. They showed, for example, that when the price of a photovoltaic module fell below ten dollars a watt the module would be more economical than a conventional fifteen-hundred-watt gasoline-driven generator set, but that in order to substitute economically for a five-thousand-watt gasoline-driven generator set, the photovoltaic module would need to cost less than three dollars and seventy cents a watt.

With this information in hand, the task force estimated the price impact of a government order for a hundred and fifty-two million watts of photovoltaic modules to be delivered over a five-year period. A year after the order was placed, photovoltaic modules

would be available at a price of two and a half to three dollars a watt; after the third year, at about a dollar a watt; and after the fifth year at about fifty cents a watt. This projected reduction of the price to one-thirtieth of the existing price was not particularly remarkable. It resembled the curve already established by the industry that produced integrated circuits.

Then the task force prepared a Federal Photovoltaic Utilization Program, for the purchase of a hundred and fifty-two million watts of photovoltaic modules over a five-year period at a total cost of about four hundred and forty million dollars (in 1975 dollars). The modules were to be used to provide solar replacements for as many as one-fifth of the Defense Department's gasoline- and

diesel-powered generator sets. The task force estimated that this investment could result in net savings of up to five hundred million dollars for the federal government over the twenty-year life of the cells.

This plan promised to do much more than save the government money. It would also trigger the creation of an industry capable of producing photovoltaic modules at a cost that could enable these devices, within a relatively short time, to invade a considerable part of the present market for electricity. A year after the start of the program, when, according to the task force's report, the price of photovoltaic modules would be down to two and a half to three dollars a watt, the modules would become economical substitutes not only for Defense Department generator sets but also for a number of remote power installations used outside the government, such as microwave-communication repeater stations and irrigation pumps. The market was estimated at eighty to a hundred million watts. And this demand would further expand the industry and improve production efficiency, and so help reduce the price even more.

After the third year of the federal purchase plan, when the price of photovoltaic modules reached about a dollar a watt, the modules would become economical as replacements for conventional street, highway, and parking-lot lighting. A good deal of the present cost of such lighting is represented by the cables that link the lights to power lines—and, of course, by the power itself. Photovoltaic units would eliminate some of these costs. During the day, the



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electricity generated by the cells would charge a storage battery housed in the base of the unit; at night, the stored power would be fed into the lamp. There is a potential market for sixty to ninety million lighting units of this type, requiring as much as a hundred billion watts of photovoltaic cells. (For comparison, a typical nuclear power plant has a capacity of a billion watts.) When photovoltaic modules were priced at a dollar a watt, solar units would also become competitive with conventional units for emergency and warning lights at airports and marine installations; for power units used to protect pipelines and well casings from corrosion; for pumps used for irrigation and similar purposes in developing countries, where power grids are lacking; for diesel-driven power generators ranging in capacity from fifteen to five hundred kilowatts. These applications represent a total market for nearly a hundred and fifty thousand million watts of photovoltaic modules per year. Even a small part of this market would sustain a considerable further expansion of the industry, and greater reductions in price.

Finally, after the fifth year of the proposed plan, with the price down to fifty cents a watt, photovoltaic units would begin to compete with conventional systems for residential power, first in the sunny Southwest and gradually nearly everywhere in the country. This would open up a market estimated at five hundred billion watts, and would thereby establish photovoltaic energy as an important source of the nation's electric power.

One of the astonishing features of the plan is that the technological improvements in the production of photovoltaic cells which are required in order to achieve these sharp reductions in cost are almost ludicrously simple. In manufacturing photovoltaic cells, sand is extensively purified and formed into a cylindrical silicon crystal two to four inches in diameter and as much as two feet long. This ingot is then sawed into wafers about half a millimetre thick. The silicon crystal is extremely hard, so the saw blade must be very strong and therefore rather thick. As a result, about half of the silicon ingot is lost as sawdust, and the wafers are thicker than they need to be. One of the big advances proposed by the manufacturers for bringing down the price of photovoltaic cells is to replace the single thick-bladed saw with one made up of five thin blades—which together are

as strong as a single thick-bladed saw. With this modification, instead of producing one wafer from each millimetre of ingot it would be possible to produce three or four thinner ones—a considerable saving of silicon, which is very expensive. Some measure of the novelty of this "breakthrough" can be gauged from the fact that a similar technique has been used in the Italian marble industry for many years.

The photovoltaic price-reduction program is a powerful answer to the common complaint that solar technologies are not now economically competitive in the conventional market for energy, and only new research breakthroughs can make them competitive. The answer was found by turning the problem around: What is to be improved is not the device but the market. The minimal entry provided by the discovery of a segment of the over-all market in which photovoltaic cells can already compete can become an economic lever that, by reducing the price of the cells, will open up new parts of the market—and so on. The process is self-propagating: once it begins, the industry expands, prices fall, and the market for conventional electricity is further invaded. This sequence of events continues automatically—once it is started by a government purchase.

It is not surprising that such outside intervention should be necessary. Private entrepreneurs are usually unwilling to risk an investment in an industry before they are reasonably certain that there is a market for its product. If the market is only a hope that depends on the successful development of new or expanded production techniques, the enterprise is too risky to compete with more conventional ones, and the investment is not likely to be made. As happened in the case of the integrated-circuit industry, the private economy can benefit considerably from innovative techniques, but only after the government—using public funds—makes the initial investment.

Despite its promise, the proposal for a federal photovoltaic-purchase plan suffered a strange fate. It might seem to be an idea whose time had come, fortuitously coinciding with the start of an Administration that had pledged, as its first major effort, to create a national program that would resolve the energy crisis. But the only reference to this opportunity in the National Energy Plan was limited:

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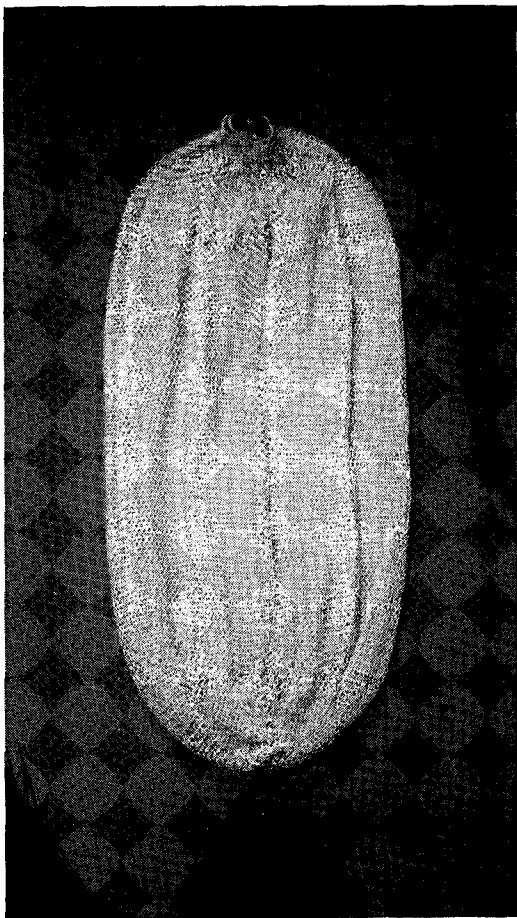
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today for certain small, decentralized applications. These systems have a potential for dramatic price reductions that would make them economical for a broader range of applications. Increased funding is proposed to accelerate the development of economic photovoltaic systems.

Nevertheless, as a result of actions in both the House and the Senate—actions that the Administration opposed—a federal photovoltaic-purchase plan has been included in the National Energy Act, which Congress passed in October of 1978. It involves ninety-eight million dollars rather than the four hundred and forty million that would have been required for the purchase of a hundred and fifty-two million watts. The smaller purchase will not do as well as the larger one in reducing the price of photovoltaic cells—it will probably bring the price of photovoltaic cells to a dollar a watt after five years instead of after three. Still, it might enable photovoltaic cells to break into the market for electric power, which is now the exclusive domain of conventional power plants, and so begin the transition to solar energy.

WIND—a flow of air displaced by the upward movement of air masses heated by the sun—is another form of solar energy which is almost ready for commercialization. Wind machines, which, in the form of windmills, were once a familiar part of the rural landscape, were largely abandoned when power from rural electric coöperatives became available, and until recently there was little interest in improving or building them. In the last few years, however, wind-machine design has been considerably improved, and an industry to produce wind-driven electric generators has been revived.

In response to its congressional mandate, the solar-energy task force commissioned the Mitre Corporation, of McLean, Virginia, to study the commercialization of wind-turbine generators. Although the Mitre report is much less detailed than the photovoltaic study, it does show how wind energy can be used at economically competitive costs, beginning almost at once. Federal expenditures of two to three billion dollars a year could result in a wind-energy program with an annual capacity of about twenty billion watts by the mid-nineteen-eighties, and about a hundred thousand million watts by the year 2000. The average capital cost would be about five hundred and twenty dollars a kilowatt—well below even the present cost of either a nu-

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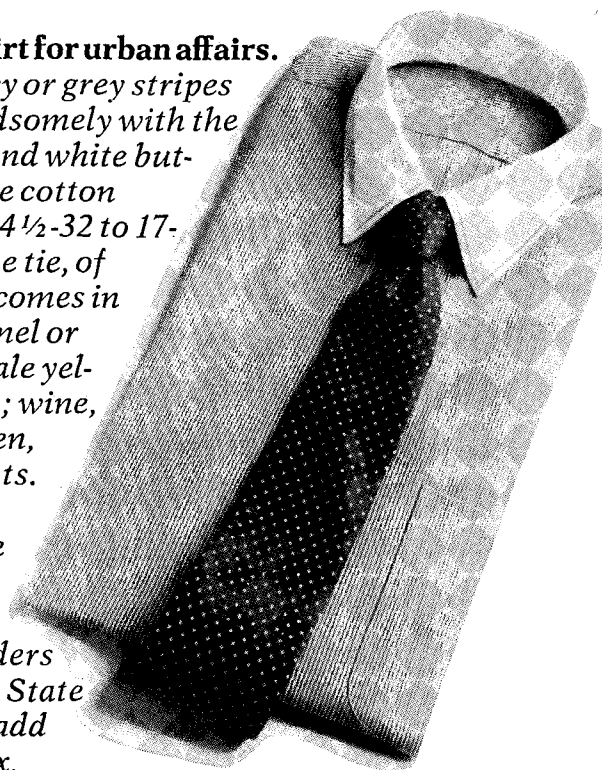
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clear or a coal-fired power plant. The program could save as much as three hundred thousand barrels of oil a day in 1985 and more than two million a day in 2000.

As in the case of photovoltaic cells, the successful commercialization of wind generators depends on their being fitted into an economically competitive niche in the present market for electricity. Although wind power does avoid the familiar objection that solar energy is not available at night or in cloudy weather, it, too, is intermittent. Therefore, a wind generator, like other solar devices, is most useful when it is linked to a storage system. Although this linkage adds to the cost of wind-powered equipment and so reduces its competitive position, there are ways around the difficulty.

One way to store energy is to use the original power source to pump water uphill; when energy is needed, the stored water is allowed to run down through a hydroelectric generator, producing electricity. This technique—pumped storage—is increasingly used by electric utilities to store excess electric power that is generated during periods when demand is low. A good way to minimize the cost of wind-generated electricity is to connect a wind machine to the transmission network of a hydroelectric plant that includes a pumped-storage system. Then, with little added expense, power can be used during windy periods to pump water up into the reservoir, adding to the conventional hydroelectric plant's reserve of power. Such installations—at, for example, the Bonneville Dam—would provide a way of producing electric power from the sun which would already be cost-effective.

Certain parts of the United States—such as the Pacific Northwest—where there are many hydroelectric installations are also rather windy. A study carried out by scientists of the Department of the Interior's Bureau of Reclamation has determined that the integration of wind-electric generators and pumped-storage systems in seventeen Western states could produce well over a hundred billion watts of electric power—an amount equal to the output of a hundred large coal- or nuclear-powered generating plants—which could be delivered at a cost competitive with the expected cost of power from such power plants that were newly built. And since the cost of the wind-generated power would remain about the same over time, while the cost of conventional power would continue to rise exponentially, the economic ad-



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Then we asked Costello one final question.

"You seem to get a million calls a day. What determines which job you take?"

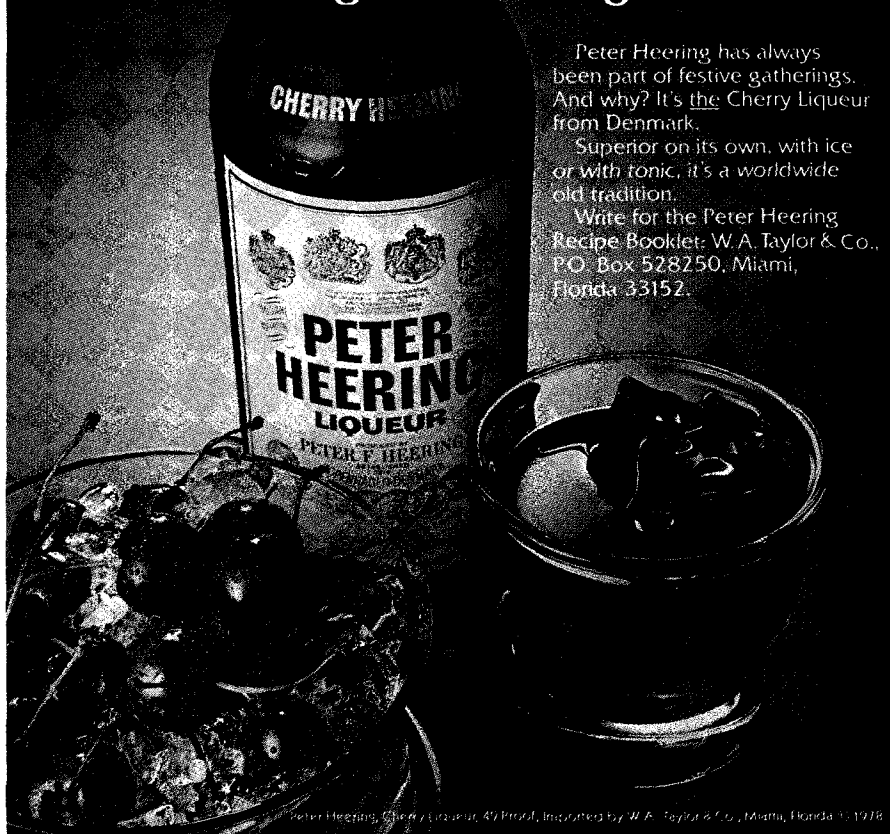
To which he replied, with an appropriately devilish grin:

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vantage of the solar source would be bound to increase.

But again government intervention is needed. The Reclamation Bureau scientists point out, "Bringing wind-power to economic maturity will require commitment of major quantities of capital in advance of expected earnings... [and] the past history of innovation suggests that the height of this capital barrier delays commercialization long past the time when it is technically competitive." Experience shows that "commitment of major quantities of capital in advance of expected earnings" can be made only with public funds. Thus, the generation of electricity from wind, as from photovoltaic cells, is both technically feasible and economically competitive. It awaits only the investment of funds that are committed to a long-term social return rather than to short-term private gain.

A THIRD form of solar energy—direct heating of water and buildings—did not require so much research to establish its commercial readiness. This had already been worked out by an early study at the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems (of which I am the director) at Washington University, in St. Louis, and by more elaborate studies commissioned by the National Science Foundation, the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, and the Energy Research and Development Administration. Here, too, the solar technology will become economically competitive only if it is properly integrated into the market—that is to say, in this case, into the present system of water and space heating and the present pattern of financing buildings. Both in existing buildings of conventional design and in new buildings designed to take advantage of solar energy, the solar source is used to maximum advantage when it is combined with the conventional one in a single system. The combined system is more economical than either one alone. When sufficient sunlight is available to balance the outside temperature, all the needed energy can be supplied by the sun. And on very cold or cloudy days, when sunlight is too weak to balance the outside temperature, the system can operate partly or entirely on conventional fuel. In the first situation, the combined system substitutes free sunlight for expensive fuel or electricity, and in the second it substitutes conventional energy for a costly expansion of the solar-powered system. In parts of the country, such a combined system is already competitive with conventional electric-re-



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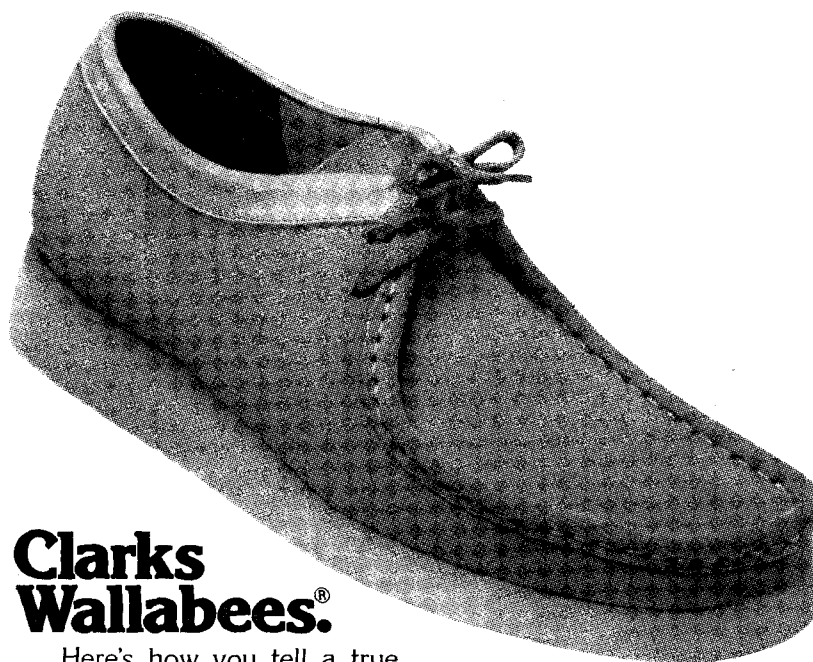
sistance heat, and as prices continue to rise it will eventually be competitive with natural-gas and fuel-oil heat.

In a conventional system, the initial cost of the equipment is relatively small—in a typical one-family home, two to four thousand dollars for a furnace and somewhat less for electric-resistance heating—but the householder then faces the relentless escalation of fuel costs into the future. In a solar-powered system, the initial cost is high—ten to fifteen thousand dollars for a home in the central United States—but the fuel is free and, apart from maintenance, there is no cost for the heat. Moreover, the fixed capital cost of the solar-powered system is usually converted into an annual cost by means of a mortgage, and so is represented by periodic fixed payments on the principal and interest.

According to a study published in November of 1976 by the Energy Research and Development Administration, such a combination of solar and electric water- and space-heating systems would today be economical (in comparison with electric-resistance systems alone) in twelve of thirteen representative American cities. (The exception is Seattle, where solar collectors cannot compete with the low cost of hydroelectric power, but then hydroelectric power is itself a renewable solar source.) A similar study prepared for the Congressional Joint Economic Committee analyzes the feasibility of introducing combined solar and conventional systems between 1976 and 1990 on a state-by-state basis, under certain conditions. The economic feasibility of residential space heating would begin in the Northern states (where conventional fuel costs and yearly heat requirements are high) and move southward with time. In 1976, it was already economically advantageous to add solar heating to an existing electric-resistance residential-heat system in twenty-six Northern and Central states. By 1985, with the continued rise in the price of conventional fuel, the area of feasibility would extend to Idaho, California, Kansas, and West Virginia; and by 1990 to Nevada, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Alabama, Kentucky, and North Carolina. It is out of the running in the state of Washington (which is poor in sunshine and rich in cheap hydroelectric power) and in such states as Louisiana, Mississippi, and Florida (which need too little heat to justify the added investment). The market for residential heating is huge, so even if it is only slightly penetrated by solar-powered systems, solar costs



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are likely to fall appreciably, improving their already significant economic advantages.

WHILE there is substantial evidence that certain forms of solar energy (heat from solar collectors, and electricity from photovoltaic cells or windmills) either now are or within a few years will be economically competitive with conventional sources of heat and power, even the most ardent supporters of solar energy have doubted whether it could soon be available economically in the other important forms—gaseous and liquid fuels. These fuels are crucial to the effective operation of a national energy system: liquid fuels are essential for airplanes and for heavy land-based vehicles, such as tractors and construction equipment, that cannot readily be electrified; gaseous fuels provide an important means of transporting energy and, by their use in cogenerators (which produce both heat and electricity), a major way of saving energy. Liquid and gaseous fuels are most readily obtained from the oldest form of solar energy—the organic matter produced photosynthetically by green plants—but, paradoxically, this is probably the form of solar energy that has been least developed.

The biological basis for this form of solar energy is, of course, well known: when plants absorb sunlight, the light-driven photosynthetic system uses part of the absorbed energy to convert carbon dioxide, water, and other inorganic substances into organic compounds. This is the origin of all natural organic matter: in the tissues of animals and plants; in their organic constituents, such as protein, fat, starch, and cellulose; in animal manure and urine. All these materials represent trapped solar energy that can be released and used—for example, by burning them. They can also be converted into more versatile fuels—for example, by distilling alcohol from grain or fruit that has been fermented by yeast, or by capturing the methane (the fuel of natural gas) that bacteria generate from manure, sewage, and garbage. When alcohol and methane are properly burned, they produce no pollutants; both can be used to run internal-combustion engines. They can be created by old and relatively simple methods. Alcohol can be made fairly efficiently in either the customary moonshiner's still or the whiskeymaker's factory. As for methane, more than four million simple generators have been built in villages in India and China to pro-

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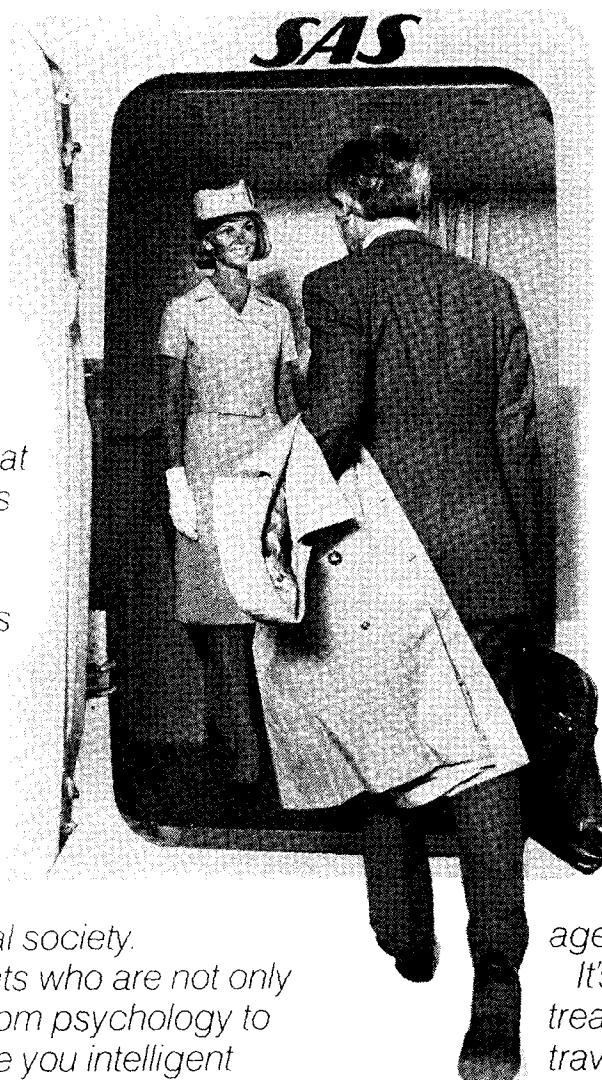
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duce that fuel from animal manure and human sewage. Such sources of solar energy are not appreciated by some energy experts. During a recent visit to China, for example, Energy Secretary Schlesinger is reported to have remarked of wooden "honey buckets," which are used to collect human excrement for methane generation, "The only way to get energy out of those things is to burn them."

American interest in these sources is recent but is developing fast. Farmers are, after all, the last of our true entrepreneurs, alert to new developments and often eager to take advantage of them. They have been painfully aware of the rising price of the fuel and the electricity they buy, and have begun to generate energy sources on their own farms, from their own products. A good example is what Archie Zeithamer has recently done. During the summer of 1978, Zeithamer began to build an alcohol plant on his five-hundred-acre dairy farm, near Alexandria, Minnesota. With the help of his family and several neighbors, he assembled the plant from two four-thousand-gallon steel tanks (bought second-hand from a company that installs underground storage tanks), concrete block, sundry pipes, three pumps, and two motors. In October, the first batch was started. Corn, grown on the farm, was ground, mixed with water, and warmed, to break up the grains (using solar energy: a wood fire); enzymes were added, to convert starch to sugar; the mixture was fermented by yeast, and yielded mash, from which the liquid was separated. When the fermented liquid had been distilled (again by the use of a wood fire), Zeithamer had about three hundred gallons of hundred-and-sixty-proof—eighty per cent—ethyl alcohol. The grain residue of the mash was fed to the dairy cows and chickens. The entire project cost sixteen thousand dollars, of which six thousand was for the building to house the equipment. Zeithamer expects to produce seventeen thousand gallons of hundred-and-sixty-proof alcohol a year, which at current prices would sell for about twenty thousand dollars—a remarkably good return on his investment. About half of the plant's output will be used on the farm to operate tractors and other farm vehicles. Zeithamer held an open house a few days after the first batch was started, and fifteen hundred peo-

ple toured the plant; since then twenty-five hundred more have done so. He is now helping some of them develop their own alcohol operations.

Near Rice Lake, Wisconsin, another dairy farmer, Leonard Schieffer, is producing methane from manure. Manure from the dairy barn is transferred to a culvert pipe (of the sort ordinarily used to carry a small stream under a road) forty-eight feet long and twelve feet in diameter, sealed at both ends. As bacterial action generates methane, the gas is conducted from the top of the culvert pipe into a storage chamber that Schieffer made by placing a large sheet of plastic over a pond. Later, the gas is purified by being passed through chemical cannisters, and then it is stored in a pressurized tank. Schieffer uses the methane to drive a generator, which supplies both the farmhouse and the dairy barn with part of their electricity.

In Drury, Missouri, Ted Landers is producing methane from spoiled hay and other agricultural waste products, and is negotiating with his local rural electric cooperative to use it to drive a power generator that will help meet the cooperative's peak demand for electricity. Throughout the Midwest, farmers are considering the large-scale production of alcohol, usually from grain, to be marketed as the gasoline-alcohol mixture (usually ten per cent ethyl alcohol) known as gasohol. In Colorado, alcohol plants with a total output of nearly twenty-five million gallons a year are being planned. In Illinois, more than seventy outlets are already selling gasohol. In Nebraska, a test with state-owned vehicles has shown that gasohol yields an average of five per cent better mileage than pure gasoline. (Users also report that gasohol relieves some of the engine-performance problems encountered with the new, unleaded gasolines.) In some states, new laws exempt gasohol from fuel excise taxes.



These activities have been encouraged by reports from Brazil, where alcohol production from agricultural products (chiefly sugarcane) is well advanced. The average alcohol content of that nation's total gasoline supply is already eight per cent. It is expected to rise to twenty per cent by 1980, and Brazil eventually intends to use only alcohol to operate automotive vehicles. The use of alcohol in turbines to produce electricity in rural areas is

being tested. Nearly two hundred alcohol plants are now being built in Brazil.

The production of fuels from animal and vegetable matter is usually regarded as being of more interest to farmers than to the nation as a whole, on the ground that it is not likely to add significantly to the huge amount of gasoline, diesel fuel, and jet fuel needed to run the American transportation system. There might well appear to be some justification for this pessimism about the amount of solar fuels that can be produced from the animal and vegetable matter—the biomass—produced in the United States. Most of the land capable of supporting plants is already used for agriculture or forestry, and at first glance it seems likely that any appreciable production of energy from these sources would interfere with the essential production of food, fibre, and lumber. As a result, most estimates of the availability of solar energy from biomass have assumed that only waste materials—manure, sewage, garbage, and agricultural, forestry, and cannery wastes—could be used; and only relatively small amounts of alcohol and methane could be produced from these sources of biomass. Thus, one of the more optimistic assessments of the future of solar energy—a report issued last April by the Council on Environmental Quality, which, among other things, assesses energy research and development for the President—estimates that biomass sources might yield three to five quads of energy in the year 2000 and five to ten quads in 2020. These figures do not compare very well with the present American consumption of natural gas (twenty quads a year) and of liquid fuels for transportation (seventeen quads). Although conservation measures might cut these requirements in half, a three-to-five-quad output of fuels from biomass would still fall well short of the need.

If waste biomass is insufficient to produce enough solar fuel, we would need to turn to agricultural crops and timber. But then, it is argued, energy production would reduce food, fibre, and lumber production. The total energy content of the grain and hay used to produce livestock in the United States is only about seven quads (this is the 1974 figure), and might be expanded to eight quads if idle land and land devoted to cover crops should be added to the crop acreage. But since all those crops are now used to produce livestock, it is difficult to see how even a few quads of energy could be pro-



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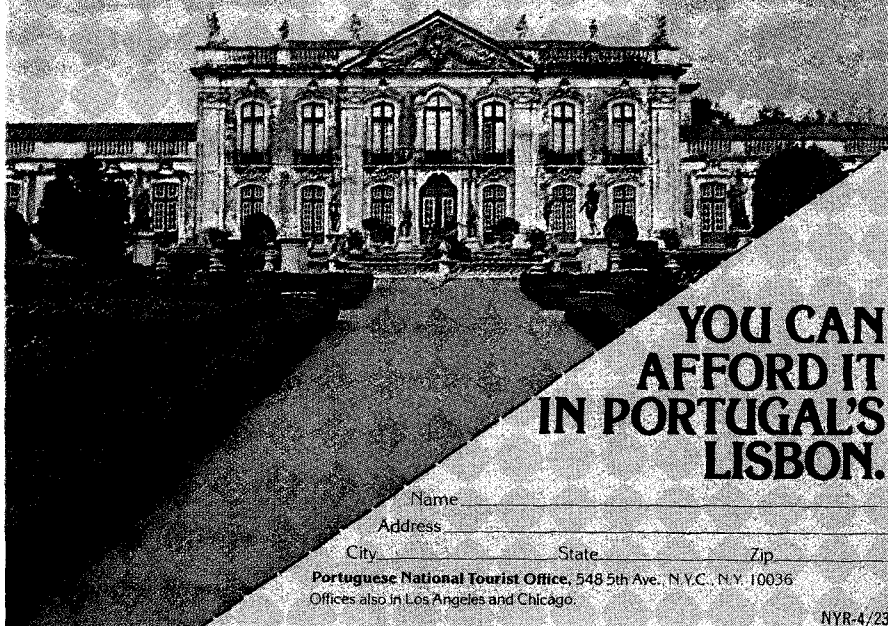
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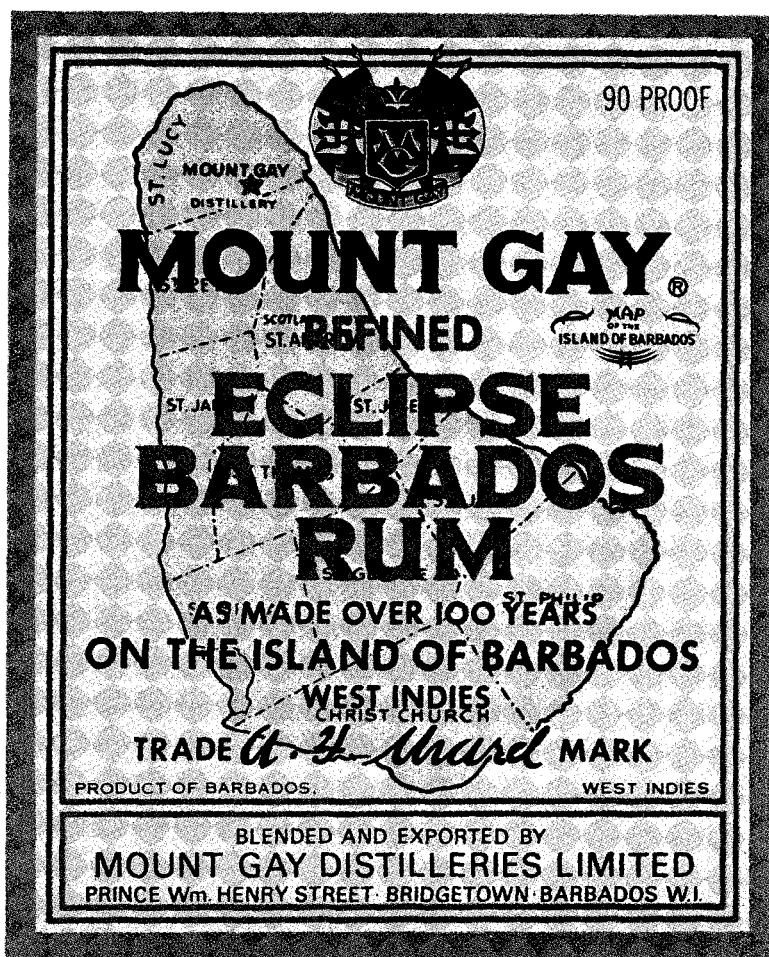
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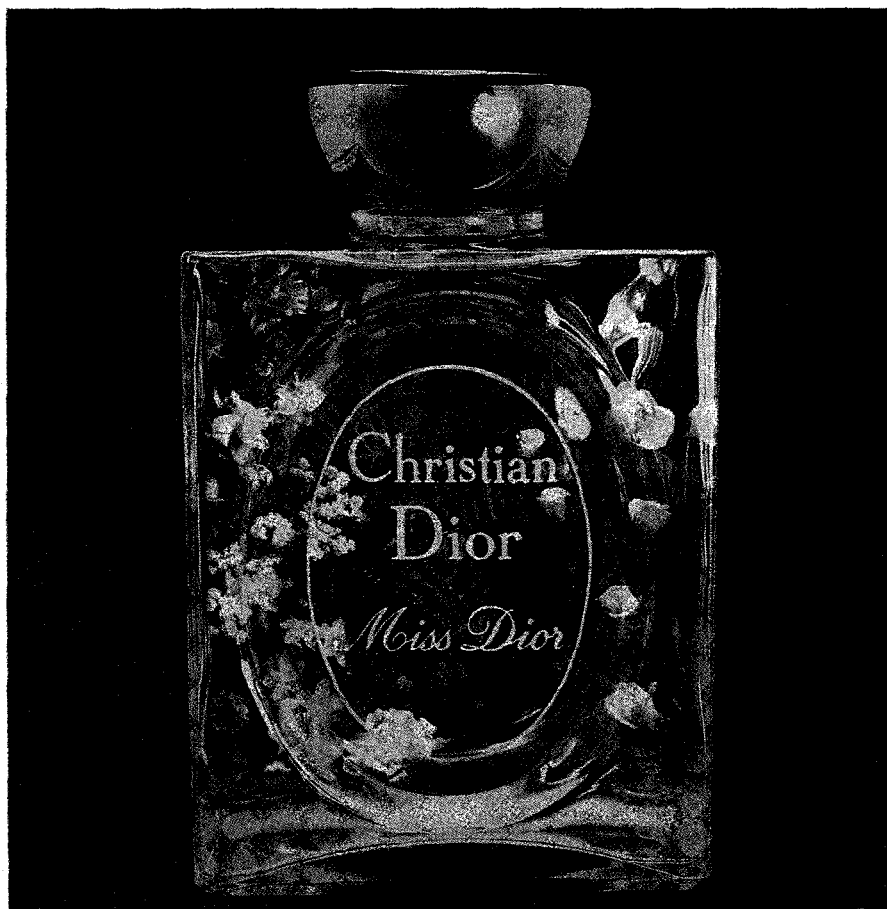


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duced from them without cutting sharply into food production.

Agriculture, however, is inherently more flexible than one would expect from its present uniformity. In a state such as Illinois, corn and soybeans are the two most important cash crops. Corn and, to a lesser extent, soybeans are used to raise livestock. But in the eighteenth century in areas such as western Pennsylvania, where poor roads made it difficult for farmers to bring excess grain to Eastern markets, they turned to an equally marketable but more easily transported product—whiskey. (It was the effort of the federal government to tax the whiskey, which the farmers regarded as the rightful product of the form of agricultural husbandry mandated by their geographical situation, that led to the Whiskey Rebellion in 1794 and, later, to moonshining.) In those days, the whiskeymakers' "slop"—the wet residue of grain that remained after fermentation—was customarily fed to hogs raised for local consumption. In modern whiskeymaking, the grain residue is dried and sold as a livestock feed—distillers' dried grain. This is a particularly valuable feed, being richer in protein than the original grain, in part because of the yeast that grows in the mash as it produces alcohol. Thus, quite apart from the value of its obvious product, fermentation improves the nutritional value of grain. Sugar beets can be used in the same way; they produce even more alcohol than the same weight of corn, and again the residue is a protein-rich livestock feed.

A recent investigation of these options by a group at the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems has produced what looks like a conjurer's trick: The acreage that annually yields grain and hay with a total energy content of seven quads per year, which is now converted into livestock, can be made to produce the same amount of livestock plus eight quads of solar fuel. In this scheme, the present acreage in grain-and-livestock agriculture, expanded by fifteen per cent to include idle land and land devoted to cover crops, would be used to plant a rotation of corn, sugar beets, and hay. Most of the corn and sugar-beet crop would be fermented to produce alcohol, and the residue would be fed to the livestock, together with some hay. This arrangement would provide nourishment for the same amount of livestock which is now produced conventionally, and at the same time yield four quads of alcohol—which in the form of gasohol would replace about six quads of gaso-

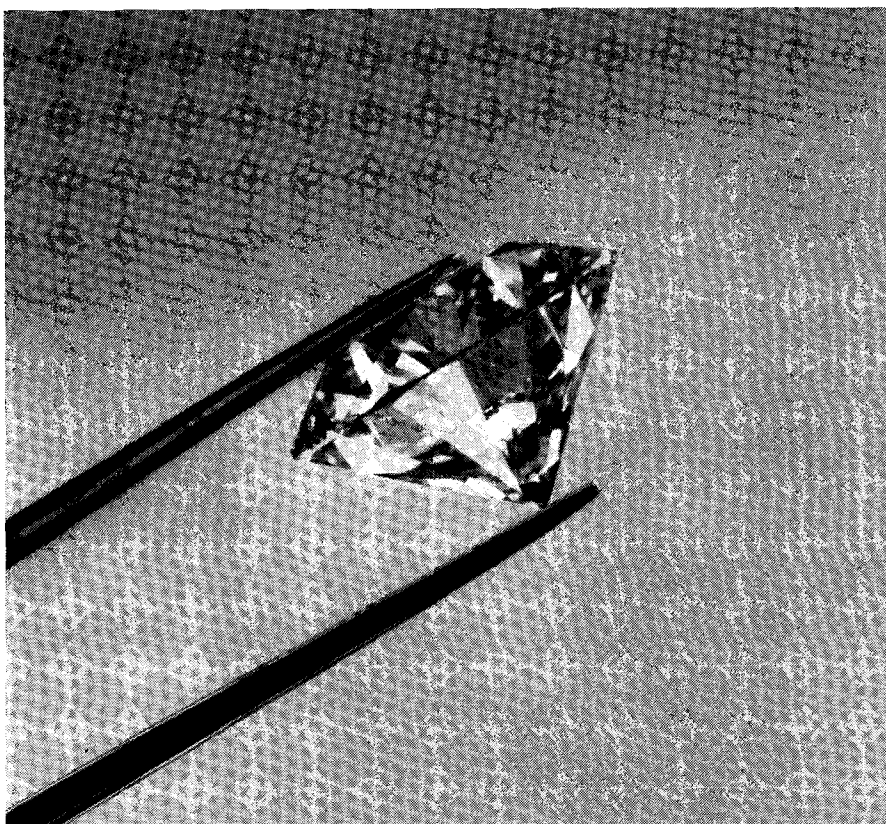


A melody of blossoms in every scintuous drop.

line. The livestock manure and part of the hay crop would be used to produce methane, yielding about three quads of it. Finally, the residue from the methane production would be returned to the land as fertilizer.

This result is not as surprising as it may seem. The present grain-and-livestock agricultural system was designed to produce livestock efficiently, but now that there is reason to do so it should be possible to produce both food and energy by making full use of the inherent flexibility of agriculture. The task would be far more complex than this brief exposition suggests. Nevertheless, it seems possible eventually for agriculture to contribute eight to ten quads of alcohol and methane to the national energy budget. Two to three quads of additional methane could probably be produced from urban garbage and sewage and food-processing wastes. This leaves us with a considerable shortage of methane, which would need to be made up by the deliberate production of additional organic matter for that purpose. The most promising source is ocean-grown seaweed. According to one recent study, by Dr. Howard A. Wilcox, a scientist at the Naval Ocean Systems Center, in San Diego, ten to perhaps as many as twenty quads of methane could in time be produced from kelp grown in the waters off the Pacific Coast. If such a new source of methane can indeed be realized, it appears that we need not be severely pessimistic about the availability of solar fuels from biomass. And if sufficient methane cannot be produced from biomass, then hydrogen (produced from solar electricity) could be added to it.

In a sense, alcohol production has already passed the first test of commercialization: the willingness of entrepreneurs to risk investing in it. It can be argued, however, that they are likely to lose money, since grain alcohol, which now sells at a dollar and twenty to a dollar and forty cents a gallon, is unlikely to replace gasoline, which now sells at half that price. But most of the present distilleries are inefficient ones. With new, energy-efficient distillery designs (some of which use solar energy to distill the alcohol) and the effective marketing of by-product feed, the price of biomass alcohol is expected to fall to about a dollar a gallon. A fuel dealer who buys alcohol at a dollar a gallon can produce a gasohol mixture that can be sold at a price competitive with the present price of regular unleaded or premium unleaded gasoline. Premium unleaded gasoline costs



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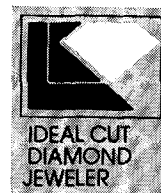
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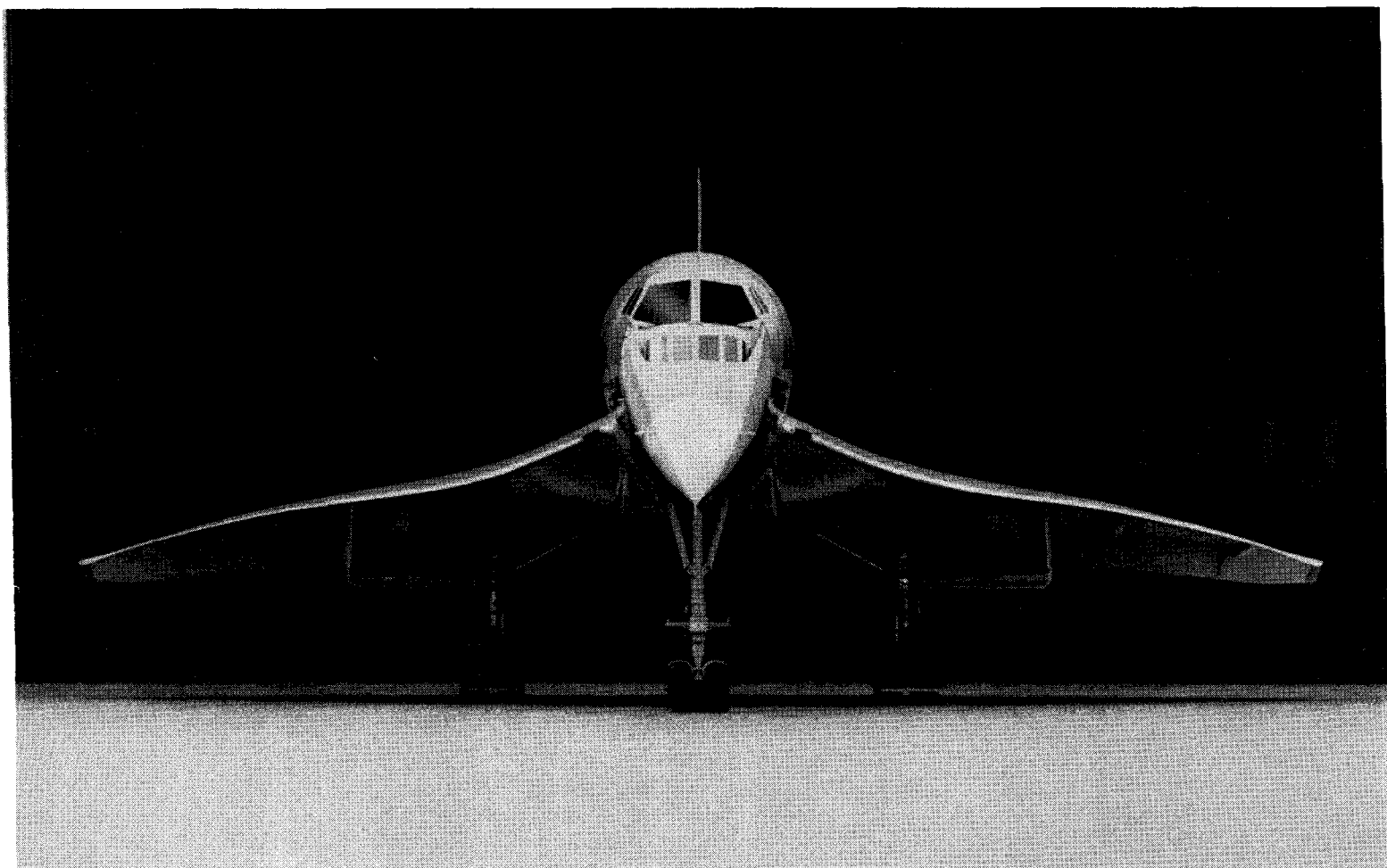
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the dealer about fifty-three cents a gallon, but he can make a gasoline mixture of equal octane value by mixing nine parts of regular unleaded gasoline (which costs him fifty cents a gallon) with one part of one-dollar alcohol. This brings the dealer's cost of the mixture to about fifty-five cents a gallon. The recently enacted Federal Energy Act provides for a four-cent-a-gallon tax credit on each gallon of gasohol. Thus, the dealer's actual cost of the mixture is fifty-one cents a gallon. In those states that have exempted gasohol from the gasoline excise tax, the dealer's cost is reduced by four or five cents more a gallon. Finally, the OPEC action to raise 1979 oil prices, added to the price rises already mandated by federal policy, will increase gasoline prices by at least fourteen cents a gallon and bring gasohol well beyond the point of competing successfully with gasoline. And since the price of all nonrenewable fuels will continue to rise in the future, it would appear that even in 1979 the farmers who are investing in alcohol production can expect to turn a profit, which will increase year by year thereafter.

In addition to the more widely known solar technologies, there are a number of others that could help the nation meet its energy needs. These include ocean thermal systems, which use the temperature difference between deep, cold ocean waters and the sun-warmed surface waters to generate electric power; solar power stations, in which a field of mirrors concentrates intense solar radiation on a boiler, producing steam that drives an electric generator; and a solar satellite, in which a huge array of photovoltaic cells produces electricity that is beamed (in the form of microwave radiation) to a collecting station on the earth's surface for distribution. These technologies are usually given a prominent place in conventional discussions of solar energy. With a kind of technological democracy, equal consideration is accorded modest, long-established technologies—a five-hundred-dollar slow-burning wood stove or a fifteen-thousand-dollar grain-alcohol plant—and an enormously expensive, totally untried device like a solar satellite, which might cost upward of a hundred billion dollars.

Such a seemingly open-minded approach can obscure the importance of the most distinctive feature of solar energy—that it is diffusely spread over the entire surface of the planet. This means that any solar device that is large and centralized—such as a cen-

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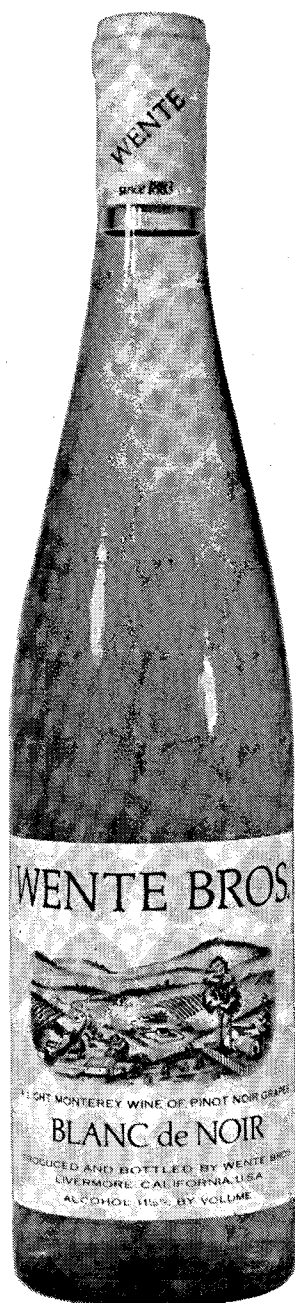
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tral solar power station or a solar satellite—is inherently uneconomical, owing to a fundamental difference between solar-energy devices and conventional ones. Conventional power plants have steadily become larger and more centralized. According to the utilities that build these plants, there is a sound economic reason for this trend: the larger the power plant, the less costly the power it produces. This economy of scale is so substantial as to overcome the cost of the added transmission lines, which must, of course, accompany the increase in plant size—and, indeed, transmission and distribution lines now represent about a quarter of the total cost of centralized power systems.

By contrast, the acquisition of solar energy is independent of scale. Since sunlight falls everywhere, an installation is enlarged simply by expansion of the area over which the light is received—whether by mirrors for a central power boiler, by collectors for a space-heating system, by photovoltaic cells for an electric-power system, or, for that matter, by corn plants for producing grain. Each mirror, solar collector, photovoltaic cell, or corn plant is as efficient as the next one. Therefore, a small assemblage of such units is just as efficient as a large one; there is no economy of scale. A large, centralized solar plant produces energy no more cheaply than a small one (apart from some minor saving in maintenance costs), and so, with transmission costs eliminated—or, at least, greatly reduced—the small plant can deliver the energy far more efficiently than the large one. This means that the present pattern of building huge, centralized power stations is inherently uneconomical if it is applied to solar energy. No future technical breakthrough can overcome this fact.

Unhappily, this fairly simple piece of common sense may elude the most expert of analysts. A case in point is the recent report of the American Physical Society Study Group on Solar Photovoltaic Energy Conversion. The study, which was jointly funded by the President's Office of Science and Technology Policy and the Department of Energy, is an elaborate comparison of the cost of conventional electricity and the cost of electricity produced by central photovoltaic installations. Among scores of references, the study fails to include the F.E.A. photovoltaic price-reduction study. Nor does it make any comparison of the conventional electric system with decentralized photovoltaic designs. By choosing to saddle the

photovoltaic approach with precisely the worst sort of design, a study group can demonstrate with relative ease that "it is unlikely that photovoltaics will contribute more than about 1% of the U.S. electrical energy produced near the end of the century."

Nevertheless, a substantial part of the government's minuscule effort to develop solar energy is devoted to precisely such solar devices, which slavishly imitate the design of conventional, centralized power sources. A prominent example is a centralized solar power plant to be built, with the joint support of the Department of Energy and Southern California Edison, near Barstow, California. The Department of Energy is putting up a hundred million dollars for the project and Southern California Edison sixteen to twenty million dollars. A benign view of this trend is that it is a modern example of the kind of cultural lag that impelled the first potters to imprint the design of earlier, woven vessels on their clay pots or has impelled the producers of plastic automobile upholstery to ornament it with pseudo-stitches. A more cynical view is that such experiments are designed to fail, and so to demonstrate that solar energy is uneconomical, leaving the way open for the adoption of the alternative route to a system of renewable energy—breeder-based nuclear power.

Perhaps the final irony in the solar-energy story is that although solar energy has been treated like a technological orphan by the federal government and the major American industries, it has become a technological Cinderella elsewhere—notably in Italy. Thus, as President Carter and the American Physical Society Study Group were repudiating the value of photovoltaic cells, in Italy the huge Montedison industrial conglomerate formed a ten-million-dollar joint venture with one of the few American photovoltaic-cell manufacturers, the Solarex Corporation, of Rockville, Maryland, which will manufacture photovoltaic modules at a new plant in Florence, for Italian and Middle Eastern markets. Ultimately, the factory is expected to produce as much as three million watts of photovoltaic cells annually. Last year, American production was less than half a million watts.

IN the last few years, the commercial prospects of the two sources that in theory could support the transition to renewable energy—solar energy and breeder-based nuclear power—have moved in opposite directions. It has



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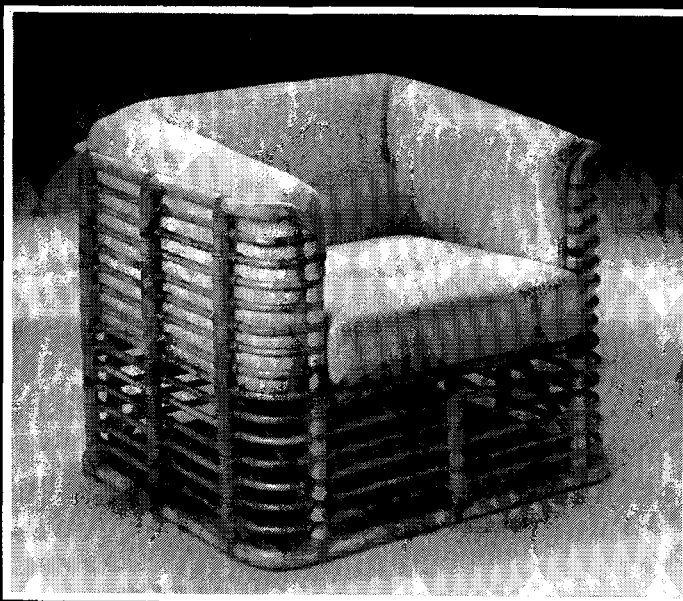


become clear that while solar energy could now rapidly invade the energy market nuclear power is losing ground. Even before the accident at Three Mile Island, some of the supporters of nuclear power despaired of its future. In November of 1977, in a speech before the Atomic Industrial Forum, John O'Leary, Deputy Secretary of Energy, warned that unless the federal government changed its licensing requirements for new nuclear power plants, and unless the nuclear-plant industry itself changed certain of its practices, "the nuclear option is dead."

One of the chief reasons for such despair is that the economic performance of the nuclear-power industry has been very disappointing. The industry has failed to achieve the economic goal that has been its main justification—the production of cheap electric power. Data reported by its chief proponent, the Atomic Industrial Forum, which is the nuclear-power industry's trade association, show that, on the average, the cost of electricity produced by new nuclear power plants in 1976 was about twenty per cent higher than the cost of power from new coal-fired plants. Utilities have been sharply cutting back new orders for nuclear reactors: orders placed with American manufacturers fell from thirty-four in 1973 to seventeen in 1974 and to an annual average of four in the years 1975 through 1977. Last year, only two new reactors were ordered from American manufacturers, and a number of earlier orders were cancelled. Foreign manufacturers have experienced similar declines. And the plants that have been constructed have performed poorly, costing more to build than was expected, and also operating less reliably. As a result, although the Atomic Energy Commission predicted in 1972 that nuclear power would make up almost twelve per cent of the nation's electrical generating capacity by 1975, the actual figure was only nine per cent. And with the rapid decline in new orders since 1973 the predicted figure of thirty-three per cent for 1985 is already out of reach. All these difficulties are certain to become more severe in the aftermath of the accident at Three Mile Island.

Perhaps the most persuasive evidence of the failure of the nuclear-power industry has come from the business community. Saunders Miller, who is in the venture-capital business, has thoroughly examined the economics of nuclear power plants. In his book "The Economics of Nuclear and Coal Power," published in 1976, he analyzed the

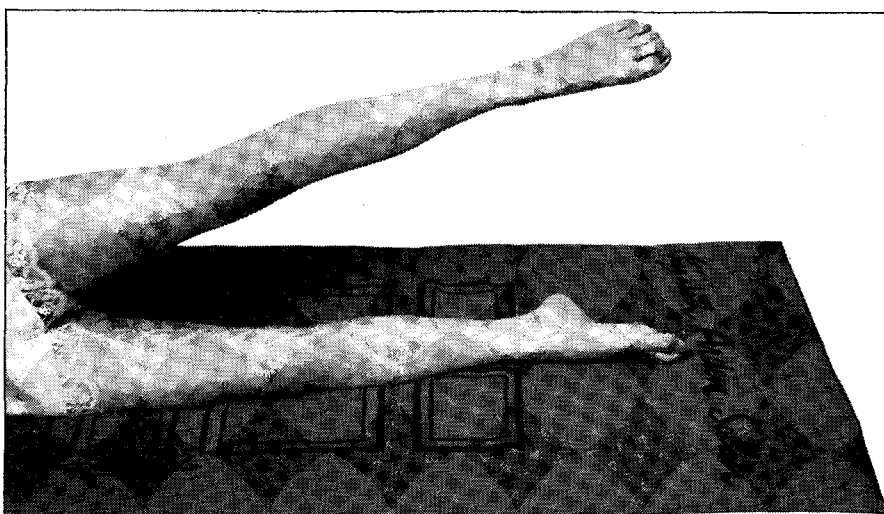
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economic impact of the numerous risks that affect an investment in a nuclear power plant. These include a plant's high capital costs, which always greatly exceed the initial estimates; unreliability; the growing scarcity and rising price of uranium fuel; economic and operational problems in fuel reprocessing; and security problems. In his final evaluation of the wisdom of investing in nuclear power plants, Miller says:

The conclusion that must be reached is that, from an economic standpoint alone, to rely upon nuclear fission as the primary source of our stationary energy supplies will constitute economic lunacy on a scale unparalleled in recorded history, and may lead to the economic Waterloo of the United States.

Nevertheless, the Carter Administration has made a strong effort to revive this dying industry. In March of 1977, as Schlesinger's staff was drafting the National Energy Plan, Schlesinger was visited by two officers of General Electric, one of the largest suppliers of nuclear power plants. They told him that G.E. was thinking of getting out of the nuclear-reactor business if government restrictions on the use of nuclear technology were not eased. (A few months later, G.E. announced a reorganization of its nuclear division, which the *Wall Street Journal* noted could be a preparatory step toward closing down its nuclear-reactor business if profits failed to materialize.)

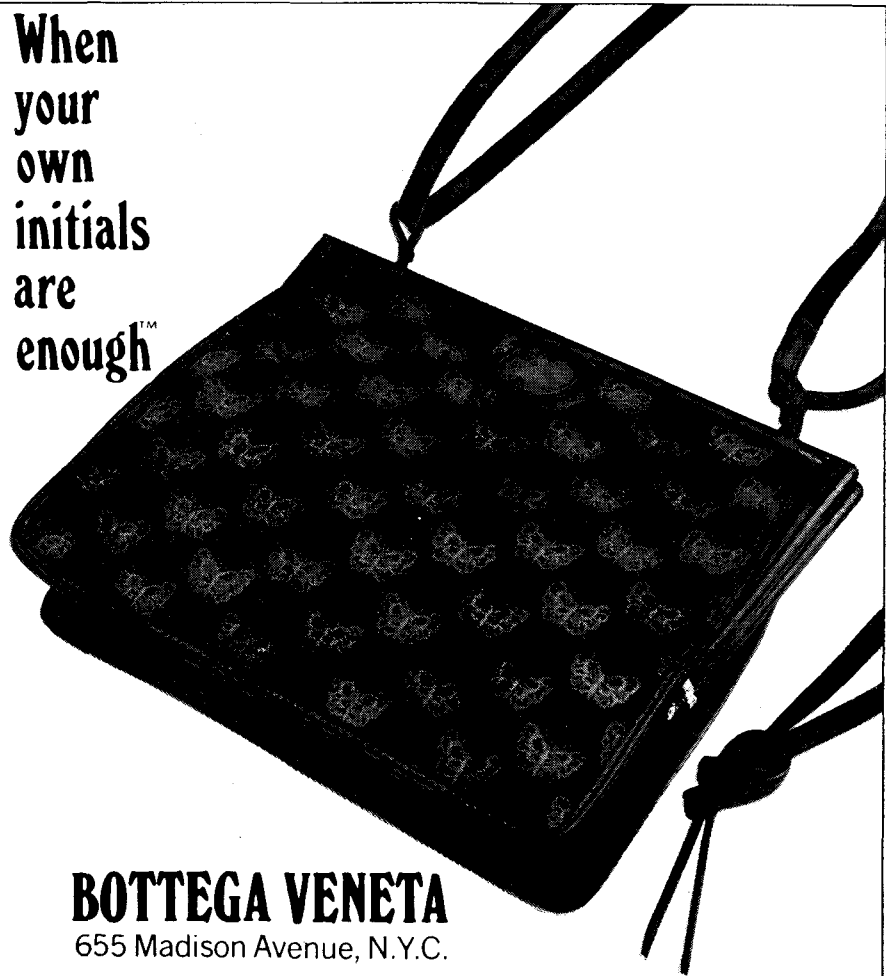
The Administration's intense interest in expanding the role of nuclear power comes as a surprise to those citizens who remember Carter's declaration during the election campaign that nuclear power is "the last resort"—a position that he has reiterated in subsequent public statements. His more private statements have been different, however. At a meeting in April of 1978 with executives of the nuclear industry and leaders of the building-trade unions (to endorse a no-strike, no-lockout pledge in the construction of nuclear power plants), Carter said that the light-water nuclear reactor was an important part of the nation's energy plan—but only after he had asked reporters to leave the room. Schlesinger has been more forthright, and has proclaimed that nuclear power "is enshrined in the President's program." It is. If the plan is carried out, nuclear power will account for about one-fourth of the new energy produced between 1976 and 1985.

For many Americans, the plan's emphasis on nuclear power elicits the terrifying prospect of a nuclear catas-

trophe. The argument over the safety of nuclear power plants is not new, but in 1977 it broke out of the narrow precincts of environmentalism into the broad arena of public affairs. On April 30th, at Seabrook, New Hampshire, about two thousand people from all over New England, with the support of the Seabrook townspeople, occupied the site of a new nuclear power plant. Most of them were arrested. Nevertheless, the idea spread from the New England Clamshell Alliance in the East to the Great Plains Alliance in the Midwest and to the Abalone Alliance in California. In August of 1977, there were anti-nuclear demonstrations in thirty-five states all across the country. In June of 1978, about twenty thousand people massed near the Seabrook site to protest its construction.

A good deal of this opposition was based on concern about the hazards of the intensely radioactive waste generated by nuclear power plants. In the absence of an acceptable disposal procedure that can isolate the waste from people and from the environment during the period in which it will remain dangerous—from one hundred years to two hundred thousand years—the waste has been temporarily stored here and there around the country. The federal government's effort to find sites for long-term storage has met considerable resistance from local populations and state governments. Several states—California, Iowa, Wisconsin, Maine, and Montana—have placed varying restrictions on the construction of new nuclear power plants until this issue is resolved. Opposition to nuclear power has become a fact of political life in the United States, as it has in Sweden (where the Social Democrats lost power for the first time in forty-four years over the issue, and the succeeding coalition broke up for the same reason), in France (where an anti-nuclear ecology party got about ten per cent of the vote in elections held in March of 1977), in West Germany (where the occupation of reactor sites by anti-nuclear activists literally brought construction of six nuclear power plants to a standstill), in Spain (where more than a hundred and fifty thousand people came to protest the construction of a nuclear power plant near Bilbao), in Italy (where an intense political debate has forced a substantial delay in the government's nuclear plans), in Austria (where, against the urgings of Chancellor Bruno Kreisky, the voters, in a referendum conducted in November of last year, forbade the operation of that country's

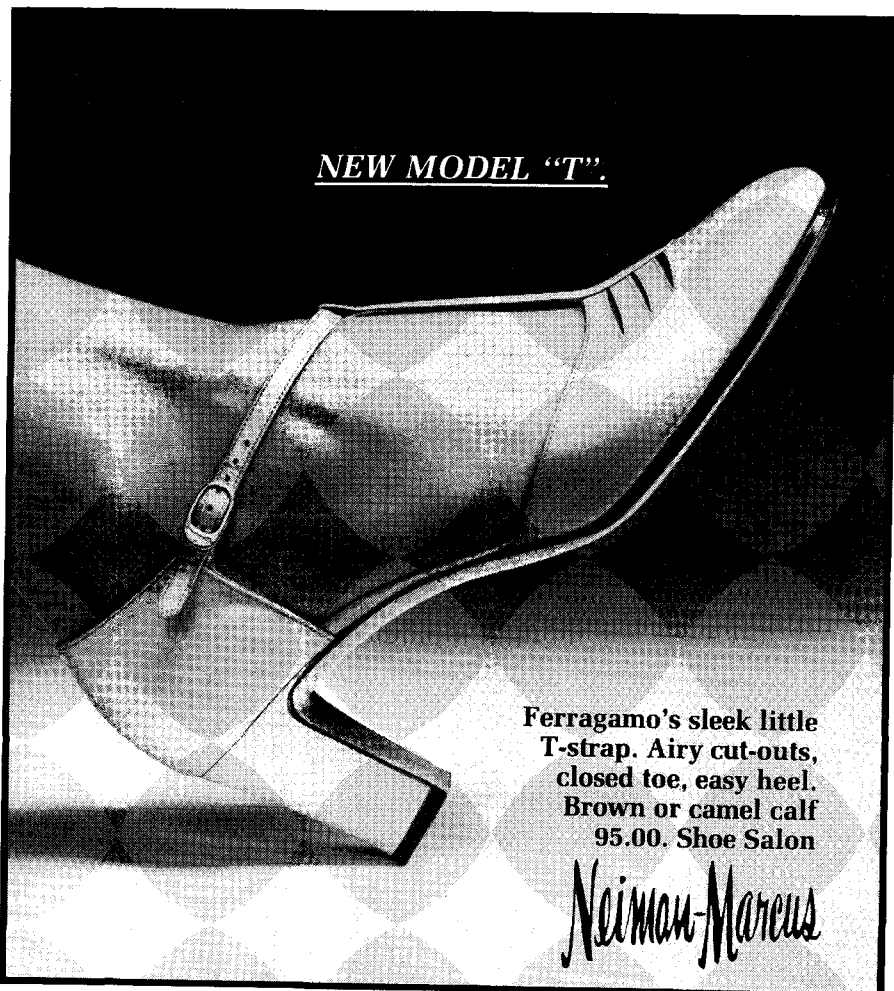
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first completed nuclear power plant, constructed at a cost of some five hundred and sixty million dollars), and in Iran (where, before he was deposed, the Shah was forced by his political opponents to cut the nuclear budget by twenty billion dollars and to postpone the purchase of several nuclear reactors).

Even if all these difficulties were resolved, the nuclear-power industry in its present form cannot support the transition to a renewable energy system. Today's light-water reactors are fuelled with slightly enriched uranium and can operate only as long as this fuel is available at reasonable cost. But uranium is a nonrenewable fuel, and recent estimates indicate that if present plans for the development of nuclear power were carried out usable uranium supplies in the United States would be exhausted in twenty-five or thirty years. Nuclear power can sustain a renewable energy system capable of resolving the energy crisis only if it is based on breeder reactors, in which the nuclear reaction is arranged to produce new fuel as the reactor generates power. If the planned American nuclear-power system were based on breeders, the present supply of fuel would be enough to support appreciable nuclear-power production for perhaps fifteen hundred or two thousand years. But before that can happen nuclear power will need to survive the growing challenge to both its economic and its political life.

THIS, then, is the recent history of the two forms of energy on which our future hopes now rest. One, solar energy, which has been held back by official neglect, is an old technology struggling to cross the threshold of economic viability. The other, nuclear power, which has been heavily supported by public and private funds, is a new technology that, even as it struggles to survive its troubled infancy, seems to have lapsed into economic senility. What remains is the problem of how to negotiate the historic passage between the present intolerable state of the energy situation and its uncertain future. —BARRY COMMONER

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRs:

ON March 1st, the Environmental Protection Agency announced an emergency ban on all uses of the herbicide 2,4,5-T on forestlands, pasturelands, and utility and railroad rights-of-way in the United States. (It also announced—for its own reasons—that the continued use of the herbicide would be permitted on rangelands and rice fields.) A similar prohibition was placed on uses of a chemical variant of 2,4,5-T called Silvex. The ban, known technically as an “emergency suspension,” was imposed because of evidence produced by a recent epidemiological study that the E.P.A. made in the Alsea Basin area of Oregon, where 2,4,5-T spray operations had been conducted in inhabited forest areas. The study was initiated after eight women living in the area complained to the E.P.A. in April of 1978 that they had miscarried soon after herbicidal sprayings were conducted near their homes.

In announcing the ban on 2,4,5-T, Barbara Blum, the deputy administrator of the E.P.A., said the agency’s study had demonstrated that an abnormally high miscarriage rate did in fact coincide with 2,4,5-T sprayings over a six-year period in the Alsea area—and that the pregnant women were probably exposed not only to 2,4,5-T but to low levels of a highly toxic contaminant of it, the dioxin known as TCDD. Primarily because 2,4,5-T contains this dioxin, which is known to have severe toxic effects on laboratory animals, including miscarriages and birth defects, the E.P.A. had been scrutinizing the use of 2,4,5-T for a year, but the agency now claimed that the Alsea study provided the first evidence of a direct correlation between the use of 2,4,5-T and human miscarriages.

Because over the past nine years I have been writing in this magazine about the potential hazards that 2,4,5-T poses to human health—and also about the fact that the federal regulatory agencies, particularly the E.P.A., have been equivocal and dilatory in taking action against the use of this herbicide—I was especially interested in the details of the E.P.A. ban. Recently, I obtained the text of the E.P.A.’s epidemiological study of the

Alsea women and their exposure to 2,4,5-T. In reading it, I became curious about the fact that it made no reference to the use in the Alsea area of another herbicide, 2,4-D, which is chemically related to 2,4,5-T and is often used along with 2,4,5-T in a spray mixture. To satisfy my curiosity, I telephoned an official at the E.P.A. in Washington and asked him if 2,4-D had been used with 2,4,5-T in the herbicidal spray operations that were the subject of the E.P.A. study. A couple of days later, the official called me back and told me that 2,4-D had indeed formed part of the herbicidal spray mixture laid down over the Alsea area during at least part of the six-year period.

If this new information is correct, and 2,4-D really was an integral part of the herbicidal spray mixture to which the Alsea women are said to have been exposed, those who conducted the E.P.A. study have been guilty of a serious error of omission. Though I am not a scientist, it does seem to me that people conducting any thoroughgoing epidemiological study cannot be content to report on and discuss only part of the exposure—they must report on all aspects of it. The statistical tables in the E.P.A. report on the Alsea exposure make no reference at all to the use of 2,4-D in the Alsea area, and so have the serious defect of leaving out of the record information surely essential to the integrity of the study.

In making this point, I wish to emphasize that I remain in no doubt whatever about the harmful potential of 2,4,5-T and the malign nature of its dioxin contaminant. The alarming toxic, teratogenic (fetus-deforming), miscarriage-producing, and carcinogenic effects of dioxin, even at extremely low levels of exposure, have been demonstrated in study after study with experimental animals. But I am unwilling to see the E.P.A. take its long-overdue action on 2,4,5-T while making a serious omission in presenting its case against the continued use of the herbicide. I suspect that if the alleged direct correlation between herbicidal sprayings in the Alsea area and an abnormally high miscarriage rate there is confirmed by further study, 2,4-D may turn out to be no mere innocent companion to 2,4,5-T and Silvex, for 2,4-D is a herbicide of the same chlorophenoxy group as 2,4,5-T, and its use as an adjunct to 2,4,5-T has been standard in herbicidal spray operations in Oregon and elsewhere. (The notorious Agent Orange, which was used

in defoliation operations in Vietnam—and the alleged long-term effects of which are now the subject of many bitter complaints by Vietnam veterans exposed to it in the nineteen-sixties—was an equal mixture of 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D.) Although far less research has been carried out on 2,4-D than on 2,4,5-T, disturbing questions about 2,4-D have been raised for years by some scientists concerning its fetotoxic, mutagenic, and teratogenic potential. As for the presence of 2,4-D as a companion to 2,4,5-T, I think it is fair to say that the possible cumulative or synergistic effects of these two powerful herbicides when used in combination have never been made the subject of serious study. Yet the amount of 2,4-D being used each year in the United States is at least five times that of the 2,4,5-T used each year until the recent ban, and the uses of 2,4-D include its application to forestlands, rangelands, and pasturelands, to wheat and corn croplands, to orange groves and other fruit orchards to increase fruit size and to prevent the trees from dropping their fruit prematurely, and to lawns. All in all, women of childbearing age are probably exposed to far more 2,4-D than 2,4,5-T. However, manufacturers of 2,4,5-T, who are vigorously appealing the E.P.A. ban, are particularly unlikely to point to 2,4-D as a possible prime or contributing agent closely associated with the elevated Alsea miscarriage rate, because several of those manufacturers happen also to be producers of the far more profitable 2,4-D. And one effect of the E.P.A. emergency—and partial—ban on 2,4,5-T may be an increase in the sale and use of 2,4-D. Since the E.P.A. report has ignored the actual use of 2,4-D in the Alsea spray operations and any consideration of that herbicide's possible implication in the reported high miscarriage rate there, the time has come, I think, for the agency to consider urgently what measures may be appropriate to protect public health not only from the effects of 2,4,5-T but from any potential harm that might be exerted by its so frequent associate 2,4-D. I have written a letter to Dr. Blum to this effect.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS WHITESIDE

The outgoing president of our Ladies' Board, Mrs. William P. McKelway, richly deserves all the acolytes we can bestow upon her—and then some.
—Washington (D.C.) House of Mercy newsletter.

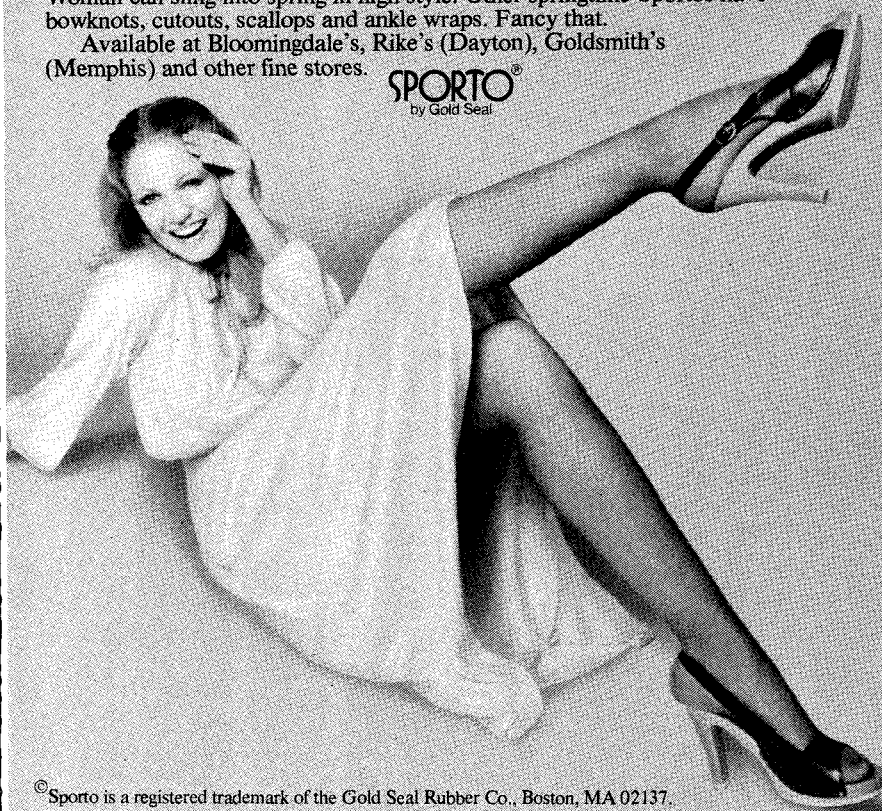
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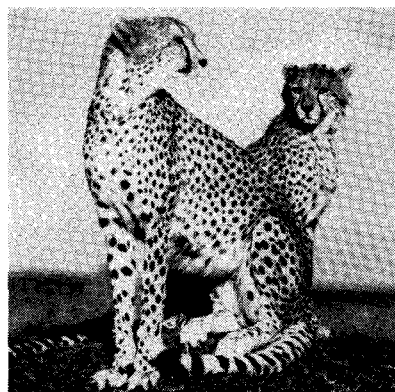
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THE SPORTING SCENE

WALKING INTO THE PICTURE

SPRING again. The Oakland A's are leading the San Diego Padres, 2-0, in the fifth inning at Scottsdale Stadium, in Arizona, and nobody is paying much attention. There's a new Oakland pitcher in the game, a left-hander, but none of the sportswriters can figure out who it is. Maybe it's Dave Hamilton—it *looks* like Dave Hamilton—but there is no Hamilton listed in the A's press guide. Yes, it must be Hamilton; he's a non-roster player this spring, trying to hook on for another year in the majors. Let's go, Dave. Gene Richards, of the Padres, dips his bat suddenly, bunts past the mound, and beats it out. The sun is shining, and four or five writers have moved out of the press box and down into some unoccupied box seats behind the visiting-team dugout to work on their tans. Chub Feeney, the president of the National League, in slacks and a pale-beige T-shirt, is sitting with them, and there are a lot of rumors and jokes flying around. Chub is an agreeable man. The Giants have just signed Billy North, a free agent who was with the Dodgers last year. Good move for the Giants, everyone agrees: North will help in center field, and will give them some real speed in the leadoff position. All that the Giants need now is better catching. Nobody has enough catching this year. . . . The A's, it seems, are about to be sold by Charlie Finley; the deal will go through any minute now. This particular rumor must be left over from last spring; Charlie is always about to unload the A's. No, I am told, this is a *different* sale: a group of East Bay businessmen—from the San Francisco East Bay area, that is—are serious about it, and they have the money. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn feels very optimistic. Old Bowie must be dying to see Charlie leave the game.

There is an infield hit, and then a close play at first, where the runner has turned the base and had to dart back; the ump hesitates and then calls the runner safe. The Oakland first baseman, Dell Alston, stares at the ump in disbelief. The umpire turns away. He is small and young, with long, bushy hair—a startling sight on an ump. Chub Feeney is asked about the play. "Greatest first-base call I ever saw," Feeney says instantly. Everybody laughs. The major-league umpires are out on strike, demanding more money, and when Chub Feeney is not watch-

ing a game he is usually on the phone with the umpires' lawyer or with the National League's lawyers. The negotiations are not going well. The umpires working the spring games this year are local volunteers and fill-ins, rustled up by the home clubs. "The man at first is a great arbiter," Feeney announces. "He's going to be another Bill Klem."

Dave Winfield, the tall, stork-legged outfielder and slugger, stands in for the Padres and waggles his bat menacingly. He whacks a long sacrifice fly, driving in the first San Diego run of the day, and there is a spatter of applause from the old folks and kids in the stands. Partisanship doesn't run very deep here. Last year, the Cubs played in this old board-fence park, and the Oakland team did its training over in Mesa, a few miles to the south; this year, the teams have switched camps, and the Scottsdale fans may still be a little unhappy about it. Maybe not; it's hard to tell.

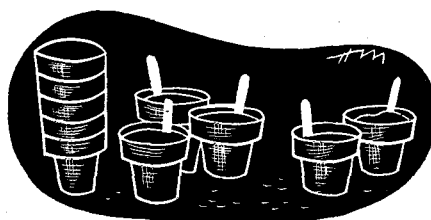
Another Oakland pitcher comes into the game, and the baseball talk goes on. Rod Carew, somebody says, has hit safely in every game he has played for the Angels this spring. He is killing the ball. Since the Angels signed him (he used to play for the Twins, of course), their season-ticket sales have gone off the charts. But the Angels, too, have catching troubles: Brian Downing has a sore arm. It is said that he hurt it weight-lifting during the winter. It is said that, over in Florida, Thurman Munson's arm feels better but Thurman looks about ten pounds overweight. It is said that Carlton Fisk's arm is so bad that he hasn't thrown a ball or swung a bat this spring. The Phillies, it is said, are looking to trade Richie Hebner to the White Sox for Francisco Barrios before the inter-league trading period ends, tomorrow night. And has anybody heard that Scott McGregor may have tendinitis? The Orioles' doctors have told him not to touch a ball for a *week*. . . . What about Bob Welch? Bob did something strange to his arm just fooling around in the infield. Terry For-

ster had that operation, you know, and if he doesn't come around fast the Dodgers may be in real pitching trouble. But Messersmith has been looking good for them. . . . When does Gaylord Perry pitch again for these guys—tomorrow? . . . I don't know, but he's here. I saw him before the game. He looks great. . . . I know. He's been around so long that he's beginning to look like somebody out of the history of baseball. He looks like Grover Cleveland Alexander. Somebody like that. . . . Hey, you hear this one? Name the two active pitchers who have beaten all the clubs in both leagues—who have decisions against every major-league team. . . . Well, Gaylord has to be one of them. . . . Sure, but who's the other? . . . Wait, now. Don't tell me. Just a minute, now. . . .

In the game, the Padres have gone up by 4-3, but now Glenn Burke nails a home run over the left-field fence for the A's, to tie it up. There is some real noise in the stands this time. Burke does not look particularly happy as he trots back to the Oakland dugout; last year at this time, he was playing for the Dodgers. . . . The sun is terrific. The writers stretch and yawn. Birds are twittering. A young woman in cut-off jeans comes down the aisle lugging a bucket full of ice and beer. She is very tan. "Beer?" she says, almost shyly. "Any folks care for a beer?" The new batter for the A's, an outfielder named Joe Wallis, is sporting a full beard. "Say," Chub Feeney says suddenly, "look at his batting helmet." Wallis is batting left-handed, but his batting helmet is meant for a right-handed batter and is protecting the wrong side of his head. Maybe he's expecting a sweeping curveball, somebody says.

Wallis singles, scoring Miguel Di-lone, and the A's go back in front by 5-4, or 4-3. Something like that, anyway. I yawn and yawn. A terrible wave of sleepiness has come over me. This sun is too much. I begin to think about a nap in my motel room, followed by a dip in the pool. Spring training is hard on writers. I pick up my scorecard and stats, and start up the aisle. Then I stop and announce that I have figured out the other pitcher who has beaten all the other major-league clubs. It must be Ferguson Jenkins.

Wrong, two or three writers tell me in unison. Everybody picks Fergie, but he never beat the Cubs, because he was



pitching for them all those years when he was in the National League. They are delighted.

I give up.

It's Rick Wise.

Rick Wise? Rick Wise, of course!

Damn.

I SAT in the stands again at my next spring-training game—a morning affair at Sun City, between a B squad of the Milwaukee Brewers and a touring Japanese team, the Yakult Swallows. The game was already in progress when I got there, and just as I slipped into a sun-warmed seat in the second row, near home, a smallish, bespectacled Milwaukee batter hit a drive that skipped between the Swallow left fielder and center fielder and rolled all the way out to the wall. As the batter scampered around first, a young woman just to my right jumped to her feet and cried, “Lennie! Lennie! Lennie! Lennie! Yay! Oh, Lennie!”

The base runner rounded second, then put on the brakes and returned to the bag. The young woman sat down, still clapping her hands, and gave me a dazzling smile. She had pale reddish hair and freckles.

“Are you—” I began.

“Yes, that’s him,” she said. “I’m her. That’s my husband. I’m Darren—Darren Sakata. Hi.”

I said hi, and then I stole a look at my Milwaukee press guide and discovered that Lenn Sakata is an infielder who spent most of last season with the Brewers’ farm team in Spokane, where he batted .269. I also noticed that his middle name is Haruki, and that he was born in Hawaii. Dazed with coincidence, I realized that I had just sat down in a ballpark next to the wife of the man up at bat, and that the first batter I had ever seen swing against a Japanese pitcher was himself of Japanese descent. Baseball is full of surprises.

“Where did you two—” I said to Darren.

“In Albuquerque, last summer,” she said instantly. “We met in this Howard Johnson’s—on Lomas Street? He was playing there. In Albuquerque, I mean. Albuquerque and Spokane are both in this Triple-A League, see, and Spokane was *visiting*? I’m from Aztec, New Mexico, myself, but I was going to the U.N.M., in Albuquerque. The University of New Mexico, I mean. We—”

She stopped because the Swallows’ pitcher—a right-hander, with “Kurata” on the back of his uniform—had suddenly whirled and thrown to his



“I used to know all about verbs, nouns, and pronouns, but that was long, long ago.”

shortstop, who tagged Lenn Sakata out at second. Sakata got up slowly and trotted in to his bench, with his head down.

“He was dead, boy,” Darren announced. She shook her head disconsolately. “Oh, Lenn, that was so *stupid*!”

A few minutes later, the Swallows’ catcher, Yaebashi, picked another Milwaukee runner off second, with a fine peg.

“Damned tricky, these Japanese,” Darren said.

Over the next two or three innings, five or six more Brewer wives came down the aisle and sat down just beyond Darren Sakata or in the row in front of us. They looked extremely pretty and extremely young, and they had shining hair. They all seemed to be close friends. I began to feel as if I had blundered onto a sorority sunbathing porch.

The Yakult Swallows (who won the Nihon Series—the Japanese World Series—last fall) were not just tricky. They beat the Brewer B team by 8–4, in a seven-inning game, and looked extremely competent in the process. Their pitchers—Kurata, who was a curveballer, and his successor, Tetsuo Nichi—weren’t exactly overpowering, but they mixed up their pitches, and everything they threw seemed to be around the edge of the strike zone. The Swallows’ infield play was crisp, and they attacked the ball eagerly at the plate, although without much sock; the largest player on the squad, an outfielder named Suiguru, did crack a two-run, wrong-field triple

off the left-field wall. Their baserunning seemed a step or two slower than our American big-league level. Most of all, the Swallows looked trim; I have never seen an entire baseball club in such terrific shape. The moment the game ended, most of the Swallows went out onto the field, broke up into pairs, and began punishing each other with frightful ground exercises. A few of the visitors, though, came over and shook hands with Frank Howard, the Brewers’ first-base coach. Then they produced cameras and took turns posing for pictures with him. Frank Howard is six feet seven inches tall and weighs three hundred pounds, and sometimes he had to bend his knees a little in order to get his arm comfortably around the shoulders of one of the visitors while they smiled at the camera together. Great snaps.

In the afternoon game, the Brewers and the visiting California Angels took turns whacking the ball to the far corners of the Sun City ballpark—a strange, hollowed-out green moon crater, entirely surrounded by golf carts and senior citizens—in a game that the Brewers eventually captured by 8–6. Cecil Cooper had four hits, including a two-run homer, for the Brewers, and Willie Mays Aikens went three for three for the visitors. Only one man now stands between Aikens and a regular job at first base for the Angels: Rod Carew. As almost everyone knows, Carew won his seventh American League batting title last year, hitting .333 for the Minnesota Twins; two years ago, he batted .388. Carew was one season away



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from attaining free-agent status, and the Twins, who cannot afford star salaries at the present intergalactic levels, traded him to the Angels during the winter, after extensive negotiating with several other teams, including the Giants and the Yankees. Carew's new five-year-package contract with the Angels will pay him about nine hundred thousand dollars per year. (The Angels, who are owned by a group headed by Gene Autry, now have the fourth-highest payroll in baseball, topped only by the Yankees, the Phillies, and the Red Sox. Because he is not a power hitter and because he played for a team that has enjoyed very little success in the past few years, Carew has always received less appreciation and celebrity than seem his due. Now, thanks to his new money and his new team—the Angels are aflame with expectations this year—he will begin to belong to fans everywhere. Before his visit to Sun City, he had played in six of the Angels' eight spring games, and was batting .474—a pretty good excuse for taking the afternoon off, though it broke the hearts of the locals.

I was more disappointed by the absence of another Angel—Ron Fairly, an old favorite of mine, who had retired a few weeks earlier to become a "color man" with the club's television crew. Fairly, an aggressive red-headed first baseman and outfielder, with a lovely left-handed swing, had played twenty-one years for the Dodgers, the Expos, the Cardinals, the A's, the Blue Jays, and the Angels. He first came up to the Dodgers in the summer of 1958, which means that two more seasons' play would have qualified him as one of the very few players who have played major-league ball in four calendar decades—Ted Williams, Mickey Vernon, Bobo Newsom, Minnie Minoso, and a handful of other durable statistical marvels. The Class of 1980 is thus reduced to three eligibles: Willie McCovey, Tim McCarver, and Jim Kaat. Hang in there, gentlemen.

After the game in Sun City, I had a few words with the oldest rookie on the field that day, the home-plate umpire. Major-league umpers are so miserably paid and so casually treated that my sympathy has been with them in their strike, but my eye was caught by the brisk and stylish work of the substitute plate arbiter, who turned out to be a sixty-one-year-old retired fireman named Gene Downing. "I was a tillerman and an engineer with the St. Louis Fire Department, but I always worked as an umpire or a ref back there, too, in

my spare time," Mr. Downing told me. "I did softball games, soccer games, basketball, hardball—you name it. I was a baseball umpire for high-school and college games, in American Legion ball, and for a semipro group called the Heinie Meine League. I played Class D ball years ago, with the Cardinal chain, and after I hurt my arm I went into the umpiring line. It keeps you outdoors."

I told Mr. Downing, who had called balls and strikes for the Swallows game as well, that he looked perfectly ready to work another double-header.

"Well, I'm getting back in shape," he said. "I was sure pleased when the Brewers people came and asked me to help out. I'd kept my uniform as a souvenir when I retired and came out here. Well, no, that's not true. The truth is I couldn't give it away. But all I had to do was dust off my black shoes, and I was ready."

I asked him whether he had considered umpiring during the regular season if the umpires' strike was not settled by then.

"Hell, no," he said. "Do I look crazy? There isn't enough money in the world to make me leave Sun City. This is one great place to live."

SPRING training has often been a period of convalescence for me—the time of year when I try to recover from the foolish and dispiriting winter baseball news inflicted on us by the owners and the Commissioner and the agents and other busy non-players of the game. This year, there were fewer causes for discontent, which permitted me to concentrate my irritation and incredulity on a new scheduling proposal that has been enthusiastically supported by Bowie Kuhn and most of the owners. Under the new plan, which it was once hoped might be enacted in time for the 1980 season, each league would be rearranged into three regional groups—East, Midwest, and West—which would mean three four-team divisions in the National League and two five-team and one four-team divisions in the American League. Mr. Kuhn has pointed out that this would keep more teams in pennant contention, with a resulting higher September attendance in several cities—not a burning consideration, one might suppose, in view of the fact that both leagues established all-time gate records last year. The real purpose of the shakeup is to make possible an additional set of playoff games, which could be sold to television as an immensely prof-



Photo by Dana Levy

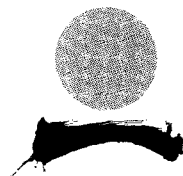
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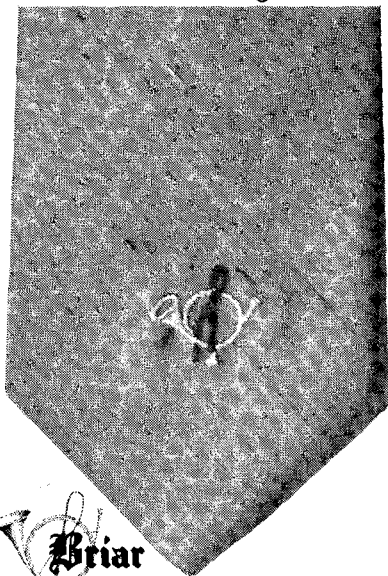
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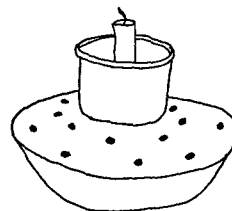
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itable package; three levels of post-season play would also permit baseball, for the first time, to include all three major networks in its champion-event television scheduling. The preliminary round of play would involve the three divisional winners in each league, plus a fourth, "wild card" team—the second-place club with the highest winning percentage in regular-season play. The survivors would then move into another elimination to determine the participants in the World Series. Similar schemes, of course, already dominate the latter part of the professional football, basketball, and hockey seasons. Next year in the National Hockey League, for instance, only five teams will be eliminated after

the regular eighty-game season; the remaining sixteen will then begin their almost interminable spring and early-summer playoffs.

Baseball, it seems to me, is singularly unsuited to this kind of tinkering. The long season, which already begins and ends in frigid weather in many cities, would be stretched by another week. The pennant races, which are the heart of this slow and searching sport, and which so often seem to conclude in riveting late-summer competition that sustains itself right down to the last weekend of the season, would be cheapened and devalued, and a sudden natural miracle, like the Yankees-Red Sox tie and one-game playoff last fall, would go almost unnoticed. The double playoff would further water down the World Series, and would increase the possibility that the ultimate champions might be a plainly inferior team—the club with the most pitching and the most luck during the endless eliminations. It takes only a little pencil work to reveal what shabby matchups we fans would be asked to give our passions to, and to pay for at premium ticket prices. The wild-card teams qualifying for the playoffs, of course, would all be non-winners in the present alignment. Some of them would be an embarrassment to the game. I have jotted down the three regional winners and the wild-card teams that would have emerged during the present decade if Mr. Kuhn's Prefab Playoff had gone into effect in 1970, and I find that since then the wild-card team in the National League would have finished an average of eleven and a half games behind the best club; in the American League, it would have finished thirteen games behind.

Luckily, this foolish prospectus is not about to be ratified—at least, not in the next season or two. It does appear to have strong support in the American League, where a vote passed by three-quarters of the clubs is sufficient to permit structural alterations to the game. The National League, however, requires unanimity, and the opposition there is known to be so large and powerful (the Dodgers, the Reds, the Phillies, and the Cubs are against the plan) that the matter has never been put to a formal vote.



Barbara Selley

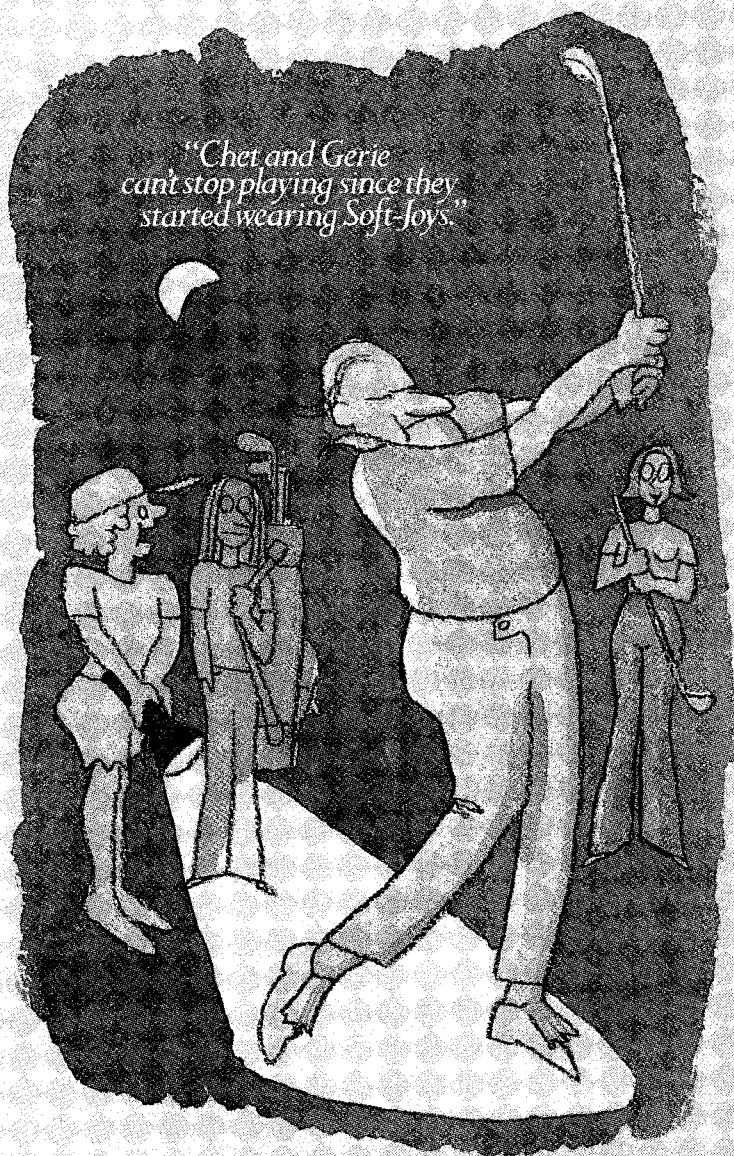
If Bowie Kuhn is attracted to rescheduling as a pastime, I wish he would give his energy and inventiveness to the American League's existing timetable, which is acutely

in need of untangling. This year, in a change evidently seized upon for reasons of economy, each A.L. team will make only two visits to each of the other teams in its division, instead of three visits, as has been the recent custom. (Each stand will be extended by a game or two to make up the difference.) The American League has been burdened with a misshapen schedule ever since 1976, when new franchises were added in Seattle and Toronto. With seven teams in each division instead of six, one team has always had to be away, playing outside its division, late in the season. This year, the new double bind of expansion and economy has given American League fans a weirdly twisted calendar, in which one finds, for example, that the Yankees and the Baltimore Orioles will have concluded all their games against each other by August 12th. Well, it could be that the Orioles' wonderful pitching is not quite enough to keep them in full contention through September; fans may prefer the chances of the young Brewers, who led both leagues in hitting and homers last summer. The Brewers could turn out to be the Red Sox of 1979 (or even the Yankees of 1979), but there will be no violent or memorable September pennant play in their division of the American League if they are, for they will have wound up all their games against all their co-divisionists by the second week in August. If the Brewers trail the Yankees, let's say, by two or three games in late September, they will not have the chance to make up the distance in the traditional and most exciting fashion, by beating them in person, before enormous crowds, because their last game against the Yankees will have been played on

July 29th. If the situation is reversed, with the Brewers in first place in the American League East, the trailing clubs and their fans can only hope that some team in the American League West (which has more weak sisters than the A.L. East) will do them a favor—out there in some faraway ballpark in the wrong time zone—by knocking off the leaders. We fans here in the East may get pretty excited about this when we hear the news on the “Today Show” the next morning.

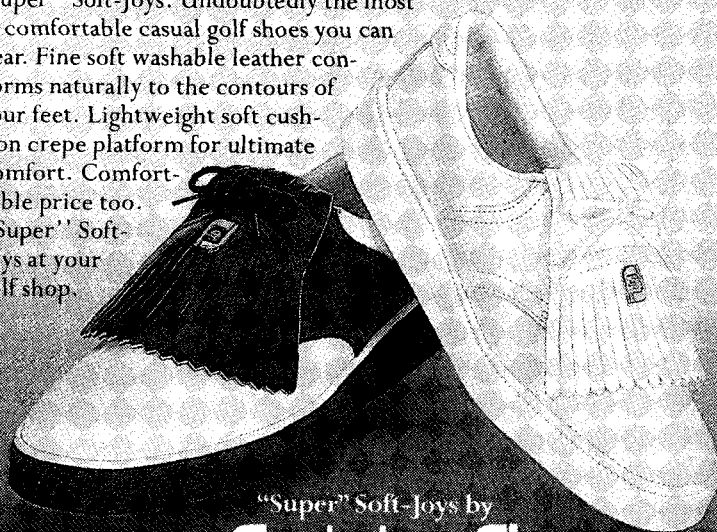
I have no special preference for one league over the other, but I must point out that the National League, which has resisted overexpansion and the designated-hitter artifice, has also decided to schedule the usual full complement of road trips in the coming season. Every National League team will appear in every city in its own division next September—a wonderful audience-enticing device that has been in effect for more than a decade now, and that some daring baseball minds in the National League have apparently determined to leave untouched.

ONE little blaze of news that warmed me in midwinter was the election of Willie Mays to the Baseball Hall of Fame. The apotheosis, which came five years after his retirement and in the first year of his eligibility for the honor, was no surprise to anyone (the surprise was that twenty-three members of the Baseball Writers Association of America, which selects the immortals, left Mays off their ballots altogether), but I was startled at the amount of pleasure it brought me. I suspect that his enshrinement allowed me to remember Mays as he had been in his wonderful youth—the brilliant boy gliding across the long meadows of the Polo Grounds, or running the bases in a cloud of speed and dust and excitement—and to forget the old, uncertain, querulous Willie Mays who came to the Mets in his final few seasons and who had so clearly stayed too long in the game. The shift in my feelings was like the change that sometimes comes when we remember a close relative or a friend who has died in old age or after a long illness; suddenly one morning, our sad last view of that person fades away and we are left instead with an earlier and more vivid picture—the one that stays with us. It is a miracle of sorts. When this happens with one's feelings about a ballplayer, the shift becomes the final scene of the ultimate baseball drama—the little life that a few great athletes



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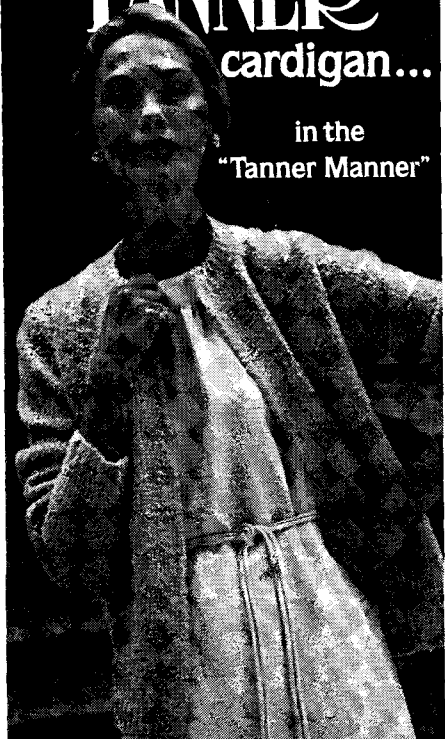
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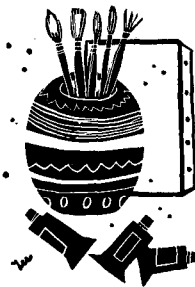
One afternoon in Arizona, I talked about Willie Mays with Bill Rigney, who played with him on the old New York Giants and later became his manager. Rigney, who has also managed the Angels and the Twins, is now on special assignment with the Angels. He is sixty years old—a tall, trim man with straight white hair, a humorous, intelligent face, a sun-wrinkled neck, and expansively gesturing hands. He has an infielder's look and an eager, singles-hitting way of talking and thinking. We sat by the side of a deserted pool and sipped a little whiskey and talked about Willie, while a late-afternoon breeze nudged a beach ball to and fro in the water near our feet.

"What I remember most was the strength he had," Rigney said. "Besides the great plays and the hitting, I mean. He never got hurt. He played every inning, played every game, and he played hard all the time. I was still with the Giants when he came up, and you could see that right away. There never was any Cadillac-ing in Willie. Another thing I marvelled at—beyond the ability, to one side of it—was the instinct he had for the game. Mostly, you have to teach players a lot—even the ones who are tremendous athletes. But Willie seemed to have it all. Even in his first year, he'd get on second base, say, and right away he'd steal the catcher's signals—within a minute he'd see the combination. He *knew*. No matter what was going on, he knew what it would take to win the game. I couldn't get over that. I was thirty-two or thirty-three when he came up and joined us in '51, and I was already thinking I'd like to manage someday, and it impressed me that there could be a player so young who seemed to know everything. I thought that maybe that was all there was to being a manager—just sitting back and watching a man like Willie Mays play ball for me.

"I remember the day he arrived. We were in Shibe Park, getting ready to play the Phillies, and he turned up late but still in time for batting practice. We'd all heard what he had done out in Minnesota that spring, in the minors—I think he'd batted about .480 over two months out there—but none of us was ready for the sight of him. He got into the batting cage, and

all the Phillies and all the Giants stopped what they were doing to watch him. He hit balls up on the roof and balls off the wall—balls ricocheting everywhere. Even in batting practice on his first day in a major-league uniform, at the age of nineteen, he caught your eye.

"I think I saw almost all the great catches. The Vic Wertz catch in the '54 Series. The catch off Bobby Morgan at Ebbets Field, when he ran and dived horizontally and grabbed the ball—it was a *shot*—and hit his head against that low concrete wall they had along the fence in left field there, and still held on to the ball. I saw the Clemente catch in Pittsburgh, when he caught up with the ball running with his back to the plate and grabbed it off bare-handed. I can still see him trotting back in with the ball in his hand and dropping it on the mound. The one I liked best, I guess, was the play he made once in the early season at the Polo Grounds. The grass out there had been resodded—Horace [Horace Stoneham, the Giants' owner at the time] had to do that every year, because the football Giants had always chewed it up pretty good—and we'd had rain. There was a routine fly ball hit to left, and Bobby Thomson made a move for it and slipped and fell down flat. Willie had drifted over near him—you know, just in a routine way, to cover—and when Bobby slipped and fell, Willie made the catch with one hand, and with the other hand he reached down and pulled Bobby to his feet, all in the same motion. I can still see it.

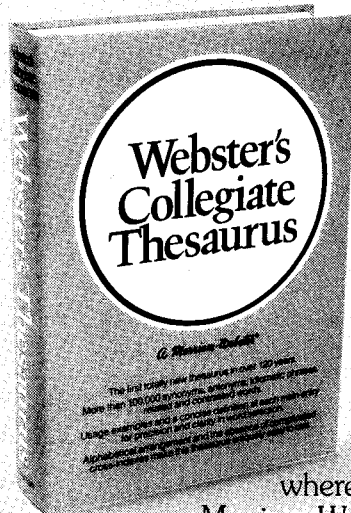


"What a hitter he was! He *destroyed* pitchers. They all threw at him—there was a lot more of that in those days. Down he'd go, but he'd jump back up again and dig in, with that determined, surprised look of his. When I was his manager, back in the late fifties, when we'd moved out to San Francisco, there was a pitcher with the Reds named Bob Purkey, who threw at Willie every single time. Willie would step in and—bang!—here came the pitch at Willie's cap, and he'd be in the dirt. After a while, Willie wasn't hitting much more than about .150 against him. I wasn't exactly pleased by this, you understand, and at the All-Star Game that year—I think it was at Forbes Field, in Pittsburgh—I saw Warren Giles, the president of the National League, and the Commissioner, Ford Frick, sitting together, and I went over and com-

plained about it. I'd had a couple of Bloody Marys in the pressroom, and I figured the hell with it—let it come out. So after I told them about Mr. Purkey knocking my center fielder on the seat of his pants every time, they both sort of smiled, and Mr. Giles said, 'Well, Rig, we all know that isn't in the rules, but it's part of the game, isn't it? It's part of the game of baseball.' I said, 'I'm glad to hear you say that, sir, because now I know how to solve the problem. I've promised Willie that the next time Bob Purkey comes up to bat in a game against us I'm going to switch my pitcher and my center fielder and let Willie Mays pitch against Purkey. It's all taken care of. Thank you.'

"Well, you can imagine what happened. They both said, 'Hold on, now, Rig! You can't do *that*! We're not going to have a race riot on our hands because of you.' And a couple of days later there came a flood of directives out from the league office and the Commissioner's office to Horace and to me, telling us to lay off. It was too bad. Willie had really been looking forward to knocking Bob Purkey's hat off, for a change. Purkey never did stop throwing at him, of course, but some of our pitchers had taken notice, and they found ways of showing Mr. Purkey that we really cared about our center fielder."

IN Phoenix, in the third inning of a game between the Giants and the Padres, Willie McCovey singled sharply up the middle, lashing at the ball like a gigantic umbrella being opened; he moved to third base on an error by the San Diego center fielder, and came in to score on a single. McCovey got a big hand from the fans—too much applause, really, for a single; there was a memorial tone to it. McCovey was in extraordinary condition this spring, but he is forty-one years old now, and his movements afield (he is a first baseman) had become dogged and thoughtful. Nobody wanted to talk about it, but it was clear almost from the beginning of spring training that the Giants' first baseman this year would be Mike Ivie, a blond, twenty-six-year-old right-handed slugger, who hit two pinch-hit grand-slam homers last year. Ivie took off twenty-five pounds during the winter, in preparation for his new responsibilities. McCovey has five hundred and five lifetime homers and is the most popular figure ever to play in Candlestick Park; anyone who has ever had secret dreams of being a major-league man-



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easy *adj* 1 causing or involving little or no difficulty
 < an easy solution >
syn effortless, facile, light, royal, simple, smooth, untroublesome
rel apparent, clear, distinct, evident, manifest, obvious, plain; clear-cut, straightforward, uncomplicated, uncompounded, uninvolved
idiom easy as falling off a log, easy as pie, nothing to it
con arduous, difficult, troublesome; abstruse, complex, complicated, intricate, knotty
ant hard
 2 **syn** FORBEARING, charitable, clement, indulgent, lenient, merciful, tolerant
rel compassionate, condoning, excusing, forgiving, pardoning, sympathetic; benign, kindly; lax, moderate, soft; humoring, mollycoddling, pampering, spoiling
con austere, exacting, rigid, severe, stern, strict, stringent
 3 easily taken advantage of or imposed upon < he was easy prey to her wiles >
syn fleeceable, gullible, naive, susceptible
rel credulous, trusting, unmistrusting, unsuspicious; deceivable, deludable, dupable, exploitable; artless, dewy-eyed, green, simple, unsophisticated
con critical, cynical, disbelieving, mistrustful, scoffing, skeptical, suspicious, unbelieving
 4 **syn** FAST 7, light, loose, ||riggish, unchaste, wanton, whorish
 5 **syn** COMFORTABLE 2, comfy, cozy, cushy, easeful, snug, soft
rel secure
con discontented, dissatisfied; miserable
ant uncomfortable
 6 **syn** AMIABLE 1, complaisant, good-humored, good-natured, lenient, mild, obliging, diplomatic



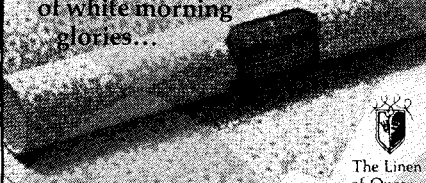
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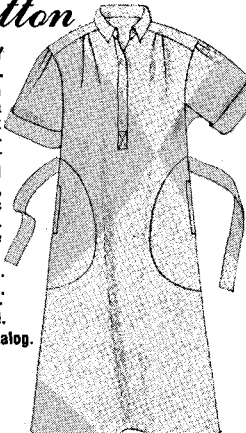
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ager should reflect for a moment or two on the feelings of Joe Altobelli, the San Francisco skipper, when he walks past McCovey in the Giants' dugout this summer. In Phoenix, one of the Giants players murmured to me, "Nobody likes to take down a monument and replace it with a K-Mart, but sometimes it has to be done."

The Giants, who finished third in the National League West last summer, have legitimate hopes this season, based on their deep pitching and the slugging of Jack Clark, their twenty-three-year-old star outfielder. (San Francisco fans, by the way, will have further cause for good cheer this year, for the artificial turf at their ballfield, Candlestick Park, was taken up over the winter and replaced with real grass.) A lot of the Giants' training this spring seemed to be psychological—mental calisthenics designed to firm up the attitudes of a champion. Darrell Evans, their third baseman, said, "The first few days here, we all began talking about games we'd won last year—the ones we'd pulled out when nobody expected it. Like the game down in Los Angeles one day, when the Dodgers rallied in the ninth and tied us on a lucky blooper by Garvey and a bad-bounce hit by Lopes. But we came right back and won it in the tenth, and when we came in after it was over, everybody was yelling and jumping up and down in the clubhouse. I hadn't seen anything like that since high school. Now we *know* how good we are. We're ready for it."

Bill Madlock, the second baseman (and a two-time National League batting champion), saw it another way. "A young team like this plays so much on pure emotion," he said. "When we lost our last two games with the Dodgers at home early in September, we were finished. There was no emotion left. Last year, we'd get all excited about beating the Dodgers or the Reds, and then we'd go down to Atlanta and they'd knock our brains out. You can't do that and win. You have to keep your emotional balance—that's the key. I don't know if we're grown up now or not. You can't tell until the games start."

With McCovey on the bench, the one thing the Giants may lack this year is the daily presence on the field of a charismatic hitter—a Rod Carew, that is. I watched Carew in a game between the Angels and the Cubs in Ho-Ho-Kam Park Stadium, in Mesa. Playing before a sellout crowd of 4,251 old

folks who were wearing 4,251 different shades of pastel sun hats, Rod singled sharply in the very first inning, to drive in a run; a moment later he stole second. Carew is tall and elegantly slim, with long, wristy hands, long legs, and narrow pants. He is coffee-colored—light coffee, half-and-half—and good-looking, if you don't mind the bulge of tobacco in his cheek. Watching him up at bat is a treat. He hits left-handed, with the bat flattened a little and held loosely in his hands, almost as



if he were trying to guess its weight, until the instant he begins his swing. He moves around in the box and in relation to the plate, depending on the pitcher he is facing, but with each pitch his lead foot, the right, lifts and pauses delicately, with only the toe of his spikes touching the dirt; the ensuing stride is minimal, and the shoulders and hips open smoothly and beautifully. The swing looks like a golf-instruction film played in slow motion; you sense there is time to study every part of it.

Later, I asked Bill Rigney about this feeling I had about Carew—the impression that he had more time than other batters in which to swing at a pitch. Rigney had managed Carew for three seasons on the Twins, and now they were together again with the Angels.

"He doesn't remind you of anybody else out there, does he?" Rigney said. "I used to think Stan Musial was the best hitter I ever saw. Well, Rod isn't anything like Stanley at the plate, except that he hits the ball with the same consistency. He hits it everywhere, and he hits it *often*. He hardly ever pops out, and even when he grounds out he does it with authority. He gets the good part of the bat on the ball about two-thirds of the time. The theory and secret of hitting is waiting. The longer you wait, the better chance you have. You never see Rod in a bad position up at bat. He has more time to take a good swing than anyone else I've ever seen. Think how often you've seen a catcher put his glove up for a pitch on the outside corner and then Rod reaches out and seems to hit it right out of the glove and on a line down into the left-field corner. The man is *late*. If you leave power out of it, he's the best hitter in the league. He's the best in baseball.

"I think he's going to draw big this year. He's going to help the other hitters around him in the lineup. It looks like Rick Miller will lead off for us this year and Carney Lansford will be second. They're not going to let Rod

Carew hit alone—hey, let's have somebody on base when *this* man is up! It was just the same when Willie came along with the Giants: he excited the other hitters. I can hardly wait to see it happen again."

DURING the late innings of another game—the Mariners and the Giants this time—I moved out to a lightly populated stretch of left-field bleacher seats in Phoenix Municipal Stadium and began to watch a rookie San Francisco pitcher named Mike Glinatsis warming up on the sidelines. He was a tall, strongly built right-hander with long arms, and his fastball was making satisfactory popping noises in the glove of Tom Haller, the Giants' catching coach. Haller is six feet four, but he had furred himself close to the ground behind the plate to give Glinatsis a good low target, and from time to time he nodded encouragingly when he straightened up and fired the ball back. At the other end, Glinatsis was being observed by Larry Shepard, the Giants' pitching coach, who stood about three feet behind him and a little to one side. Shepard, a small, gray-haired man, stood motionless, with his legs wide apart and his hands plunged deep into his black Giants warmup jacket. His cap was cocked forward against the late sunlight, with its bill almost touching the bridge of his nose, so that his whole face was in shadow; only an occasional reflected gleam showed that he was wearing sunglasses. Now and then, he would murmur something to Glinatsis. An inning ended; Glinatsis threw one more pitch to Haller and then came over and picked up his jacket from a bench before hurrying in to the mound to take his warmup pitches as the Seattle batter moved out of the dugout. Another San Francisco pitcher—Gary Lavelle, a left-hander who is the Giants' best reliever—took Glinatsis's place on the bullpen mound and began throwing to Haller. Glinatsis (now a small, distant figure) gave up an instant double to Julio Cruz—a solidly hit blow that rolled all the way to the left-field fence. Then he was hit for a line single by Willie Horton. Then he gave up a single to Larry Milbourne. Shepard and Haller paid no attention to the game. Shepard talked to Lavelle and then took his hands out of his pockets and made a pitching gesture with his left arm, ending it with an exaggerated wagging motion of the wrist. Lavelle wound up and threw, and the pitch dropped off a little just before it disappeared into Haller's



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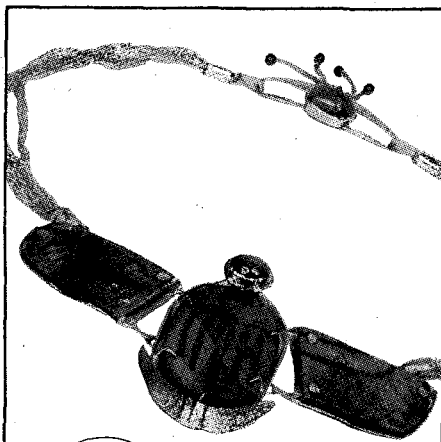
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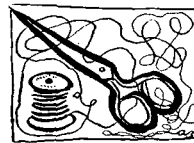
glove. Shepard wagged his wrist again. "Keep it loose," I heard him say. Lavelle threw, and again the ball seemed to drop and die as it crossed the plate. Shepard had resumed his motionless posture, with his hands in his jacket pockets, but he nodded to Lavelle as Haller stood up once again and fired the ball back.

All this seemed to be happening with unusual clarity—Shepard's stance and Haller's crouch, and the sound of the ball hitting the glove, and the low slant of the afternoon sun, and the odd look of batted balls and infield throws when they are seen almost from ground level about three hundred feet away—and for a brief moment I had the feeling that I could also see myself within this scene, with my feet up on the row just below me and my elbows on my knees: I was watching myself watching baseball. This was peculiar, to say the least. I knew that I had observed almost exactly this same scene dozens of times, or perhaps hundreds of times: some young pitcher warming up on the sidelines with a coach beside him, and then the pitcher walking in to the game with his large strides and with his warmup jacket over his arm, and then (usually, not always) the kid getting his ears knocked off in there. This time, it had seemed to be waiting for me, so to speak, and all I had to do was to walk into the picture and sit down in order to make it fresh again, and also to make it old—to bring it back just as it had always been.

The next day, in Tempe, before a game between the Mariners and the Milwaukee Brewers, George Bamberger, the Milwaukee manager, was talking about getting out of baseball. Bamberger was a minor-league pitcher for eighteen years, playing for Class AA and AAA teams in places like Jersey City, Oakland, Vancouver, and Ottawa. Along the way, he appeared in ten major-league games, for the Giants and then the Orioles, pitching a total of fourteen innings, with no decisions and an earned-run average of 9.65. He retired after the 1963 season and became the minor-league pitching instructor for the Baltimore Orioles organization. He moved up to the parent club in 1968, and for the next decade he coached the distinguished Baltimore pitching corps. Last year, with some reluctance, he accepted an offer to manage the Brewers. He did brilliantly in his very first year, steering the heretofore docile Brewers to a third-place finish in the dangerous American

League East and the fourth-best won-lost record in the majors—accomplishments that caused him to be named the Major League Manager of the Year. Bamberger is an informal and cheerful man, with large ears and a large smile, and honors rest lightly on him. "If I wasn't managing, this would be my last year," he said to me. "Sometimes I wish I *wasn't* managing. Anyway, I think 1980 will probably be it for me. It's about fifty-fifty I'll quit after that. I'm not going to get out of baseball. It's just that I'm sick of all this god-dam travel. I look to get myself a job somewhere as an instructor. Maybe I can help some club with their pitchers during spring training. I just like to work with kids. That's the best part of this game."

I was a little embarrassed by Bamberger's remarks, because I have heard a great many coaches and managers, in baseball and in other sports, say the same thing. "I just like to work with kids" is a frightful sports cliché. I climbed up in the stands, and the game started—a dour, windblown sort of game, with a fine, chilly rain after the fourth or fifth inning. I drank a cup of coffee, warming my hands around the plastic cup, and then I remembered Mike Glinatsis and Larry Shepard working in the sunlight over at the Giants' park the day before, and it was suddenly clear to me that I had no business feeling superior about what George Bamberger had said, because he was telling the truth, and because I felt exactly the same way. I'm still not entirely sure why the sight of some young pitcher warming up in spring training means so much to me, but I would almost rather watch that than



see Reggie Jackson or Pete Rose come up with men on base in some jam-packed, roaring stadium in October. The old coach with his hands in his pockets watching the young man pitching is the same sports cliché—it's almost a recruiting poster for baseball—but I'm not sure that it should be resisted for that reason. Its suggestions are classical. A mystery is being elucidated before our eyes; something is being handed on. The young man may fail (probably he will), but in time he may do better. One day, he may surprise his tutors, and they will turn and begin to take note of him when he is in the game. He will become better known, possibly famous; he might even become the best pitcher ever. It could happen; probably it won't. Either way, it touches something in us. Because

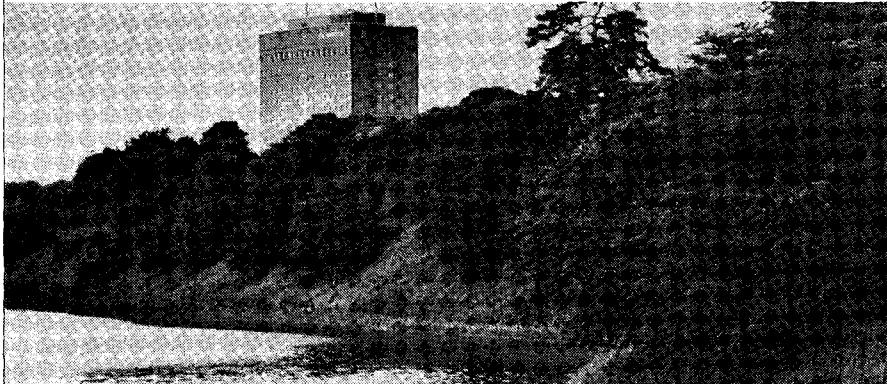
baseball changes so little, it renews itself each year without effort, but always with feeling.

THE Brewers' starting pitcher in that drizzly game against the Mariners was a blond right-hander named Lary Sorensen, who was struggling with his control and was knocked about for six hits and four runs in the first two innings. He will have better days. Last year, in his second season in the majors, at the age of twenty-two, he won eighteen games and lost twelve. The sports pages often misspell his first name. Sorensen grew up near Detroit, and his parents are lifelong, diehard Tiger fans; they named him after Frank Lary, a Detroit pitcher of the nineteen-fifties and sixties, who specialized in beating the Yankees. Last June, while the Brewers were visiting Tiger Stadium, Lary Sorensen heard about a forthcoming sportscasters' luncheon honoring the 1968 Tigers, who won the World Championship in a famous comeback World Series victory over the Cardinals. Sorensen invited himself to the affair, and when he got there he asked if he might be allowed to say a few words. When he was introduced, he stood up and looked about at some of the recent Tiger immortals seated near him and said, "Uh, Mr. Kaline, Mr. Cash, I suppose you remember the end of the game here ten years ago in September—the night you beat the Yankees, 2-1, and won the pennant, and all those kids ran out on the field and began to tear up the infield. There was a lot of talk afterward about what happened. I guess it shouldn't have happened. But I was one of those kids. I was *there*, and I ran out on the field and tore up a piece of turf from right behind the pitcher's mound. In fact—" And here Lary Sorensen reached under the table and produced a plastic bag containing a chunk of something green. "In fact—well, here it is. It's been in my mother's refrigerator ever since."

The Brewers are a rare mixture of youth and age—brilliant youngsters like Sorensen, Moose Haas, Robin Yount, and Paul Molitor, and experienced old hands like Sal Bando, Don Money, Mike Caldwell, and Larry Hise. None of the Nestors is more admired than Hise, the team's muscular left fielder, who has hit sixty-two homers in the past two seasons. He joined the club last year, signing as a free agent for a six-year contract worth more than three million dollars. Hise, who is black, has an appeal-

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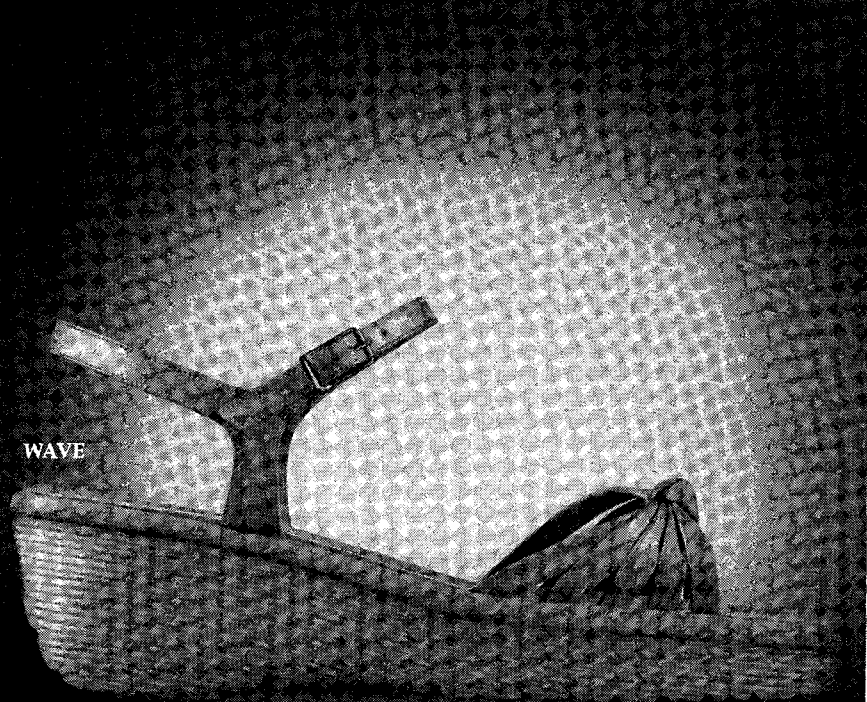


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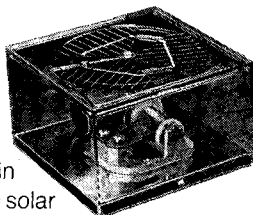
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ing, gold-spangled smile and a gentle way of speaking. He seemed genuinely startled when he understood that I wanted him to talk about his influence on his teammates.

"I don't think I can say anything about that," he said apologetically. "I don't think anybody tries to be a leader. If anybody ever leads anybody else, it can only be by example. You can't *think* about it."

What Hisle did want to talk about, it turned out, was his son, Larry, Jr., who is seven years old and is mad about baseball. He is an only child. "He was our bat-boy yesterday," Hisle said eagerly, "and when I went up to bat in about the fifth he said, 'Daddy, hit a home run.' I popped up—about a mile up—and when I came in he said, 'What *happened*?' Can you beat that! He acts like a coach, or something.

I think he sees about eighty or ninety per cent of our home games. He keeps telling me I'm his favorite ballplayer, but all I heard around the house last summer was Mickey Rivers' name. Mickey really brainwashed him. He gave Larry a bat and an autographed Yankee team ball one day, and the next thing I heard was that we should ask Mickey Rivers to come and *live* with us. I guess we're going to have to have Mick for dinner for sure this summer." Hisle told me that young Larry was extremely large for his age and was already playing hardball in a league for ten- and eleven-year-old boys. "I think they think he's older," he whispered delightedly.

I asked if he would want his son to become a big-league ballplayer.

"Well," Hisle said after some reflection, "if he said no, he didn't want to, it wouldn't disappoint me, because I know all the hardships and difficulties of this game. But if he said yes, I think it would please me even more, because overcoming those difficulties would make a better man of him. And I think it's the greatest profession in the world."

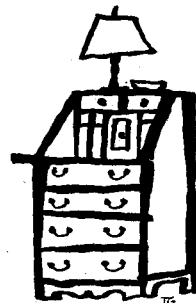
It was that way all day—almost a family picnic of baseball. I came in out of the rain in the middle innings and headed for the press box, and on the way I ran into an acquaintance of mine, Jim Colborn, who was out of uniform because he was scheduled to pitch for the Mariners the next afternoon. He greeted me cheerfully and introduced me to his pregnant, red-haired wife, Jennie, and to their three young, blond daughters, Daisy, Rosie,

and Holly. Jim Colborn, who is thirty-two, is a trained sociologist, as well as a pitcher, and has done graduate work at the University of Washington and the University of Edinburgh. He suffered through a miserable season last year, being traded in May from Kansas City to Seattle and then losing his first six starts for the Mariners. He got better late in the year, however, and during the winter he was signed to a new two-year contract by the Mariners, for about ninety thousand dollars a year.

(A hundred thousand dollars is now the average major-league salary.) "The best part is being back in Seattle," he said. "We have a great house up on Lake Washington, and it's the best city to live in if you have a family. Nearly everything you can think of to do there is free."

Colborn told me that he thought he had suffered from a sore arm most of last year without knowing it. "It hurt some in spring training," he said, "and I guess I began to throw a little wrong then, to favor it. My arm was finishing in a different place with every pitch, so the results weren't exactly surprising. But then about three weeks ago here I began to throw without any pain or strain, and suddenly it was there again. I'd throw a pitch and look at it, and I'd think, 'Hey!' It was like saying hello to an old friend."

I left the game before it was over—the Mariners won, 8-3, and the rain continued to the end—but before I departed I fell into conversation with a little knot of Mariners fans, who were standing together under the covered part of the stands, out of the rain, and peering down an aisle to watch the action on the wet green grass below us. (*Devoted fans, I should say: the Mariners finished with a 56-104 record last year, the worst in baseball.*) On the field, Julio Cruz, the small and ebullient Mariner second baseman, helped turn a neat 5-4-3 double play, and a woman next to me clapped her hands delightedly and cried, "Beautiful, Julio baby!" She was wearing a Mariners T-shirt. I remarked to her that I had been relishing watching Cruz play ball, which was true: he and Ozzie Smith, the Padre shortstop, were the best young infielders I saw all spring. The woman said, "I've seen him play ever since the first day he came up. I remember the very first day he ever got into a major-league game, two years ago. I was sitting out in the right-field bleachers at the Kingdome. A ball was



hit to him, and he made a terrible play on it, but it was only because he had been so busy looking at his own uniform out there—admiring his shirt-front and how he looked—that he messed up. I could see it all through my binoculars. Everybody around me was disgusted, but I knew he'd get better. Last year, he was the best-fielding second baseman in the league—did you know that? And he stole all those bases. I just hope they'll let him bunt more this year. He's still only twenty-three or twenty-four years old. He's just a baby. I love Ruppert Jones, but I think Julio is the best player we have, don't you? He's going to be our first big star."

Listening to her, I recalled what it had been like to root for the Mets back in the nineteen-sixties, when *they* were the worst team in baseball. We all used the possessive pronoun when we talked about the young players on the team, and we talked about the better times to come. It was like belonging to a family.

Baseball, however, is a business first of all, and, as Larry Hise suggested, it can be a hard one. Ten days after the rainy afternoon in Tempe, just before the beginning of the regular season, the Mariners, who are said to be in financial straits, dropped three veteran pitchers from their roster, including Jim Colborn. The current high level of player salaries makes headlines whenever a superstar is signed to a golden multi-year contract, but it has not been much noticed that many clubs are economizing in the off-season by cutting loose experienced middle-level players who have comfortable but non-guaranteed salaries and keeping rookies in their place. Jim Colborn's new contract was not guaranteed. Because he was cut so late in the spring, he was not able to find an opening with another team, and he has gone into the house-building business in Ventura, California. He seems to be out of baseball.

I FLEW to Florida from Phoenix and drove to Lakeland for a night game between the visiting Red Sox and the Detroit Tigers—a sellout affair also observed by about two dozen members of the enormous Boston press corps, which was getting itself ready for another summer of Euripidean despair. *Everything*, I was told at once, had gone wrong with the Bosox this spring, but it seemed to me that the Tigers had almost more to whimper about, for Mark Fidrych's damaged wing had not come around, and Rusty

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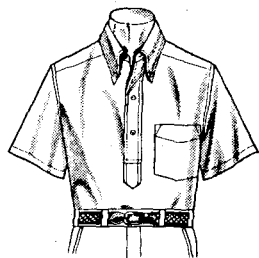


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Staub, the best designated hitter in the league, had apparently retired after a long salary wrangle with the front office. The game was a brisk one, with almost everybody first-ball hitting, and the young Detroit lineup whacking Dennis Eckersley repeatedly, and stealing bases like peanuts. The Tigers went ahead for good in the fourth on a two-run homer hit into the outer darkness by a large, left-handed rookie phenom named Kirk Gibson, who has begun a career in baseball in spite of many blandishments and cajoleries from the National Football League. It was his second hit of the spring season—both hits being two-run homers against the Red Sox. All this seemed sufficient entertainment for one evening, but we were given a double bill. Early in the game, a trombone-voiced Tiger fan took up a stance at the back of the grandstand, behind home plate and directly in front of the low press box, from where he commenced a non-stop, mind-bending baiting of the Red Sox batters. His reviews were strong-minded but lacking in variety. When Jim Rice stood in at one point, the critic yelled, "Hey, Rice! Hey, Rice! You know what you are, Rice? You're a rice pudding, Rice! You hear that, Rice? You're a rice pudding, Rice, that's all you are! Hey, Rice! Why don't you send your accountant up to bat for you, Rice? Send your accountant up to bat for you, you big rice pudding! Hey, Rice! *Rice!* You know what you are, Rice? ..." Similarly inventive metaphors and suggestions were offered to each Boston batter in turn. There were cries for mercy from fans and scribes alike, but the man was adamant in the exercise of his rights and his tonsils. After four or five innings of this, a gentle Fenway transcendentalist seated just to my right in the first row of the press box arose, muttering, and then returned carrying a medium-sized beer cup filled with water. He balanced this with exquisite care on the lip of the press-box parapet, directly in front of me and perhaps eight inches above the scalp of the Lakeland Demosthenes, who had gone silent for the moment, while his Tigers were at bat. The inning ended, the teams changed sides, the Tiger pitcher warmed up, and the next Red Sox batter stepped up to the plate.

"Hey, Scott!" we heard. (It was indeed the Boomer.) "Hey, Scott! Hey—"

Fatigued, my companion yawned and stretched, and by mischance the fingers of his left-hand just nudged the paper cup. The ensuing roar of pleas-

ure and gratitude from the stands in front of us far outdid the welcome previously given to Kirk Gibson's homer. Then there was a further and extremely cruel second burst of cheering, almost as loud as the first, when a responding, upward-bound refreshment—beer, this time, I discovered—suddenly drenched an innocent press-box bystander, or bysitter, recently off a plane from Phoenix.

WELL before nine o'clock the next morning, sizable lines of fans began to form up in the bright sunshine outside the ticket windows at Chain O' Lakes Park, in Winter Haven. This is Red Sox country, and the Yankees were coming to town. The Red Sox' multiple anxieties—Carlton Fisk's arm, Bill Campbell's shoulder, Jim Rice's new salary, Carl Yastrzemski's old salary, Butch Hobson's elbow operation, George Scott's age and waistline, the loss of Luis Tiant, the loss of Bill Lee, the team's collapse last September, the loss of the playoff game to the Yankees in October—had made for a distressing, almost panicky sort of spring in their camp, but on this morning there was a new taste of expectation in the warm, orangey air. Reporters holding paper cups of coffee stood together outside the batting nets and watched George Scott take special batting practice. The Boomer looked thin and serious. He was wearing a rubber shirt and swinging again and again at balls that were being tossed underhand by coach Walt Hriniak, who was kneeling behind a low screen about six feet away. Hriniak would flip up a ball, and Scott would cut at it instantly, swinging only from the waist up—a maneuver designed to improve his bat speed. Scott gave an explosive grunt each time he swung, which merged at once with the crack of the bat and then the whisper of the ball as it skinned along the rope netting off to his left: "Hunh!" *Crack!* Shhhh... "Hunh!" *Crack!* Shhhh...

An hour or two later, after the morning workouts, Red Sox vice-president Haywood Sullivan and Carl Yastrzemski held a brief press conference to announce that Yaz's present contract had been extended to run through 1981, at a level later estimated at about six hundred thousand dollars a year. From the moment that Jim Rice signed a seven-year, \$4.9-million-dollar contract last winter, it had been plain that Carl's salary would have to be brought up to Rice's neighborhood (Yastrzemski had been getting three hundred and seventy-five thousand

dollars a year), in spite of the Red Sox' profound reluctance to begin breaking open existing contracts—a feeling shared by every front office in baseball. Rice led both leagues last season in hits, homers (forty-six of them), and runs batted in, and was voted the American League's Most Valuable Player, but Yastrzemski, of course, is Yaz. Captain Carl, in any case, was in wonderful good humor, and an hour after the press conference he held a more informal talk with a small group of reporters out by the bullpen pitching mounds. He was shirtless and bare-headed in the sun, with a towel around his neck. He talked most about his hitting. "I can't hold my bat up here now, the way I always did," he said, in his Boston-tinged accents. "I've dropped my hands down, for more speed, and I've stopped trying to muscle the ball. I have to flip the bat. I talk to myself in the batter's box. The main thing I've had trouble with over the years is dropping my back shoulder—trying to loft the ball, instead of staying down and driving it. You can loft it after you make contact, but if you do it too soon you pop up. Maybe you've noticed I've been leaning forward in the box more, to keep my front shoulder down."

In all our minds, of course, was the image of Carl Yastrzemski leaning forward in the box in the ninth inning of the playoff game against the Yankees at Fenway Park last October 2nd, with two outs and the tying run at third base, and Boston down by a run, and the pennant and the year in the balance. Goose Gossage fired, and Carl swung and popped up weakly to third, in foul ground, to end the Red Sox' season. Now somebody asked, "Your last swing last year—was that a good swing?"

"It was horseshit," he said, and we all laughed. "No," he went on, "I can't say that. It wasn't a good swing, but the guy made a hell of a pitch. The ball sailed in on me, and at the speed he throws, you know, there isn't much time for correction."

Someone asked if he had thought about the pitch and the swing afterward, during the winter.

"I'll always think about that swing," he said.

But Yaz, who had died for New England last October, was alive and smiling here in the spring sunshine. He looked like a young hero. Sometime next August, he will knock out his three-thousandth base hit; along about the same week, if statistical projections hold up, he will hit his four-hundredth

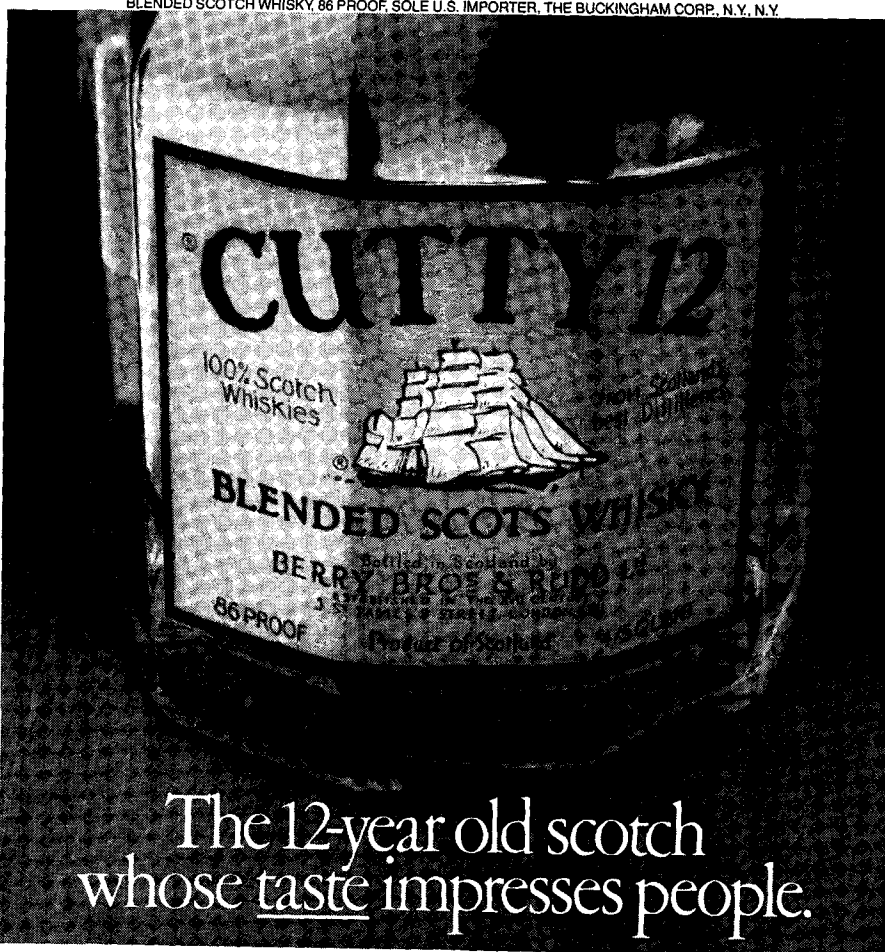


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homer. The two blows might be the same blow; it might even happen in Minnesota on August 22nd, on Carl Yastrzemski's fortieth birthday. I wouldn't bet against it.

Both managers—Bob Lemon, of the Yankees, and Don Zimmer, of the Red Sox—kept saying that the game that afternoon was just another meaningless spring affair. "Try and find it in the records," Zim muttered. But the fans knew better, and so did the Red Sox, I think. The starting pitchers, by wonderful accident, were Ron Guidry and Mike Torrez, who had been the two starters in the playoff game, and the second Yankee pitcher would be Luis Tiant, the grand stylist and stopper of the Boston mound corps in this decade, who had gone over to the enemy as a free agent after the Boston front office mortally offended him by never talking money last summer. Long before game time, every seat in the park was gone and there were people sitting and standing all around the jam-packed new bleacher seats on the grassy outfield banks. Somebody out there in left-center had the best seat of all, it turned out: somebody who was one bounce beyond the first landing place of the ball that Jim Rice hit there in the third inning—an immense, three-run down-towner struck off Guidry, which set the festive tone for the entire afternoon. There were other causes for celebration—Rice's five runs batted in, a homer (off Tiant) by rookie catcher Gary Allenson, and a marvellous peg from the deep-right-field corner by Dwight Evans, which overtook Graig Nettles, churning up the base path to second, and nailed him at the uttermost tip of his slide. Chambliss homered for the Yankees, and so did Reggie Jackson, the latter blow clearing the right-field wall and then bounding over a high wire fence and into an orange

grove, where it was pursued eagerly by a small boy—the boy and the ball going over the fence together like a fox after a rabbit. Tiant, looking like some mercenary-army brigadier in his gray New York road uniform, gave up three runs in his first inning of work, thus further troubling the mixed allegiance of the watching hordes. By the seventh, however, with the Sox holding their ultimate winning margin of 7-3, everybody there, in the stands and on the field, began to remember that this was spring training, after all, and that nothing sad or serious could happen on this day. Tiant trotted out some of his fa-

mous mound mannerisms against Jim Rice—the Low-Flying Plane, the Slipper Kick—and Jim, leaping out of the box in alarm, laughed and gestured "C'mon, Louie, throw the ball!" Yaz, in his turn, ran up a few steps, faking a bunt, and when he popped out at last he came back in past the mound and lifted his batting helmet in a comical and courtly salute. All in all, it was quite an afternoon. Carlton Fisk, who had taken some careful, stretching practice pegs in the outfield, reported that his painful elbow was a little better (he played fifty games with a broken rib last year, and extended a nerve or tendon by throwing when hurt); Butch Hobson had played in his first game of the year; Bill Campbell had thrown batting practice, and said afterward that his arm—his shoulder, to be exact—felt almost alive again. Right to the end, it was a day of good news.

In St. Petersburg the next night, the Yankees whipped the Mets, 9-3, on a wet and windy field. Tommy John, still another free agent now happily enslaved by a lucrative Yankee contract, worked six innings and notched fifteen ground-ball outs with his skulking slider. John, a battle-tested left-hander, seems likely to win fifteen or eighteen games for the champions this year—an event guaranteed to cause more trembling and groaning among the countless Yankee-haters across the land. Conversely, I was depressed that evening only by the sight of the thinly talented, semi-anonymous Mets making their earnest preparations for another season of losing baseball. Having failed to



make any significant improvements in the last-place club over the winter, the Mets front office has evidently decided upon cheese-paring as a prime tactic with which to win back the lost affection of millions of Gotham fans: manager Joe Torre has been told to

make do without a bullpen coach this season. The Charles Shipman Payson family, which owns the Mets and easily has the means to match George Steinbrenner in the winter money wars, no longer seems to care for the business or sport of baseball; I wish it would sell the club to somebody who does.

The game that night at St. Petersburg was another sellout. The Yankees, in fact, played to sellout crowds at all thirteen of their road games in Florida this year, and came within a few dozen tickets of selling out all their home games at Fort Lauderdale,

too. Many other clubs also reported record-breaking attendance figures. Baseball is currently enjoying the greatest national popularity in its long history, but I think other forces and factors may explain the big turnouts in the Grapefruit and Cactus League exhibitions. Last month, Bob Lemon complained that he could not get a real look at his rookies and second-line players during the spring games, because fans everywhere expressed outrage if they did not get to see his famous regulars—Reggie Jackson, Thurman Munson, Mickey Rivers, Graig Nettles, Lou Piniella, and the rest—in the starting lineup. Lemon was under pressure to play them every day, and George Steinbrenner once criticized him when he did not. Giving the manager an opportunity to take a long look at his organization's youngsters and substitutes is mostly what the spring-training games are for; he already knows what his stars can do, and they, for their part, are experienced enough to know when they should play and when they should rest, as they get themselves ready for the long season ahead. More and more now, it seems, fans come to these games not for the rare chance they give to watch baseball quietly and at close range, played in something like the manner of its casual and rural past, but to ogle the new millionaires and celebrities on the field. The gigantic sums of money that ballplayers are able to command seem to distract the attention of the fans, shifting it away from the athletes' wonderful feats afield—the very thing that made them suddenly worth so much money—and toward the commonplace attractions of personality and celebrity. This can happen very quickly. Bucky Dent, a handsome but unremarkable shortstop for the Yankees, hit the winning three-run homer in the playoff against the Red Sox last year and then sustained a wonderful October hot streak at the plate and in the field, which won him the Most Valuable Player award in the World Series. Dent's name and smile are now visible everywhere, and he is said to have earned more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his endorsements and appearances during the winter. The ultimate baseball celebrity of 1979, of course, is Pete Rose, who played out his tenure with the Cincinnati Reds last summer and then signed a four-year contract with the Phillies worth almost three million dollars. Reporters and friends of mine who visited the Phillies camp this spring told me that the fans who came



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to Clearwater to see Rose often could barely pick out the top of his cap as he went about in the midst of a daily crowd of newspaper and magazine reporters and television interviewers and photographers and TV-commercial directors (including people making commercials for Japanese television) and network camera crews. Pete Rose is an engaging and talkative fellow, a pleasure to interview, and he is a vivid, exemplary player on the field. I had planned to pay a call on him and his teammates this spring, but after I heard what the Phillies entourage was like I changed my itinerary. One way or another, I figured, Pete Rose would be coming my way. I was right, too; there he was on my television set just the other afternoon—not playing ball, to be sure, but wearing a tuxedo and a ruffled shirt and grinning in response to jokes by Milton Berle and Phyllis Diller and some others on a nationally televised special called "The Pete Rose Roast."

Baseball is a durable and resilient phenomenon, and I think it will survive even its new status as a fad. I was encouraged in this notion by a talk I had with Ted Simmons, the veteran St. Louis catcher, whom I ran into before before a Cardinals-Pirates game in St. Petersburg, on the last day of my tour. Simmons, who is twenty-nine, is beginning his twelfth season with the Cards; he is tough and efficient, almost always playing between a hundred and fifty and a hundred and sixty games every year. He bats from both sides of the plate, and his lifetime average is .298, which makes him the second-best switch-hitter in baseball—second only to Pete Rose. Simmons has a surprising off-the-field career as a serious collector of antiques—a field of expert interest that has won him a post on the board of trustees of the St. Louis Art Museum. I started to ask him how he had become involved with antiques, and he immediately held up a hand and said, "I'm sorry, but I don't want to go in that direction. If you and I had dinner together, or had a whole evening together, or had time to spend two or three days together, and if you happened to have a particular interest in antiques, then we might both get around to saying some things that might be useful and interesting. But just talking like this for a few minutes before a ballgame, you can't ask me a question that would let me say anything about it that would make any sense. O.K.?"

I said O.K. Then I said it again, in a startled sort of way, for it is not often that I meet people—ballplayers or anybody else—who are simultaneously articulate and private. It turned out, however, that Ted Simmons and I did have a subject in common—baseball. This is not a joke: a great many men who play the game—a majority, easily—seem to take only a minimal interest in its nuances and complexities. Ted Simmons, however, is a fan—a fanatic.

"I played all sports when I was younger," Simmons said (he was a football, basketball, and baseball star in high school at Southfield, Michigan), "but I always loved baseball most. I really think I love it more all the time. All you have to do is think about Abner Doubleday or that other

man—that Alexander Cartwright, the mathematician—sitting down and deciding that the bases ought to be ninety feet apart. That was more than a hundred years ago, and it's never been necessary to change that, or change the other distances in baseball—not even by an inch. I can't get over that. Just think about it: the fastest man in the game today can hit the ball to deep short, and if the shortstop makes the play he'll still get him out—by an inch. There is no better game—I don't care if it's bridge or hockey or basketball or backgammon. Baseball has the ingredients to satisfy everybody. There's strategy, subtlety, tactics, beauty—everything. Unfortunately, not nearly enough people get a chance to experience the game at all levels, the way players do, but you don't really have to play baseball to understand its finesse and grace. All through a game, there are plays that result from a ball being hit to a certain place, and the patterns they follow tell you what's really going on and how the game is really played. If a fan is paying close attention, instead of just watching the flight of the ball, he can begin to pick this up.

"Let's say there are base runners on first and third, with one out or none out. The batter pops the ball up into foul territory behind the plate but deep—close to the fence and on the first-base side. I go back for the ball—I mean, the catcher goes back for the ball. Everybody sees that, but not everybody notices that the shortstop has moved directly to second base and the second baseman has moved directly to a spot well inside second base but on a straight line between the ball and the bag. Every infielder knows this. It's



automatic—one, two, three. If you don't defense it that way, then the man on first takes off as soon as the ball is caught, the catcher throws to second, and the runner on third just cakewalks home, because of the long throw the catcher has to make. But if the defense is right, the second baseman cuts off the throw and gets the man at the plate easily. Then most people in the stands only think, 'Oh, how could that base runner be so slow?' They haven't seen the play. If the ball is hit to the other side, of course—on the third-base side—then the two infielders just flip-flop, with the second baseman going to the bag and the shortstop into the cutoff spot. There's no *news* about this—I'm not telling you anything you don't know. But I always wonder if the fans are seeing enough. If you stay with this game and really watch it, your appreciation goes much deeper. It rewards you."

Ted Simmons, batting right-handed, singled in the first inning and again in the third inning of the game against the Pirates that afternoon, driving in a run each time. But the Pirates were hitting, too. Dave Parker, their gigantic batting champion and M.V.P., whacked two line-drive singles and came around to score each time. Almost everybody was hitting the ball, in fact—fourteen hits for the two teams in the first five innings. I had to leave before it was over, but I stopped and stood in an exit behind first base and watched one more inning from there. My hotel in St. Pete, the Bay Front Concourse, is right across the street from Al Lang Field, and when I went up to my room, on the fifth floor, before my late check-out—I was going to drive to Tampa for an evening flight to New York—I finished my packing and then I stood by my fifth-floor window and watched the game again for a little while. The players were too far away to be recognizable, but I could see the bright colors of their uniforms and caps, and their shadows on the infield dirt, and sometimes a sudden flurry of movement by the fielders and base runners allowed me to pick up the white speck of the ball in its flight. Even from there, you could make out the patterns of the game.

—ROGER ANGELL

CORRECTION

Because of a clerical error, times given in *The Times* last Saturday, Sunday and Monday for the rising and setting of the sun, the moon and the planets were incorrect.—*The Times*.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Outback Henry James

THE notion of the sinister occurring in innocent sunlight does not belong only to Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" and the early-nineteenth-century New England writers and Hitchcock. Peter Weir, the director of "Picnic at Hanging Rock," is an Australian, and he shares it. (He has since made another feature film, called "The Last Wave," which opened here this past December.) "Picnic at Hanging Rock" has deservedly been running in New York for a long time. It is set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900, in a snobbish Australian school for girls which is intent on keeping its dinner jacket on in the jungle. We are in a world of giggling, tight-corseted schoolgirls in straw boaters and white dresses; of unspoken sexuality between employers and employees, schoolmistresses and pupils; of school mahogany doors solidly closed on far from solid mysteries in the bush.

A small company of the schoolgirls, under the eye of Miss McCraw, a mistress in a veiled black hat (Vivean Gray), go on an outing to Hanging Rock, a geological formation that looks like the figure of a primitive mammal yet to be described. The site gives us the true feeling of the Australian bush, a feeling often malign. In alien heat, the English-trained girls recite Shakespeare, nearly faint with the power of the sun, dream of valentines that have been exchanged at school and are charged with grownup longings necessarily disguised as school-age crushes. Crickets here seem to shriek. Reptiles and other animals entirely strange to the school's imported, civil world roam the land with a look of ownership, one of them an out-of-proportion and frog-like creature with mouth agape.

The story, based on a novel by Joan Lindsay, with a screenplay by Cliff Green, is about the disappearance of some of the girls and of Miss McCraw, who is later reported to have been glimpsed vanishing in her pantaloons. Once on the picnic, we are instantly far from the world these bemused and proper souls have left: the world of a college run by a headmistress of outward discipline and hidden disarray, played by the Welsh Rachel Roberts, who has done signal work in the English theatre. She is a witty and compassionate actress, especially when she is playing hard-pressed characters forced by circumstance and loneliness to cherish drabness, as she is in this

film. (She is probably best known here for her film performances in Karel Reisz's "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" and Lindsay Anderson's "This Sporting Life.") Back at the college, everything seems brightly clear: accents are clipped, and the girls sing "Rock of Ages." Out in the bush, though, it feels apt that such disappearances should happen. Peter Weir and his cameraman, Russell Boyd, show us that the Australian outback is a place millions of years old. As in "The Turn of the Screw," there is a sense of supernatural mischief. The occult is at work somewhere. Peter Weir gives us a strong notion of what it is for these characters to be in an aboriginal and empty country populated by myths of ancient potency which are unknown to the present inhabitants. Two victims of the disappearance incident are left with skull wounds that knock out of their heads any memory of collision with the unassimilably old.

This is not a Hammer horror film or a Boris Karloff film. Its terror does not rest on frightening makeup or on the sight of brains coddled in some lunatic scientist's laboratory. Its antecedents are in literature: not only in Henry James but also in the eighteenth-century gothic writers. Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto" lives again. The characters in "Picnic at Hanging Rock" are at the mercy of a metaphysic I had thought dispatched. The leader of the lost girls, named Miranda (Anne Lambert), is a beauty who says out of nowhere on the picnic, as if recognizing secret and inevitable rules of the universe, that "everything begins and ends at exactly the right time and place." Not quite the same thing can be said of the film, which sometimes carries on a bit. But then its theme is substantial. The picture is eventually about the moral impropriety of imposing one culture on another. Here are these girls, here are these women, here are these English accents and school rules and hymns and corsets, on a continent that finds them all unacceptable. The landscape remains as resolute in hostility as the heat. We hear much European music on the soundtrack, emblem of the vain effort to import centuries of the cultivated into this untamed land. There is a significant scene in which, while the darkness of the mystery hangs over the film like a heat haze, English appearances are kept up: isolated in the burning terrain under a marquee, people walk

about with parasols, and a string quartet plays some of the music that has been left so many thousands of miles away. In an image of the transplant that will not take, a young man with an Australian accent (John Jarratt), lounging in the shade and drinking beer, idly borrows the gray topper of a stiff contemporary with an English accent (Dominic Guard) and tries it on. It is a very displaced hat. One can afford to leave aside the occasional obscurantism and doominess of the surface of the film: its essence is thoughtful.

BILLY WILDER is, as we all know, increasingly a director of thin-ice wit. The turn of his humor was becoming marked in "The Apartment" and "One, Two, Three." Working again in his native Europe—he is of Austrian origins—he has made a picture called "Fedora," shot mostly in Munich, Paris, and Corfu. It could be taken to be full of show-biz name-dropping and familiar vulgarities of show-biz judgment in telling admiring stories about show biz if it were not—I believe—a merry but perilously balanced farce to do with these very things. Fedora is a legendary movie figure, wearing a perpetual pair of sunglasses and a perpetual sun hat. She is obviously drawn from Garbo—for whom Wilder, with two collaborators, wrote "Ninotchka"—except that a great deal more is done with the character than the describing of a beautiful recluse. (The screenplay, based on a story from "Crowned Heads," by Thomas Tryon, was written by Wilder in collaboration with I. A. L. Diamond; it is their eleventh picture together, "Some Like It Hot" being one bonny example.) Fedora is played by two women: Hildegard Knef and Marthe Keller. Hildegard Knef at first enacts a withered countess in a wheelchair, black veiling over her crumpled face; Marthe Keller is at first mostly a back view scampering from reporters. It would be impossible to write of the film without giving away the guessable plot point that the two characters merge. The countess is the real Fedora, angrily banging an electric heater with her cane and demanding of an indigent film producer (William Holden) that an electric blanket be sent from America to her villa in Corfu. (The producer character is hellbent on setting up a remake of "Anna Karenina"—for which he has found "some tax-shelter guys"—starring the Fedora he so doggedly seeks, because she would be so "bankable." In the meantime—this is very much the Wilder of "Sun-

set Boulevard"—he is putting up a grand front but living in a cheap hotel room on money that he has begged from his ex-wife.) The Marthe Keller figure, who enacts for tourists and prowlers the enigmatic and long-non-working star, is actually the countess's daughter, whom for years the icon of entertainment neglected but later found invaluable as a site on which to impose, by surgery and trickery, the delusive likeness of her famous face. The film, in fact, has to do with the truth and untruth and interchangeability of faces. (José Ferrer plays one of those doctors who make people of a hundred and ten look a mere ninety by injecting them with costly unborn-lamb sweat glands. He is invaluable to the real Fedora's strategy until an operation on her goes wrong, at which point he has to start work on getting the daughter to look believably *older* than she is.) The film also—in quite a strict sense—has to do with face. Probably it would not have been made, could not have been made, except by someone of Wilder's age who has lived for so long in that overbearing and unfriendly place called the Hollywood community. Forget the technical coarseness of the picture, which is beside the point in this case, and let us give its matter a chance. There are dozens of scenes that seem on the surface to be absurd. For one, Henry Fonda, playing the president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, turns up in Corfu with an honorary Oscar for the fake Fedora, which he presents with a speech that is soaked in apparent sentimentality about show business. But Wilder is not a sentimentalist. In this film, inadequate vehicle though it is, he is really mocking Hollywood, scolding the dropping of names, questioning celebrity, scorning cosmetic fibs. The dialogue often invites derisive laughter, but to laugh is to be insensible to the fact that Wilder is doing a double somersault. In a film apparently full of blatant errors, he is actually being subtle; in a film apparently flushed with film truisms about Hol-

lywood glamour, he uses the devices of the commonplace to urge the selective.

JAN TROELL's "Hurricane" is set partly in Pago Pago, was shot entirely in Bora Bora, and is entirely silly silly. One seldom sees so much undiluted weather in a film. This weather is photographed by Sven Nykvist, who seems to have lost his head a little in Polynesia, presumably because he lacked anything to do, not having anything in the way of a script.

The time is 1920. Jason Robards plays a distraught American naval officer, having one hell of a poor time coping with his fragile-looking but rebellious daughter, played by Mia Farrow. The trouble seems to boil down to two things: one, that she has been seeing her mother, to whom Daddy much prefers his daughter; two, that she is terrifically drawn to a bland young Polynesian chief called Matangi, played by Dayton Ka'ne. We also have Trevor Howard as an Irish priest, Max von Sydow as a doctor, and the theme of white conquerors' frigidity in the face of native sensuality. The thin whites are the rotters, and complicated. The Polynesians are plump, given to strange erotic doings that upset the ruling whites no end, and simple. The whole film may exist to try to convince us of the importance of being simple.

The script itself is extremely simple. It has lines in it that are quite dazzling in their simplicity, or simple-mindedness. Between spurts of talk, which, for instance, require Jason Robards to spit out a line about "the dictum of passion," there are many, many closeups of bits of bodies. One doesn't always know where one is in these closeups. One might be in the hook of a knee, in the crook of an elbow. There is a long and meditative track up a Polynesian chest to an undeserving rope of beads. And then there is all that weather. Never has there been so much surf, so much lashing of waves, such a tempest of wooden native buildings being tossed about by a hurricane. Characters are often underwater, and that's fine, because it means they have to shut up. They swim about consorting with tropical fish or they're nearly getting drowned. The music, by Nino Rota, is richly hummable, and you have never seen so many sunsets or so many pensive wanderings along beaches. The effect of the film is not so much intellectual or emotional as neurological. One feels scratchy. This is because of all the scenes held in sand. What a fatuity is here. Nothing will come of nothing.

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an interesting picture with the unintelligent title of "I Am My Films: A Portrait of Werner Herzog," in which Herzog talks about the genesis and making of his pictures. They include, notably, "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" and "Stroszek." The producers and directors of "I Am My Films"—Christian Weisenborn and Erwin Keusch—use the arrogant method of psychoanalysis by camera which has grown familiar to us as one of the rather dubious aspects of *cinéma vérité*. The lens sometimes seems to be forcing thoughts out of Herzog as if haranguing a man pressed to a wall. But, against odds, he preserves himself. One of the striking new generation of West German filmmakers, who are often lumped together by accident of birth date, he has nothing whatever in common intellectually with, say, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, but, even so, there is a great deal to explore that is innovative and welcome. This *cinéma-vérité* film shows us a man pondering: not a usual sight. Herzog was born in a small town in Bavaria in 1942. He tells us that as a child he had a temper and worked it out on other children. Now the energy of the temper seems to go into his films. His output is large. His work concerns itself with the topics of a ranging mind. "Aguirre" is about a frantic, visionary conqueror who hacks his way through the sixteenth-century Peruvian jungle in search of gold. It raises questions and does not beg them: large questions, to do with colonization, avarice, adventure, and the mercenary impetus that has often been allied with Christian missionary purposes. "Stroszek," which is constructed like a ballad, is about an unshaven castaway who is released for the *n*th time from jail in Berlin but finds no liberty in the release. To Herzog, he is like a hobbled donkey circling round and round a tree. He is roped always by one leg to his past. The character goes to Wisconsin and becomes a car mechanic, but crossing the ocean solves nothing: there is no more balm in it than there is in Aguirre's voyage of conquest. Herzog has a meticulous charity toward the predicaments of his characters, and "I Am My Films" detects and renders it.

ON April 9th, at the Oscar occasion in Los Angeles, the incomparable Laurence Olivier addressed the audience of show-business people as "my very noble and approved good masters" ("Othello"). Grace of this order deserves document.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

THE AIR

The Tyranny of the Visual

I THINK that I probably enjoy stories on film or videotape as much as anyone: movie movies and television movies—in other words, motion-picture narratives. But there have been times lately when I have had the feeling that, so great has been the spread of visual culture in this century, and so overwhelming has been its impact on the apparently tender verbal sensibility of recent generations, what was not so long ago the happy, sense-expanding dynamic of a new medium of entertainment now seems in danger of becoming a new kind of aesthetic tyranny: the tyranny of visual storytelling. In movies, this tyranny commonly takes the superficially modest form of surface or design “effects”: a fashion of presenting a scene or a character which relates not so much to the scene or the character as to the form or technique of the presentation. For instance, at the beginning of the 1977 movie “Bobby Deerfield” there occurred a typically striking visual sequence in which the camera first revealed—sparely, and carefully framed—the blacktop surface of a road, and then a man walking slowly down the road toward the camera (though only his shoes and trousered legs were visible). The man stopped and turned around and retraced his steps. Then—suddenly and dramatically—he bent down and picked up something from the surface of the road: a key. With the key in his hand, he walked at a more normal, everyday pace on up the road to a car that was parked there, and climbed into it, and drove off—Al Pacino driving off into a narrative that had not yet begun. A stylish opening sequence, one might say, but what was all that business about the key on the road? Was it his car key? Or some other key? Had he lost it? Why or how had he lost it? Did his having lost and then found the key—or perhaps just having found the key—have anything to do with the story: perhaps cause him to miss or be delayed in some important encounter? In short, what did the incident of the key on the road *mean*? The subsequent action of the movie provided no answer to any of these questions; indeed, the movie seemed totally uninterested in the matter, as if it couldn’t really remember having posed any such questions in the first place. Clearly, the device had been a kind of game—a visual non sequitur. But there had been nothing neutral, or even playfully artistic, about the im-

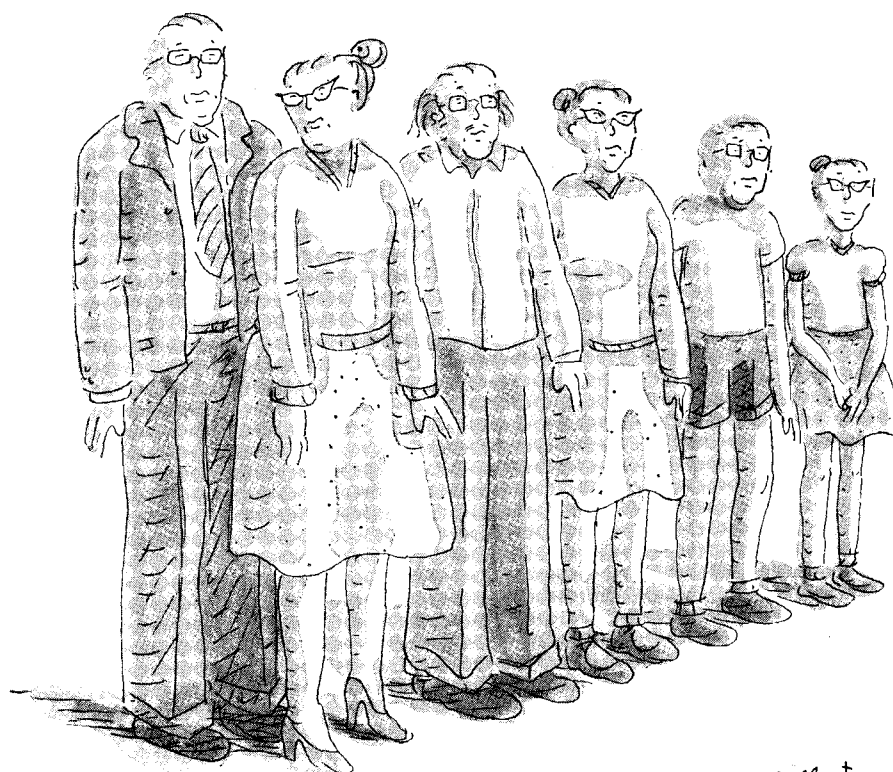
agery of the key sequence: it was designed quite deliberately to appeal to our causal or linear instincts—our detective-story sensibilities. What it was, in fact, was a disconnected visual “effect,” or, to put it less kindly, a minor form of visual bullying: a sequence of incident and motion which was invested with the look of narrative importance but which related to neither the character nor the story—only to the movie-makers’ desire to have a stylish, important-looking film.

It strikes me that in recent films, along with a greater visual or cinematographic freedom, an even more pronounced form of visual bullying has evolved: for instance, in the Russian-roulette sequences in “The Deer Hunter.” Here the problem is not meaningless gesture, nor is it a simple question of the artist’s right (in this case, the director’s right) to make up detail and incident. The problem in “The Deer Hunter,” it seems to me, has to do with a film that is not so much composed of sequential parts (though that seems to be so on the surface, one part being set in a small town in Pennsylvania, the other in Vietnam) as rendered on two very different—and, in fact, not properly mixable—levels of imagination. Thus, the small-town American scenes are depicted with great naturalism and affection; every effort has been made

to show us *how things actually were*. In other words, even if the energy behind the realistic details is the energy of dream, it is clearly a dream that was honestly dreamed. In contrast, the Vietnam scenes are not merely dream-like in their unreality and contrivance but are like the dream of, one guesses, a professional dream-maker, who, having no source for dreams on this subject beyond journalism and propaganda, has tried to invest his story with the pseudo-energy of theatrical imagery. Part of the movie, then, is “real” (or, at least, is the product of a real dream), and its reality nourishes the “unreal” Vietnam part, with its slick, manipulative Russian-roulette sequences, which not only are made up (which is of no consequence) but are false (which *is* of consequence) to what had been, up to then, the artistic honesty of the narrative. These Russian-roulette scenes conceal a creative emptiness, and they do so by pummeling the audience with Grand Guignol visual effects. Of course we hold our breath and wince when a man takes a partly loaded revolver and puts it to his temple. But what does this mean—especially in the context of what is in so many ways a fine movie—save that the moviemaker has lost touch with his material and so has dipped into his grab bag of powerful visual effects in order to keep us in our seats?

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friend said to me as I was making these complaints the other day.

"How do you know, since you weren't there?" I asked.

"Well, I know because of the movie," he said.

It seems self-evident that visual creativity, be it in fine art or in cinematography, might be expected to follow different laws of technique and dynamics from, say, literary or musical creativity. But it seems strange, at best—though perhaps in keeping with a certain defensiveness that appears to be abroad in the world—that the new visual crafts should also be assumed to possess a morality of their own: a morality that speaks not to the larger world of men and women where morality itself is forged but, self-consciously and self-servingly, back to the small, increasingly self-isolated province of visual technique.

In the more mundane, day-by-day arena of television, visual manipulation seems somehow less prevalent—or, at least, less artistically ambitious—than in the movies, except perhaps in the case of the ubiquitous commercials, which on the whole are intrinsically manipulative. But here I think there is a worthwhile distinction to be made between the morality of different types of visual manipulation. On the surface, the television commercial appears to follow a purely self-contained, solipsistic morality of visual technique, but in fact (provided that it is in any way an effective commercial) it follows a quite other-directed and even humanely logical (if not always ennobling) morality of commerce. In these thirty- or sixty-second dramas and collages, seemingly irrelevant visual detail and nuance are attended to with great skill and intensity, though much of the visual incident seems to point nowhere, like the "Bobby Deerfield" key sequence. But actually in television commercials all detail, nuance, and incident point in one definite direction: toward the selling of a product. Of course, one may not like a certain product, or may find its claims excessive, or may not like being sold things in the first place. But, at least, the transaction between the commercial-makers and the television audience is a straightforward one, in which visual technique is not just speaking to itself. Television entertainment programming sometimes borrows the superficial visual style, or attention to style, of the commercial-makers (as, more often, do movies), though for the most part popular-entertainment television cinematography seems too matter-of-fact, too prosily tied to the de-

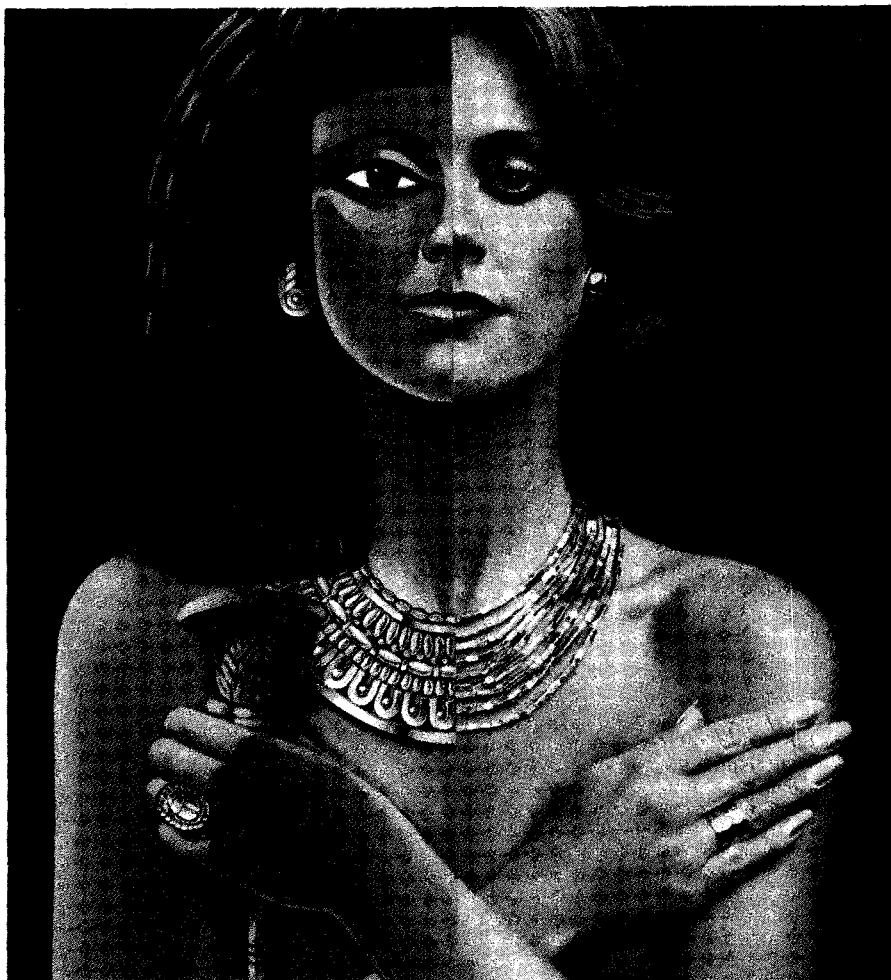
mands of plot or narrative, or, sometimes, too preoccupied with getting through the week's shooting script on schedule to be noticeably infected with the pseudo-art and pseudo-morality of the new visual ethics.

Still, there is an important area in which television has started to abuse its rather easily achieved (and not yet very skillfully developed) command of visual language, and, ironically, it is public television—the relentless blue-stocking of broadcasting—that seems to have been leading the way, by throwing its weight behind a rather different sort of visual tyranny: the reconstituting or overwhelming or transforming of works of literature into sequences of moving images, as in the recent four-part adaptation of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter." Now, right away there is a danger of getting tangled up in the ancient argument (as ancient, at least, as the movies) having to do with the merits or demerits of transposing books into films, so first let me try to make clear what I am *not* talking about here. I am not talking about the inviolability of printed matter or suggesting that a story that has been fashioned in one form—be it novel or stage play or Holinshed's "Chronicles"—should always remain in its original form. I am not claiming the inherent or automatic superiority of one form over another—books as "high art" versus film as "low art," as has sometimes been claimed (at least by book people) in the past. After all, the evidence of five or more decades is that some of the most appealing and satisfying movies—perhaps most of the most appealing and satisfying movies—have been adapted from novels or short stories that were often inferior to the filmed version. Indeed, a large proportion of the so-called literary properties that are bought by filmmakers and turned into movies are books of the most routine nature: spy stories or detective stories or the type of popular blockbuster novel that appears to have been written from a movie-oriented perspective, employing "characters" based either on figures in the daily papers or on the personae of movie stars, and, in fact, that is literary only in having made its original appearance as a book, filled with words and sentences, paragraphs and chapters.

So what am I talking about? For one thing, I am talking about "The Scarlet Letter." Worthy Hawthorne! A good-looking writer chap who married one of those Peabody sisters and worked for years with great effort on

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One would think that a behavior

so universal would have a universally accepted explanation, but this does not exist. The famous psychiatrists Freud and Jung disagreed. Others, too, have studied the phenomenon and the theories range from the almost incomprehensibly profound to the almost ludicrously superficial. More serious suppositions have included sexual enhancement, social or tribal status, an inner quest for immortality, self-deception, self-esteem, superstition, religion and, as in the case of Freud, a carnal hypothesis. What is generally agreed to at this point is only that gold's attraction is deeply psy-

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It seems worth adding, however, that much jewelry manufactured everywhere in the world today uses classic techniques that date back centuries, and the gold ring you wear was probably formed using a "lost wax" method known at least 4,000 years.

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his short stories, for which he was respected but not very well rewarded. He wrote "The Scarlet Letter" fairly quickly, and as soon as his publisher, Mr. Fields, saw the manuscript he knew that it was going to be a big seller—although, being a publisher, he printed a first edition of only two thousand copies. It sold out in ten days. The second edition, of three thousand copies, sold well, too, and subsequent editions and printings have kept on selling. (Perhaps there should be some kind of federal law, however, to prevent schoolchildren from being required to read it—or "The House of the Seven Gables" or Melville's "Moby Dick"—at a stage in life when many of them can barely respond to the literary texture of the *Newsweek* "Entertainment" section.) For "The Scarlet Letter" is not only a marvelous book—surely one of the very great American novels ever written—but also an extraordinarily, profoundly literary work. It is actually quite short, and its brevity imparts a feeling of compression. There is scant incident or action in the narrative. Indeed, the "story" is deliberately unrealistic (almost surreal), for Hawthorne was writing two hundred years after the supposed events. What he was attempting to portray has the texture and density of a dream; Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby" is a very different kind of book, but it shares with "The Scarlet Letter," I think, this dreamlike energy of texture and psychology, and this absence of action and realistic event. At any rate, Hawthorne's novel is not merely a great work of the imagination but one that owes its strength and presence to the "music" of the soul's interior. So rich is this interior music, in fact, that the reader scarcely notices—or, at least, is not unduly troubled by—some of the more conventional aspects of storytelling which Hawthorne has either not bothered himself much with or simply left out. Not only is there an absence or scarcity of realistic event but a number of the important characters have surprisingly simplistic surfaces. Dreadful Roger Chillingworth, for instance, is a villain without shading, without redeeming feature. Hester Prynne's child, little Pearl, is hardly believable on any remotely realistic terms—this "lovely and immortal flower" who was "worthy to have been brought forth in Eden; worthy to have been left there, to be the plaything of the angels." There is also the matter of the author's deliberately contrived employment of natural background and coloring—or,

rather, his failure to employ it. For "The Scarlet Letter" is in the main—and, it is clear, purposely—a novel without color. There are periodic symbolic appearances of the color red, as in a fire and in a red rose, and certainly in Hester's scarlet letter, and similar symbolic appearances of the color black, as in the prison's ironwork and in the mythic "Black Man" of the forest, but with the exception of Hester's embroidery on little Pearl's dresses there is an obviously artistically intended omission from the novel of the colors of the New England countryside. There is also an omission of the countryside itself—the wilderness—save for periodic symbolic references to its surrounding dark presence, and for one important scene, late in the book, which finally brings together Hester, Dimmesdale, little Pearl, and Chillingworth in the forest.

Public television's version of "The Scarlet Letter" was not terrible; it had a few decent moments, especially in the third episode, when Meg Foster seemed to catch for a few seconds some of the transfigured bitterness of Hester Prynne. Nor was it much good; in purely theatrical terms, both Foster and John Heard, as Dimmesdale, seemed impossibly burdened by a kind of modern American high-school stage radiance, while Kevin Conway, as Chillingworth, floundered about in a part that probably only a very bad or a very good actor could have made work. And Rick Hauser's ponderous, "classical" direction propelled Hawthorne's erstwhile brief and compact narrative forward with the stately lethargy of a becalmed galleon. For the most part, it seemed a misbegotten undertaking, perpetrated by people on the creative or producing

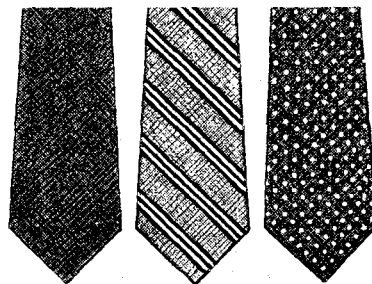
end who, if they read the book—at least for the purpose of blocking scenes—could not have had much feeling for what they read.

Indeed, as I watched the series trudge its dutiful and cumbersome course through four consecutive evenings, I thought back to some of those foolish Hollywood re-creations of the "classics" and rather missed them—their foolishness as well as their energy. Mickey Rooney in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"! Gregory Peck as Captain Ahab! At least there had been a sort of loopy fun in these portrayals: a classics-comics approach to serious literature in which serious literature somehow never really got involved—in which the soul of the original work was left where it was, unreached and undabbled with.

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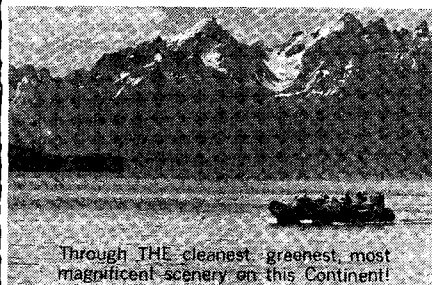


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ers. They're *not* foolish or loopy, invit-
ing us to have a good time and to leave
our highfalutin literary sensibilities
outside in the coatroom. They are seri-
ous and dutiful fellows—bound not
merely by a responsibility to "art" but
also, in the case of public television, by
a responsibility to trustees and educators
and government committees and so
forth. For example, was poor Haw-
thorne, scribbling at his desk in the
eighteen-forties and working out the
novel's symbolism, so impeded by a
lack of proper archives and research
materials that he timidly or ignorantly
costumed most of the characters in
"The Scarlet Letter" in dark colors
instead of putting them in the generally
colorful robes of the era? Well, then,
the research facilities and academic
consultants of public television were
able to correct Hawthorne's deficiency
in this regard by costuming the tele-
vision performers of his novel in the
more historically accurate, colored fin-
ery. And did poor Hawthorne, lacking
a camera and the creative resources of
film with which to tell his tale, give
his written version of the story a cer-
tain closed-in and claustrophobic tone?
Well, then, television's cameras
"opened up" the narrative by taking
us on little scenic excursions outside
the town: there are moody glimpses of
the sea breaking on the shore, and
cheery views of open meadows and
fields of wheat; in fact, by the time
the significant scene in the wilderness
takes place we feel that we have been
there, or right around it, all along.
Also, even though this adaption is by
television and for television, it must not
be forgotten that the original creator
of the property was Nathaniel Haw-
thorne, a celebrated writer, and so
the television people have found time
to pay respects to Hawthorne's prose.
Snatches of Hawthorne's exposition are
periodically intoned as scene-setting de-
vices by a generally offscreen actor
(playing Hawthorne himself), while
additional bits and pieces of the Mas-
ter's prose pop up now and then as
dialogue—spliced in with the already
"adapted" dialogue. Thus, sometimes
the dialogue is genuine Hawthorne
and sometimes it is genuine television,
but more often than not it is a strange
composite of the two—which must
have struck some of the twenty-five
consultants who worked on the project
as a fine problem-solving idea.

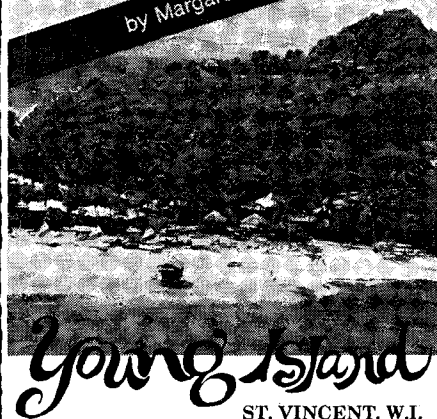
"But let it pass! It is of yonder
miserable man that I would speak,"
says Hawthorne's Hester Prynne, while
television's Hester says, "I'm here not
to talk of myself but of him." Does

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this matter? Does it matter that certain details and points of character have been rearranged, or that information provided by the author in a later chapter of the book turns up as dialogue in an early moment of the television version? Does it matter that childish camera tricks are borrowed from old movies to indicate dreamlike effects or the workings of consciousness—most of them on the level of double images glimpsed through the blazing logs in a fireplace? In a certain sense, one would be hard put to it—certainly in our dominantly visual society—to say what great wrong there was in any of this. One mustn't be too tight or too retentive about such things! But it seems to me, in the end, that all these details do matter, though not necessarily in themselves, not necessarily detail by detail (as if we were discussing an engineering blueprint that did or did not match the original specifications), but, instead, in that what is at issue—perhaps carelessly rather than intentionally, in the fashion of our time—is a fundamental question of respect. "The Scarlet Letter" is valuable to us and, indeed, to the literate world, for what it is in essence: a work of literature. It may contain a describable "story," it may contain historical information, right or wrong; it may contain opportunities for costuming and parts for players. But a great novel is not an engineering model, with interchangeable parts, any more than a great painting (say, a Cézanne still-life) is an accumulation of "graphic information" about nineteenth-century French produce (to be improved, perhaps, by the substitution of a pineapple for a plum), or any more than a great film is an accretion of describable film images. Today, nobody, I think, tries to rearrange or restructure a great painting (though sometimes paintings don't get reproduced very well) and nobody, I think, has plans for putting Chaplin's "City Lights" into book form, so that a new audience can get a richer feel for the material. But the abuse of the essence of literature occurs with greater and greater frequency, as the new visual forms attempt to feed their commercial or, in the case of uncommercial television, their self-serving, utilitarian appetite for new "artistic" material. And always (to hear the adapters tell it) it is *youth* that is being served. Think of how many young people who have never heard of "The Scarlet Letter," or who ran away from school when they did hear of it, will now know about Hester Prynne! "Know *what*?" is one question. Another question,

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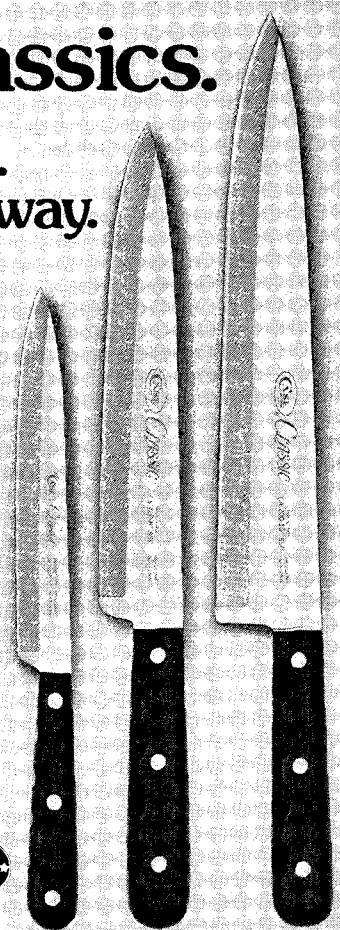
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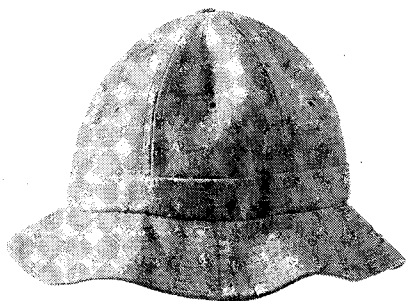
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Yousuf Karsh

equally unanswerable, is "How many of those who saw the television version will now read the book—and read it as Hawthorne wrote it, communing through the weave of his language with his spirit, and not as a sort of adjunct to the characters and 'story' they saw in moving images on the screen?" As is well known, the present time is said not to be a happy one for literature. The audience for the serious music of language seems to be drifting away, as if mesmerized by paintings, photographs, moving pictures, videotape—by the new power of visual imagery. Perhaps the music of words will never reassert its ancient popular power, or perhaps it will. Still, for the time being, an illusion has been allowed to come close to making itself real; namely, that there is some sort of primitive or childish battle taking place between the print and visual interests, with the result that some of the great literary spirits of civilization have been made unwitting participants in a pseudo-artistic Capture the Flag contest, in which the visual team now appears to have the upper hand. Meanwhile—regardless of who is ahead for the moment—the real issue remains in doubt: respect for man and his art. Will the new communications forms and institutions advance this respect, as they sometimes seem to be trying to do? Or will they, bowing, perhaps unknowingly, to a stronger or more insistent voice of the moment, subvert the larger crucial respect—for man's art, and for his right to a true communion with his art—in the service of yet another short-term goal?

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

The big drawback for Detroit is adequate hotel accommodations. The city has 14,300 rooms under contract for the GOP in the three-county metropolitan area, including 1,000 in neighboring Windsor, Canada. Democrats want between 19,000 and 20,000.

Steffens said Young discussed the convention with Democratic National Chairman John White last week, and the lack of adequate housing came up.

"White's initial response was that we would have difficulty coming up with the housing package," Steffens said. "They're right. But we think we can squeeze them in." REST OPTIONAL.—Saratoga Springs (N.Y.) Saratogian.

Optional and hard to get.

WASHINGTON (UPI)—A public interest group says advertisements for home water filter devices may be hoodwinking consumers into thinking when they really do not.

—Cadillac (Mich.) Evening News.

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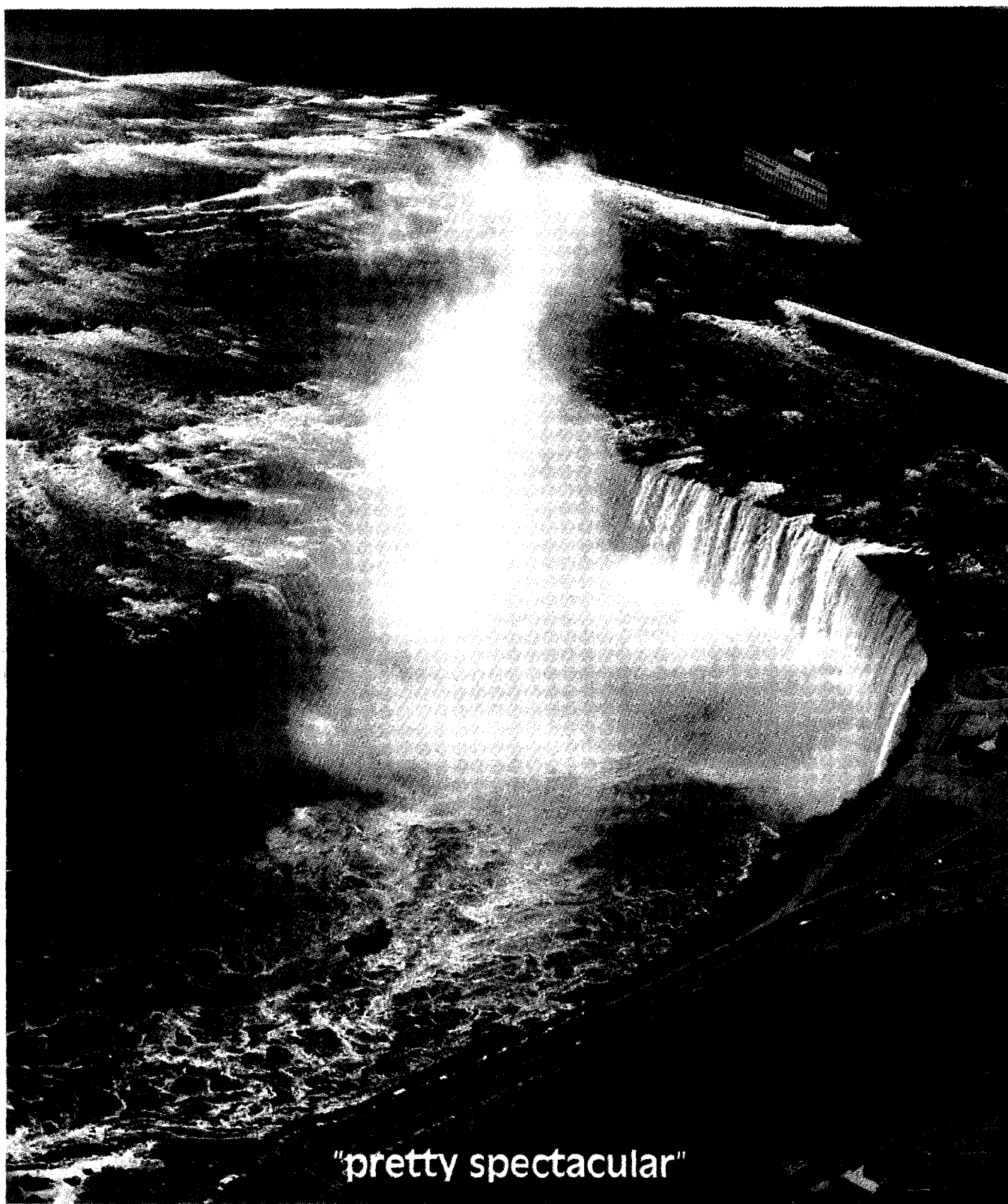


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MUSICAL EVENTS

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AT the Philharmonic earlier this month, Alfred Brendel played two Mozart piano concertos—the E-Flat, K. 271, and the C-Minor, K. 491—and I have seldom heard them, or any Mozart concertos, more admirably played. Brendel, like Artur Schnabel, has been called an “intellectual” pianist, but when I listen to Schnabel on records, and hear Brendel today in concert, the thing that strikes me first is the *beauty* of the playing—beauty of sound, phrasing, and balance put at the service of the music. Objections to a modern Steinway as an instrument for Mozart were forgotten while Brendel drew from it lines that were fresh, cleanly articulated, energetic yet unforced, “singing” in clear, sweet tones. Of special note in these two performances where every detail held one on the miracles of the music were the thrilling control of densities, emotional and harmonic, in the slow movement of K. 271 and a touch of unexpected solemnity, even majesty, about the announcement of the minuet in the final rondo. If Brendel reads his reviews, he must grow tired of finding Schnabel’s name in them. No one could confuse the two pianists, and attribute (if by some trick the recording characteristics could be got to match) records made by one of them to the other. They share intentness, gravity that does not preclude charm, and a communicative, joy-giving quality that springs from truth of conception joined to justness of execution. The “classic” recording of K. 271 is Walter Gieseking’s, and of K. 491 Edwin Fischer’s. Again, one could not confuse their performances with Brendel’s, but in his Philharmonic interpretations Brendel was, like Gieseking, exquisite and, like Fischer, tender. Zubin Mehta conducted. He did not rise to the same heights. But when Brendel accompanied the Philharmonic players, as in the C-Minor he was often called on to do, he seemed to turn base metal to gold.

I first encountered Brendel in 1952, as a young virtuoso; he was soloist in a recording of Prokofiev’s spiky Fifth Concerto. As a virtuoso, he played, in Car-

negie Hall earlier this season, Liszt’s “Fountains at the Villa d’Este,” in a program that also included some of Liszt’s strange, sombre late pieces, Schoenberg’s Six Little Pieces, and then the Busoni Toccata and the Brahms-Handel Variations. And it was there I observed that he is now playing better, more beautifully, than ever before. About his all-Schubert recital last year (there was another this year, but I missed it), I had some reservations. I first encountered Brendel as a mature Beethoven pianist in 1969, when at the York Festival he did the last three sonatas in a single program. It was one of the great recitals of my life. Then I followed him through a period of speculation and experiment, when his work *could* perhaps have been called “intellectual” in a pejorative sense, and out into the sunlight—and ethereal radiance—of the same Beethoven program in Carnegie in 1977. Today, the virtuoso, the poet, and the thinker combine in perfect harmony.

ANOTHER pianist whom I have, so to speak, grown with, and heard from his first appearance on the international scene onward (though less often than Brendel), is Maurizio Pollini. He won the Warsaw Chopin Competition in 1960, played Chopin beautifully, and that year made a fine recording of the First Concerto;

retired for a while; reappeared (his United States debut was in 1968); in 1972 recorded a dazzling album of Chopin’s studies; and now has a very high reputation. Last year, in Carnegie, he, too, played Beethoven’s last three sonatas in a single program. I admired his smoothness, poise, polish, dexterity, and also his carefully considered interpretations. But “nothing happened.” I didn’t write about the concert, for I felt that the fault must be in me, failing to respond to something that everyone else was applauding. But when Pollini played Beethoven’s Fourth Concerto with the Philharmonic last month, again “nothing happened.” On this occasion, simple technical things were perceptibly wrong: although the conductor was Claudio Abbado, with whom Pollini has long been associated, the ensemble between the soloist and the orchestra was often imprecise. The piano, a Steinway, sounded thick in the middle, wooden in the bass, and marimba-like at the top. But the chief disappointment was Pollini’s blandness in a work that can be the most moving of all piano concertos.

The previous Philharmonic program was also conducted by Abbado. It consisted of Mahler’s Sixth Symphony, and one went with high hopes, for Abbado is perhaps the most poetic and vivid Mahler conductor of our day. He has made fine records of the Second Symphony with the Chicago Symphony and of the Fourth with the Vienna Philharmonic; in New York, he has given

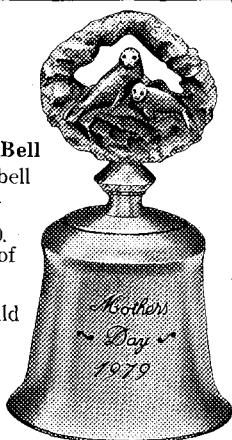


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memorable performances of the Second and the Fourth with the Philadelphia and of the Sixth with the Cleveland. But those hopes were disappointed. Abbadò wasn't able to get the right sound from the Philharmonic. In Boulez's day, the orchestra lacked spirit and used to sound dry and plain except when it was rising to the challenge of some difficult new score (Elliott Carter's Symphony of Three Orchestras, Boulez's "Rituel"). Now, in Mehta's day, it seems to have become coarse, noisy, and intractable.

THE Rochester Philharmonic, which visited Carnegie Hall last month under its music director, David Zinman, played with more zest. The concert brought the New York premiere of Dominick Argento's "In Praise of Music," composed two years ago for the Minnesota Orchestra. The subtitle is "Seven Songs for Orchestra." Each "song" is dedicated to a musician (David, Apollo, Pan, Orpheus, Israfel, Cecilia, Mozart) and headed by a quotation pertaining to him or her. The first six are also headed by musical quotations (strains of a Sephardic incantation, a Delphic hymn, a Japanese melody, a fragment of Monteverdi's "Orfeo," an Arabian street song, and a plainchant), on the basis of which Argento builds his music; Mozart is honored by a free monody, not in Mozartian style, played by the violins. A large orchestra is used in a colorful and resourceful way. The piece is deftly and fluently made, undemanding and agreeable to listen to; it lasts about half an hour. Some passages suggest Britten—but a Britten working at reduced voltage. A schoolmasterly comment along the lines of "Very gifted indeed, but must try harder, not be too easily satisfied" came to mind. The concert opened with a fizzing account of Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture; Mr. Zinman's conducting looked flashy, but the orchestra responded to the show he put on. There followed a routine, perfunctory account of Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto, in which Misha Dichter was a workaday soloist.

SEIJI OZAWA's podium antics are equally animated; dance critics should really go along to review him. I've never seen him rehearse; perhaps then he takes things more calmly and seems to listen to what's happening in the performance, instead of just miming out the score so elaborately. He brought the Boston Symphony and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus to Carnegie this month to give two perform-

ances of Schoenberg's massive "Gurrelieder" (in German—which is not what Schoenberg would have wanted). The big orchestra poured to the very edges of the platform. It was disposed in the modern, lopsided way—all the violins clumped on the left, the basses way out to the right—and the instrumental sound was not well balanced either internally or against the soloists. (I heard the first performance; the second was said to be better.) James McCracken, striving with Waldemar's heroic music, sacrificed lyricism of tone to force. He was clear and powerful. Jessye Norman was a calmly majestic Tove. Schoenberg wrote his vocal lines without phrasing slurs, but surely he did not mean them to be sung—as they were here—non-legato, in a series of unjoined notes. Tatiana Troyanos was the Wood-Dove; much of her low-lying music sounded toneless, but richness came in when the line rose. The chorus was excellent. "Gurrelieder" cannot fail to make an effect, and the vigorous, enthusiastic performance was cheered; but I felt that Ozawa's account of the work's content had been superficial. Boston program notes and program books regularly put those of New York to shame, and Michael Steinberg's long essay on "Gurrelieder" made rewarding—if not, when packed down into the mean format of a Carnegie Hall program book, physically easy—reading.

THE Metropolitan Opera made amends for its deplorable "Dutchman" by putting on a noble, serious revival of "Parsifal" at Passiontide. The score was given uncut; the performance began at seven and ended at midnight. Yet the evening did not seem long, for James Levine, conducting his first theatre "Parsifal," led a performance that was broad, flowing, and unforced (his act timings were close to those of Hermann Levi, who conducted the first "Parsifal," in 1882); Jon Vickers, in the title role, sang with a poetic force and intensity that kept one rapt on each of his phrases; and all the cast was strong. The production, directed by Nathaniel Merrill and designed by Robert O'Hearn, dates from 1970 and was last done five seasons ago. It was new to me, and I admired it. It owes much to, and might even be described as a free transcription of, Wieland Wagner's great Bayreuth staging—less calmly austere in general tone and more colorful in the donjon and flower-garden scenes. The flower-maidens are ridiculous—a gaggle of Las Vegas showgirls, décolleté, wearing tall spangled headdresses and gauzy

chiffon dresses. But a touch of light relief at this point does no harm; in fact, it may have been Wagner's intention. In general, his stage directions suggest a far more spectacular and picturesque show than we generally see today, and the 1882 designs, even of the Grail Hall, were brightly colored. (In 1923, Felix Weingartner was already regretting that scenic designers seemed to have lost the technical abilities and command of illusion he had admired at Bayreuth in 1882.) There was nothing in the Met transformation scenes to make one catch one's breath with amazement. But the staging never got in the way of the music or the drama, and much of the time positively supported them. In these days, especially where Wagner is concerned, that is something to be grateful for. Some things are wrong that could easily be put right. During Parsifal's long "Nein, nein! Nicht die Wunde ist es," Kundry did not "gaze at him with terror and astonishment" but turned her back and then embarked on a slow, distracting prow along the horseshoe-shaped mound that circles the forestage. In Act I when Gurnemanz said "The sun stands high" and in Act III when he said "Midday," there was not nearly enough light in the sky.

In the earlier scenes, Mr. Vickers was a little too determinedly boyish in bearing; the Met libretto may translate Kundry's "tör'ger Reiner" as "foolish virgin," but the young Parsifal shouldn't suggest Albert Herring. In the later scenes, Mr. Vickers acted and sang as one inspired. Christa Ludwig's voice became somewhat shrill and shallow in the more strenuous passages of Kundry's music, but her performance in the role remains wonderfully moving. Martti Talvela, the Gurnemanz, and Bernd Weikl, an Amfortas of incisive and passionate tones, both needed more legato. Vern Shinnall's Klingsor told strongly. In the Met, the enchanted, transfigured, mystically eloquent sounds that Bayreuth's acoustics make possible cannot be achieved, but Mr. Levine drew rich, deep tone from the orchestra. The sound was full but never clogged; the Good Friday music was luminous.

THE Juilliard School's production of Mozart's early romantic comedy "La Finta Giardiniera" will have served some educational purpose if the students concerned in it regard it as a demonstration of how eighteenth-century opera should *not* be performed. Still, music so skillful and delightful managed to shine through the layers of stale, silly, insensitive (and ineptly exe-

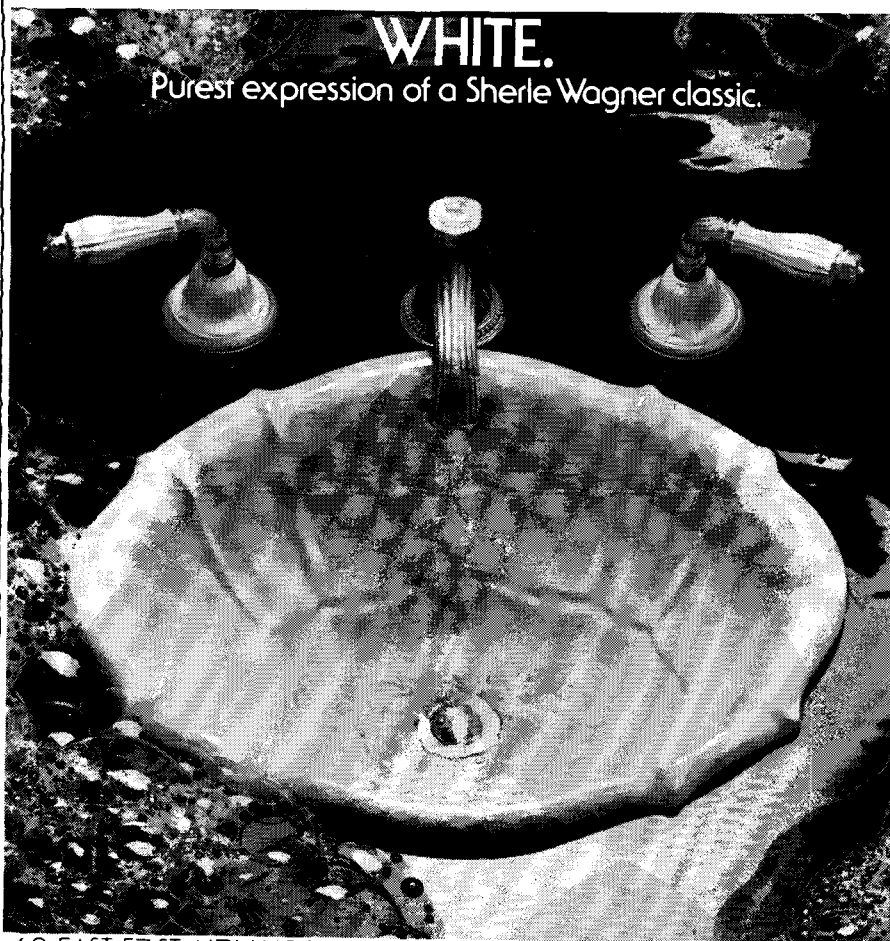
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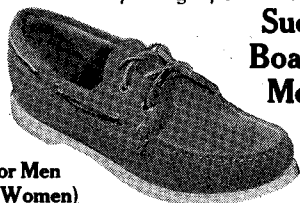
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cuted) business which the director, David Ostwald, had imposed on it. The wonderful Act II survived his onslaught upon it. Calvin Morgan's set reached out right over the orchestra pit into the house proper, and this allowed young voices to have an impact they lose when the Juilliard Theatre is used in a traditional way. (In its concert-hall formation, the place has excellent acoustics, but as an opera house it is unflattering to voices.) The orchestra had to be stationed at the back of the stage. Roger Nierenberg conducted admirably. He was buoyant, unforcing, and stylish; he got the Juilliard Symphony to play like true Mozartians. The singers could see him, reproduced on large television screens attached to the front of the circle. But—what matters far more—he couldn't see *them*, and so the performance couldn't have the right living, give-and-take quality.

There were some promising artists in the first of the alternate casts. The Ramiro, Susan Mentzer, was especially impressive. The Serpetta, Lisa Sakas, was, in addition, a good actress. To the rest, one would recommend more study in Juilliard classes of drama, movement, and eighteenth-century deportment. The abridged edition of the English Music Theatre Company was used, which has spoken dialogue. (Mozart's recitatives for the first of the three acts are lost; in sung-recitative performances, people generally turn to those of Pasquale Anfossi, who set the libretto a few months before Mozart did.) The cast made the worst of Edmund Tracey's English translation, stressing wrong articulations, like "I am so angry that/How shall I ever ree/Gain peace of mind."

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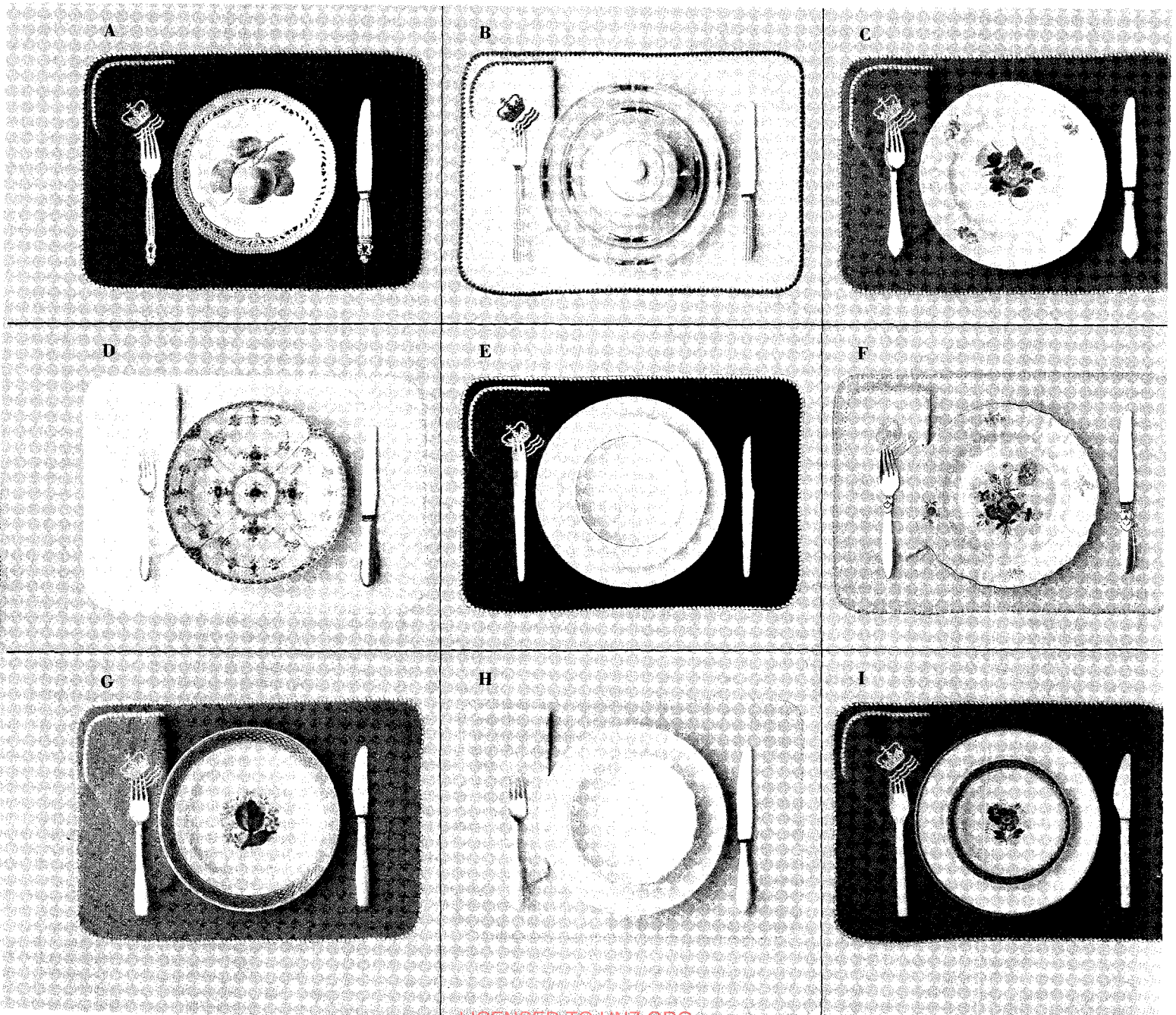
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BOOKS

An Old Man and the Sea

IT is difficult to believe that anyone could produce an almost unreadable biography of as vivid a figure as Joseph Conrad, but Professor Frederick R. Karl, of the City College of New York, has succeeded in doing so. His turgid leviathan "Joseph Conrad: The Three Lives" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$25) is a triumph of the academic, in the trivializing sense of the word, over the living. It is composed in a style of the texture of aging jello. Flashbacks and involutions often make it nearly impossible to follow the sequence of events and material. When an irrelevancy is paraded, it is never paraded alone. We learn that Conrad's final months with his father "penetrated every aspect of his life and thought," and we are also told, "With such moments, he did not need Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Kierkegaard, or even Freud." The grave verity that "Conrad did not prove to be a figure larger than life" is buttressed by the finding that "he was no Luther, Napoleon, Gandhi, or Freud." Yet this mandarin plethora does not guarantee unfailing reliability. Citing what he takes to be a key passage from Conrad's "The Mirror of the Sea," Professor Karl does not notice that the opening is an echo of one of the most famous lines in French poetry, a line that may give the passage a rather different tonality from that which he supposes. And there is not a member of that most famous of London clubs, to which Conrad was elected, who will not shudder at seeing the way in which Professor Karl chooses to mutilate its name. In short—and brevity is here a nostalgic note—this tome, like so much of the current academic-literary industry, illustrates a point made by Marshal Pétain about one of his staff officers: "Colonel W— knows everything but, alas, he knows nothing else."

What is Conrad's standing today? The secondary literature on him is immense. But it is for the most part the product of professional academics, researchers, and critics inside or near the campus. A number of tales, notably "Heart of Darkness," "The Secret Sharer," and "The Shadow-Line," are studied, diagnosed, and taught around the seminar table as absolute classics or, more exactly, as classics that lie at the roots of modernity. Such a master of didactic reading as F. R. Leavis situates Conrad's major fictions close to the very center of "the great tradition" of the En-

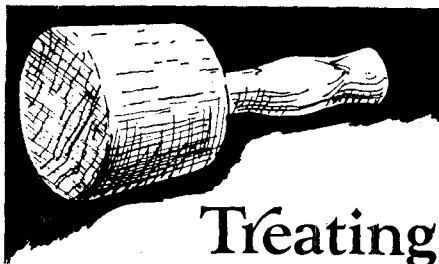
glish novel. "Nostromo," in particular, is considered the English political novel par excellence. There are articulate champions of "The Secret Agent" and "Under Western Eyes" who find in these fables that passionate enactment of the life of ideology and abstract commitment which one associates with Stendhal and the Russian masters rather than with the mainstream of English fiction. (Lionel Trilling's "The Middle of the Journey" might not exist without the Conrad precedent.) "The Nigger of the Narcissus" and "Typhoon" must continue to lead sturdy lives in that zone where the English-class assignment shades over into the adult and personally chosen classic. But is "Lord Jim" read widely, or "Almayer's Folly," or "Victory"? Do the statuesque collected works that Conrad presided over in his late years have any vitality outside library and clubroom shelves?

One's impression, obviously tentative, is something like this: Conrad's stature, like that of Henry James, is

historically secure. But to a considerable degree this security is of a formal, academic nature. The concentrated inwardness of Conrad's narrative manner, the genius he had for bestowing on human gesture and natural settings an archetypal authority are strikingly concordant with post-Freudian techniques of decipherment. The dense layering of Conrad's prose solicits and rewards just those methods of close reading and "practical criticism" which are exercised in the English Departments of our colleges and universities. I may well be mistaken, but, at a considered guess, it does look as if Conrad's full-scale books do not enjoy the currency of general reference, of urgency outside the academic, which now attaches to, say, the novels of D. H. Lawrence. The status of Conrad is a more special one. It is an exemplary status, but in an almost technical sense. And if one asks whom Conrad has really influenced among contemporary writers, the answer is, again, a problematic one: Graham



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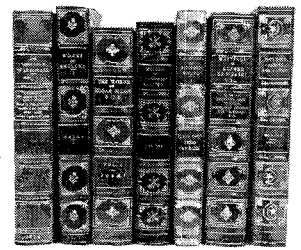
Greene assuredly, John Fowles almost certainly. But one cannot avoid the thought that there are angles of vision and devices of narration which make of John le Carré the most obvious legatee.

Yet even if it is the case that the "classicism" of Conrad's achievement is of a somewhat oblique sort, this achievement retains the aura of a rare conquest. Joseph Conrad belongs to a tiny cohort of extraterritorial masters, of writers who abandon their native tongue to produce works of genius in an acquired idiom. Such extraterritoriality is an emblem of the condition of exile, of refugeedom, of repeated emigration in modern times. It is the condition of which Joyce, even though he stayed inside his native speech, made a central metaphor, and of which Nabokov, Borges, and Beckett have built their polyglot, intermediary worlds.

Teodor Józef Konrad Korzeniowski moved from his native Polish to French, and then from French to English. Oscar Wilde wrote elegantly in French. So did Rilke. But these were trial runs, adoptions of masks. Conrad's acquisition of and immersion in English embodies a compulsion of an entirely different order. The customary impulse of self-exile in Polish intellectual and artistic history pointed toward France. Fleeing from Russian oppression or domestic suffocation, Polish historians, philosophers, poets, novelists, and musicians had, from the eighteenth century on, cultivated an elective affinity to Paris and the French language. A fair number find their way to France even now. Conrad's early possibilities and professional start lay in the same quarter. He left France behind, however, and deliberately resolved to make of himself a major English novelist.

Conrad's career in the English merchant navy, from novice hanger-on to possessor of a master's certificate, obtained in November, 1886, was the exact outward articulation of his deepening governance of the English language. In the inner as in the outer voyage, he had been the most awkward of passengers, a second mate, a chief mate, and, finally, a captain under God. And yet the captaincy in language was never fully assured, and Professor Karl thoroughly documents this point. To the very last, Joseph Conrad was unhoused in his chosen tongue, mistrusting his antennae in regard to native English idiom. He confessed, in 1919, that, whatever his deepest feelings, he could not claim English literature as

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his natural inheritance. At the crest of his powers, he would admit to being "shy of my bad English." By this he meant an infirmity going well beyond matters of spoken accent. Late in his days, when declining an honorary degree at Cambridge, Conrad committed a fairly characteristic spelling error in his letter of courtly refusal. From these perennial uncertainties sprang not only recourse to literary partnership with Ford Madox Ford but also the essence of Conrad's art.

To show this is a delicate business, requiring close linguistic and literary judgments. But it is what Joseph Conrad's singular greatness and limitations are all about. Professor Karl rightly points out that, at decisive stages in his development, "Conrad was moving on three co-equal fronts: retaining his Polish, apparently fixed forever in his mind; retaining his French—also fixed; and mastering English, in order to bring it up to his use of Polish and French." He continues:

He would be learning in English at this time a specialized maritime vocabulary, which the Polish language, not based in a seafaring nation, itself lacked. Even his use of French would differ, since his knowledge of French ships was restricted and his experience of English ships was to broaden. Also, his shifting to English involved different thought processes, since Polish is a highly formal language, much more restricted because of its morphology than English.

This last assertion, an important one, carries intuitive conviction. But it is exceedingly difficult to demonstrate, and Professor Karl nowhere endeavors to do so. What would need to be shown are the material ways, if any, in which Conrad's style and the instrumentalities of plot, organization, and symbolism through which he communicates his purpose reflect his partly alien use of the English language. Such a demonstration, if it could be accomplished at all, would need to be conducted on several levels of interactive analogy. It might be feasible to show the extent to which "ghost lineaments" of—or even immediate transpositions from—Polish and French persist in Conrad's cadence and syntax. As in Nabokov, so there is in Conrad a baroque wealth, a self-conscious prodigality of lexical means that point to the ardent outsider rather than the native. One might also want to suggest that Conrad's choice of exotic and remote venues—a ship at sea, a single cabin on a ship, a hut in a remote clearing—represents not only personal background but a frequent avoidance of the social densities of the nor-

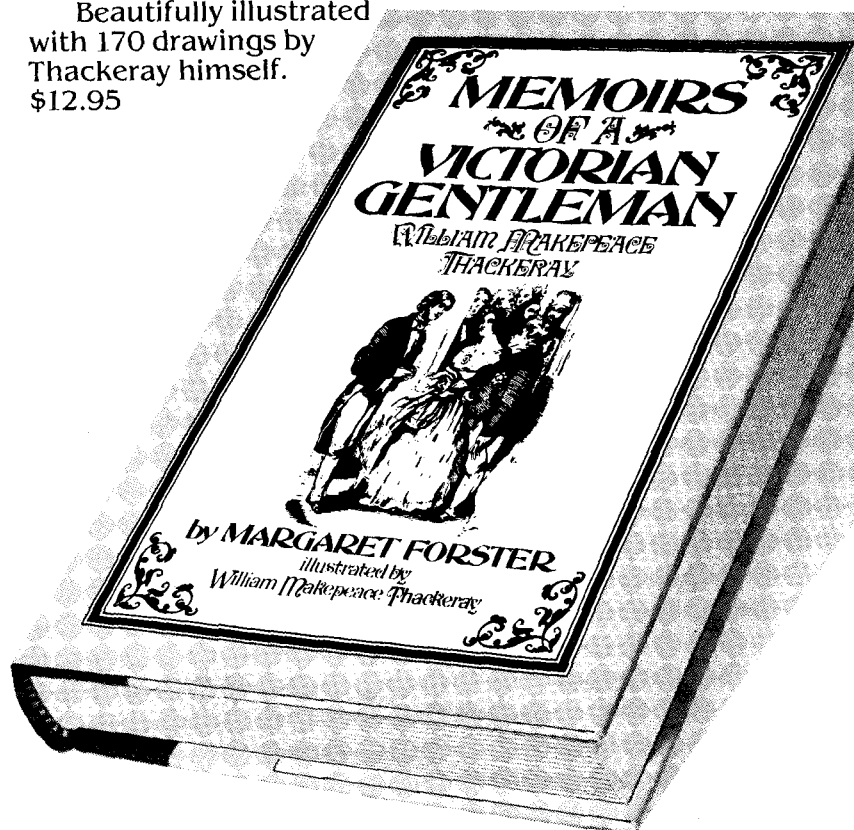
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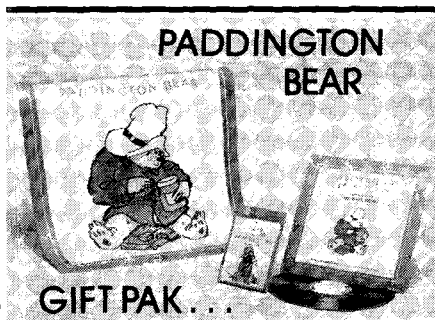
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mal English scene. ("The Secret Agent" is set on the pathological fringe of this scene.) The rendition of such densities would have demanded a perfect trust in the language. Possibly one could go further. Conrad's veiled, implicit way of conveying physical action has often been noticed. The immensities of gesture and of violence in "Lord Jim," in "Nostromo," in "Heart of Darkness" are linguistically muted; they are seen as from a tangent. Mists of commentary and muffled echoes surround them. The effect is exactly the one Conrad aims for. But in this aptness there may have been, as well, an element of linguistic inhibition. As any language teacher knows, it is the concrete, immediate description of physical action that poses the most difficult barrier to the student. And during the years of relative failure after 1910, in such novels as "The Rescue" and "The Rover," the unmistakable tiredness of voice is that of a writer whose life-force has been expended on a language not, finally, his own. It is these dilemmas rather than the psychological generalities of Jung or of Erik Erikson, so often invoked by Professor Karl, which determine Conrad's fascination.

There were palpable grounds for tiredness. And because it is both exhaustive and exhausting—Professor Karl has combed some four thousand letters, has tracked down every relative or acquaintance of the Master, has unearthed the minutiae of his domestic tribulations with a truffle hound's dolorous assiduity—this biography does convey a full sense of Conrad's long toil. At one point, Conrad was making a start on "Lord Jim," working on "Youth," trying to get on with "The Rescue," for which he had set himself a wholly unrealistic deadline, beginning "Heart of Darkness," and making plans for the collaborative venture with Ford which was to result in "Romance." Early in 1907, Conrad was simultaneously engaged in "The Duel," making preparations for "Under Western Eyes," and rewriting important sections of "The Secret Agent." "This was apparently the way Conrad worked best—in turmoil, with hysteria close to the end of his pen," remarks Professor Karl. The psychosomatic cost was high. Gout racked the novelist. He suffered a series of nervous prostrations, of which a lengthy collapse in 1910 was only the most drastic. An early attempt at suicide, whose macabre particulars have been elucidated by recent Conrad scholarship, was not repeated, but Con-

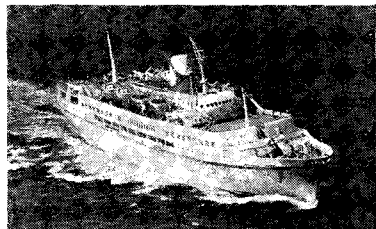
rad often voiced black despair. His wife became an invalid. The growth of his sons was attended by a nightmarish chain of infantile diseases. When Conrad finally did revisit his native land, it was at the very moment of the outbreak of the First World War, and his return to London with his family became a hair-raising odyssey.

But throughout these upheavals the novelist continued formidably at work. The years between 1899 and 1910 saw a truly awesome rate and quality of invention. "Lord Jim" ran to more than a hundred and twenty-five thousand words, "Nostromo" to nearly two hundred thousand. Both had been imagined as longish stories; they evolved into two of the most intricately constructed long novels ever written. At the same time, Conrad was turning out his novellas, occasional essays, prefaces, articles, fragments of memoir, and pursuing, as did so many of his peers, the chimera of success in the theatre. Like Flaubert, like Henry James, Conrad led the life of the writer according to a code of heroic obsession. The landfalls were epic. Thus, at the close of the composition of "Lord Jim":

Ten-minute meals. A great hush. Cigarette ends growing into a mound similar to a cairn over a dead hero. Moon rose over the barn looked in at the window and climbed out of sight. Dawn broke, brightened. I put the lamp out and went on, with the morning breeze blowing the sheets of MS all over the room. Sun rose. I wrote the last word and went into the dining room. Six o'clock....

The stress of creation and the many disappointments brought about by inadequacies of critical and commercial response—Conrad sold slowly—were made bearable by successive galaxies of friends. J. B. Pinker, his literary agent, knew how to offer help and confidence when things were going poorly. Galsworthy, Edward Garnett, H. G. Wells, R. B. Cunninghame Graham, Henry James, Stephen Crane brought decisive aid and criticism. The long relationship with Ford Madox Ford proved to be stormy but abundantly productive. André Gide became a loyal champion, translator, and critic of Conrad's later work. Though the collaboration with John Quinn, the great New York collector, was to end in bitter mutual hostility, Quinn bought Conrad's manuscripts at so generous a price that the novelist came to know a measure of financial ease. Alfred Knopf, then working at Doubleday, Page & Co., discerned his stature and published him superbly. Nevertheless,

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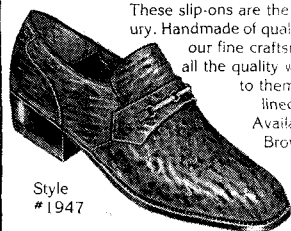
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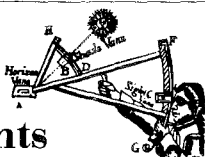
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as Professor Karl emphasizes, Conrad's glory was almost posthumous. To the younger writers in the postwar years, such as Virginia Woolf, Joseph Conrad loomed as unquestionably a major figure, but one from a previous, vaguely monumentalized era. For all the externals of acceptance, including a lion's tour of America in the spring of 1923, Conrad's final years were those of afterglow and essential isolation.

But isolation had been the keynote throughout. Józef Korzeniowski had been a characteristic product of late Romanticism—of that cultivation of solitude, of privileged but melancholy apartness, which began with Rousseau and tided across European and Slavic literatures and sentiment. He had charted heroic, quixotic aspects of this solitude. He had sought them in lone archipelagoes, on the bridge of imperilled ships, in the maze of the individual psyche. And he had added something new. Time and again, in his preëminent achievements—in "Nostromo," in "The Secret Agent," in "Heart of Darkness," in certain chapters of the early "Almayer's Folly," in the unmastered energies of "Victory"—Conrad had explored, had brought to felt life the solitudes of the defeated, of the mediocre. He had, with merciful stoicism, focussed the romantic motif of aloneness, as it had originally been developed on the high Byronic plane, on the twilight of common survival.

It is in this regard that Joseph Conrad is a master of modernity. His true inheritance may lie less with the world of oblique violence and fogged passion for which he was celebrated than with that of the dignities of defeat, of the wry courage of inadequacy, as we see them teased and honored in Beckett. Both writers are resigned masters of the end game. —GEORGE STEINER

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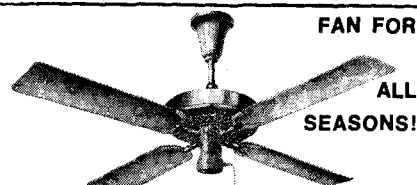
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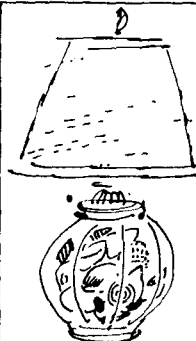
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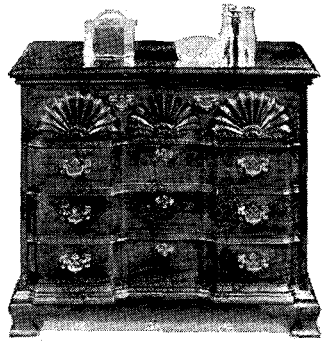
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piano teacher's, in Boston. They marry soon after, Robert pursuing his studies and Caroline giving up hers; eventually they buy a farm in upstate New York, where she keeps house and nurses him to the fatal end of a grisly disease, with the help of a robust young nurse. Only at his death does Caroline realize that the disease was syphilis, contracted during a homosexual affair years before, and that her life has been a barren waste, spent in cheerless subservience to a selfish man. She and the nurse turn the farm into a musicians' colony and enjoy a love affair that is as taboo as Robert's was, but that brims with joy and generosity. At this point, Doris Grumbach apparently feared that the theme of Man's Oppression of Woman in Love and Art had been too subtly drawn by her modest and meticulous narrator, for she has tacked on an implausible ending that reduces the memoirs to a feminist parable.

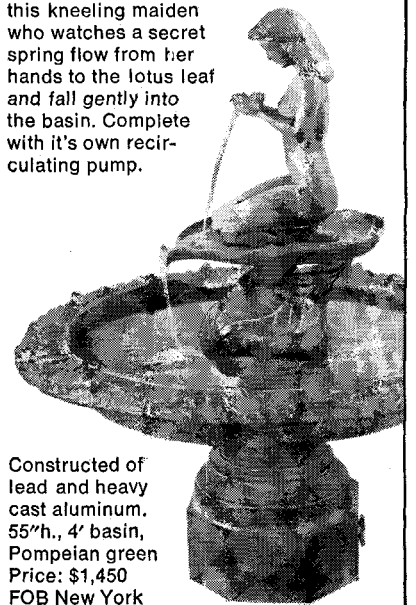
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logical and intellectual order. The second section is a lively, thoughtful tour guide, not only to Moscow and Leningrad but to several smaller accessible towns of artistic, architectural, or historical importance. Sir Fitzroy Maclean, a former British diplomat, knows Russia very well indeed—he remembers attending one of the purge trials in 1938, in the ballroom of the former Nobles' Club in Moscow, where he recently attended a concert. He gives a prospective traveller all sorts of practical tips—what to order in restaurants, for example. The stay-at-home reader will appreciate Maclean's evocation of Russia's cityscape and countryside, of its fortresses, palaces, and abbeys—not to mention the glamorous Moscow subway.

THE GRAND EMPORIUMS: THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF AMERICA'S GREAT DEPARTMENT STORES, by Robert Hendrickson (Stein & Day; \$14.95). An engaging volume of social history that traces the evolution of American merchandising—the itinerant peddlers; their stationary successors, the country stores; the American adaptation of a French invention, *les grands magasins*, or urban department stores; the migration of downtown stores to the suburbs and the appearance of an American invention, the shopping mall; mail-order firms; and the latest canto in the epic of selling: discount houses. Mr. Hendrickson, an entertaining writer, tells us all manner of collateral things (for example, the derivation of such words as “retail” and “wholesale”), and sums up by saying that the appeal of the big store has never been its hoopla so much as its abandonment of the traditional battle of wits between the customers and the peddlers and country storekeepers. The department stores' policies of one price, no haggling, and acceptance of responsibility for defective merchandise attracted American buyers, who apparently never enjoyed testing their shrewdness when they went shopping.

TUDOR WOMEN: QUEENS AND COMMONERS, by Alison Plowden (Atheneum; \$10.95). An unpretentious, engaging, realistic account of feminine existence in the English Renaissance. Miss Plowden tells us that the Tudor dynasty owed its start to a woman, Margaret Beaufort, who was the mother of Henry Tudor, later Henry VII; Margaret's ample funds and shrewd politicking in-



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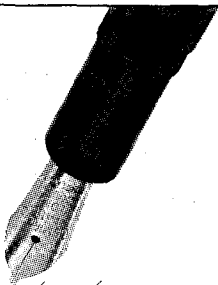
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sured that, of all the available claimants, her boy was the nationally acceptable successor to Richard III. Chance, of course, placed women in the succession, but the spirit of the times encouraged the higher education of women among the upper classes—Lady Jane Grey, for instance, and Sir Thomas More's daughters and, of course, Elizabeth I. The lower classes followed in a humbler way, giving their girls the equivalent of a grade-school education and often training them in practical skills—handicrafts or a trade. Though nobody could imagine a woman lawyer, say, or a woman Member of Parliament, no one seems to have doubted that a woman might have a real head for business.

WALT KUHN, PAINTER: HIS LIFE AND WORK, by Philip Rhys Adams (Ohio State; \$35). The author attempts to give us the broadest overview, but he is apparently unaware of how difficult and strange a man his subject is. Initially a cartoonist, later one of the principal organizers of the fabled 1913 Armory Show, and intermittently an art director for revues and a commercial designer (he was consulting architect for the Union Pacific Railroad), Kuhn had an overriding ambition to be taken seriously as a realist painter, and he achieved a certain renown for his many not-quite-Expressionist portraits of clowns, acrobats, and showgirls. Yet these pictures, equivocally thought of in his lifetime, seem even less substantial now. Without being timid, they are dutiful, anonymous paintings, and those qualities hang over Kuhn himself. Stubborn, secretive, caustic, pointedly indifferent to his contemporaries, he sought out the company of prominent collectors, actors, dealers, and promoters, though, as Mr. Adams presents it, he doesn't seem to have been imaginatively or emotionally engaged anywhere—not even with his wife and daughter, with whom he appears to have spent little time. The reader cannot help feeling that the severe mental breakdown that Kuhn suffered in his last year, for which he had to be institutionalized, was a preordained event—the inevitable explosion of a bottled-up life.

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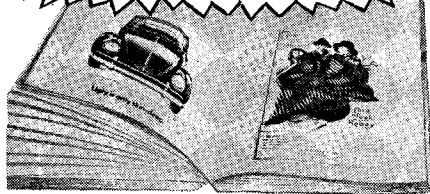
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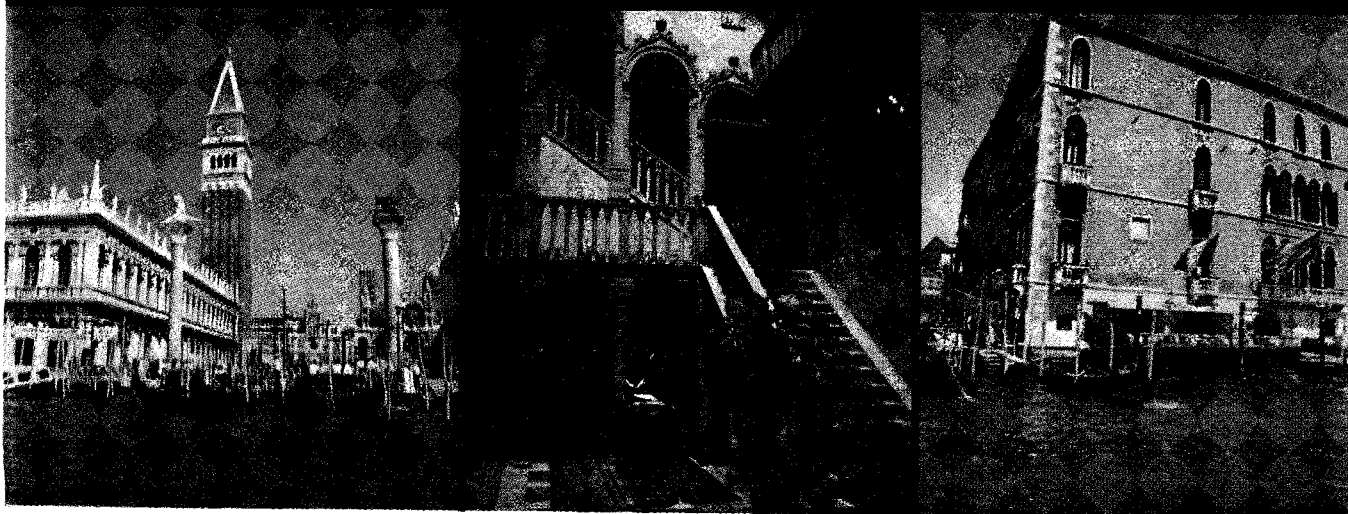
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